THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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BREAKFAST TIME—Another delightful child study By MAUD TOUSEY FANGEL

SPECIAL COOKERY ISSUE

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"PERFECT SECRETARY" for the Kents

SIR ERIC MIEVILLE, the perfect secretary, and some glimpses of the daily round of the Duke and Duchess of Kent—receptions, balls, and public gatherings.

Sir Eric Mieville's big job as Master of Household

NOTED FOR TACT AND EFFICIENCY, HE'LL HAVE CHARGE OF ROYAL PROGRAMME—AND INVITATIONS!

By Air Mail
From MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special correspondent in London

AUSTRALIANS will be meeting soon, officially and socially, a man who has earned the reputation wherever he has been stationed of being the "Perfect Secretary."

He is Sir Eric Mieville, who will be Master of the Household on the Duke of Kent's staff. His duties will be similar to the duties of the Lord Chamberlain at Buckingham Palace or the Comptroller of the Household at the residences of the Royal Dukes and Duchesses.

Invitations to official functions at Federal Government House will be sent out by him, and to him will fall the task of final selection in the lists of people to be presented to the Duke and Duchess.

But these will only be a few of his duties. In addition, he will supervise, in conjunction with Australian members of the staff, arrangements for the Duke and Duchess when they are to attend public functions of various kinds.

If the Duke or Duchess is to open a new bridge or railway, visit a hospital, attend a Mayoral reception or even a football or cricket match, Sir Eric will see that all the details are in order and that the proceedings will run smoothly.

Charming, diplomatic and quietly efficient, Sir Eric has been closely associated with Royalty for several years.

The fact that he has been appointed to take charge of all arrangements for the Duke's stay here is regarded as a warm tribute to his ability and tact.

Sir Eric is tall and rather slightly built. He has blue eyes, a fair moustache, long artistic fingers—and an infinite capacity for both work and play.

His crisp, business-like manner—natural development of a man who is custodian of many important secrets—scarcely disguises a warm friendliness, and this immediately becomes fully apparent once business is set aside.

Although he is always extremely busy, he is such a successful organiser that he seems to have time at his disposal to answer even the smallest question.

When I called to see Sir Eric, he was seated at a mahogany roll-top desk.

A bright fire burnt in the hearth, and red-carpeted floor, book-lined walls, and deep leather armchairs gave an appearance of solid comfort.

In the centre of the room Sir Eric, tall, slim and athletic, and dressed in a brown-and-white check sports suit, struck a note of modern efficiency.

It was Saturday morning, and the Royal secretary confessed he was looking forward to a round of golf after lunch.

"I suppose I'll get plenty of golf in Australia," he said. I assured him he certainly would.

"And a good game of bridge?" he inquired. "And a game of tennis, I hope, every once in a while—though I'm a bit rusty on the courts."

Sir Eric's handicap is 8—once it was 2. He dearly loves poker, and plays excellent bridge.

"I SO thoroughly enjoyed Canada and India that I am looking forward to my stay in Australia very keenly," he said.

"From all accounts, the outdoor life will be a splendid relaxation and I shall welcome the opportunity of reducing my golf handicap."

Now forty-three years old, Sir Eric Mieville was educated at St. Paul's College, London.

He has had a career which many men would envy.

After passing a competitive examination for the consular service he went to China at the age of 24, where he was private secretary to successive British Ministers in Peking.

When Lord Willingdon visited China he was attached to his staff, and six months later, upon receiving his knighthood, was transferred to Canada.

From Canada Sir Eric went to India when Lord Willingdon became Viceroy.

In 1936 Sir Eric became private secretary to the Duke of York, and during the abdication crisis was one of the very small circle of those entrusted with confidential negotiations.

KEEN SPORTSMAN

He was present at several of the more important meetings at Fort Belvedere, and took part in many of the vital discussions during those eventful days.

Extremely fond of children, Sir Eric is godfather to a number of the younger members of the aristocracy.

He is confidant and friendly adviser to both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, and the Duchess of Kent's children, Princess Alexandra and Prince Edward, will no doubt have many fine games with him on the spacious lawns of Yarralumla, Canberra.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

—Burnell.

Poultry expert

MR. C. F. ANDERSON, chief poultry adviser to the South Australian Government, is Australia's first delegate to an overseas poultry conference. He was chosen by the Federal Government as official delegate to the seventh World Poultry Congress, at Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., from July 28 to August 7.

After the conference, Mr. Anderson will go to England to examine shipments of eggs in shell and egg-pulp from South Australia.

Cabinet Minister

WITH her appointment as head of the Ministry of Food Supply for the Soviet Union, Madame Paulina Zhemchugina becomes Russia's first woman Cabinet Minister.

Mme. Zhemchugina, who is the wife of the Foreign Minister, M. Molotov, was formerly in charge of Russia's cosmetic industry.

British Ambassador

IN both England and America the appointment of the Marquis of Lothian as Britain's Ambassador to the United States is welcomed as a notable contribution to Anglo-American understanding. No other Englishman in public life has such a close and wide understanding of America, or is better qualified to explain England to Americans.

Lord Lothian visited Australia for the British Commonwealth Relations Conference last year.

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It's on sale now . . !

THE AUGUST ISSUE OF

Fashion

new style journal for women . . .

TWO of the glamorous evening styles among FASHION'S patterns for August. The spring passion for checks is exploited in one frock, and the other is a sophisticated draped style with a bolero.

THE second issue of FASHION—the August spring number, on sale now—has put women into a spring mood all over Australia.

Spring dress news is always exciting, but presented as it is in the August number of FASHION—in full, rich color, and glowing rotogravure—it becomes for women the first topic of the day.

FASHION, for August, covers every phase of the new season's dressing. It offers you a pattern for the frock you've longed to have. It provides a vivid, informative guide to the new clothes.

IT ADVISES YOU ON MAKE-UP FOR SPRING, ON EXERCISE, GIVES YOU NEEDLEWORK, COOKERY AND KNITTING NOTIONS, AND CLEVER IDEAS FOR HATS AND ACCESSORIES.

Jacques Worth, head of the famous fashion house of Worth, is FASHION'S distinguished contributor to this issue.

Clothes, he says, must be young . . gay . . free.

We've followed his lead and given you all the young-making designs Paris sponsors.

Models by Molyneux, Desses, Piguet and Mainbocher are patterned for special Model pages, and a dazzling spread in color shows the latest designs in printed silks and styles to be made from them for early spring.

For immediate wear there are jacket-suits and ensembles, practical and superbly smart, and the glamorous evening designs show the influence of the gipsy trend, the "Little Women" and the Winterhalter influences.

Even our lingerie takes a hint from the most important movements in the mode. It catches the "pretty-pretty" craze, with ribbons and ruffles, and, in contrast, the "small boy" look for vivid cotton pyjamas.

The children, from one year upward, have their share of spring in a special section for the junior members of the family, and there are lovely designs for what used to be called "the awkward age."

All the patterns are inexpensive and have clear instructions for easy making.

You'll have what's newest and best for spring if you choose a wardrobe from FASHION.

FASHION for August is now on sale everywhere.

MARINA'S £5000 order for HOUSE LINEN

Dramatic buying for Royal home at Canberra

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in London

Shopping for her Canberra home — lovely Yarralumla — the Duchess of Kent has electrified London stores by placing a £5000 order for her house linen.

It was one of the biggest orders received for years—a farewell gesture from Marina, whom London shops will sadly miss.

Marina is a spectacular shopper. She knows what she wants, and she gets it.

BUT this shopping 13,000 miles away from the home she has never seen, in a country she has not yet visited, was a task to stagger even the most stout-hearted.

The Duchess seemed to savor the adventure of it, but that didn't stop her from keeping a keen eye on values.

To give her moral support, she took her sister Princess Paul of Yugoslavia with her.

After the big day was almost over, Marina bought her sister's child some lovely frocks in a Bond Street salon.

And the Duke turned up to take the tired shoppers to lunch at Quaglino's.

The Duchess of Kent's official programme this season during the absence of the King and Queen has been an unusually busy one, so she seized the opportunity of a respite from social duties during the visit of her sister, Princess Olga, to complete her household purchases for Yarralumla before flying to Paris with the Duke, where they will set out on a motoring holiday.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT created a sensation with her dashing purchases for her Australian home at Yarralumla.

New weaves — colors

THE Duchess has chosen more than £5000 worth of linen in all the new weaves and colors to match the color schemes of the different rooms in the newly-decorated Royal residence at Canberra.

The linen includes heavy peach silk sheets with appliqued satin edges for herself and other sets of sheets in pink, blue, green, and yellow handwoven linen to match the colored merino satin-edged blankets in keeping with the color schemes of the other bedrooms.

The dining-table at Yarralumla will be covered with tablecloths of deepest ivory, in a newly evolved damask of silk and flax, the weaving process for which has taken three years to perfect. This rich fabric has the appearance of slipper satin.

The Duchess has chosen damasks in extremely simple satin-stripe pattern with plain wide border and matching table napkins.

Her afternoon tablecloths with amusing dancing elephant designs will set new fashions for Australian hostesses. Squares of a fine white cambric, which is similar to organdie, have a design of elephants appliqued on them, and in others white sheer linen in quarter-inch bands is joined with colored linen to make a large square.

The Duchess selected many in this design, each with different colored bands. Other afternoon cloths are of rose sheer linen with a spot design, and white with duck-egg blue drawn-thread design.

Cloths for morning tea and breakfast trays are of heavy colored linen bordered with a wide band in a contrasting shade.

All the color combinations were the Duchess' own design, including gold - and - navy, white-and-navy, silver-and-navy, blue-and-brown, green-and-pink, brown-and-red.

For the bathrooms there will be forty by sixty inch bath-towels, sixty by eighty inch bath-sheets, linen hand-towels, pile carpet bathmats all colored in peach and green and other shades to match each bedroom's color scheme.

The Duchess and Princess Olga also took advantage of the summer sales to shop for holiday clothes.

The Royal sisters have become familiar figures, shopping in Bond Street and West End stores, dropping into Harrods and many smaller shops unassumingly and mingling with other bargain hunters.

The Duchess chose many frocks for Princess Olga's three-year-old daughter, similar to those worn by Princess Alexandra.

She also bought an unbelted lightweight camel-hair coat in a slate-blue shade for motoring.

The sisters invariably lunched at Quaglino's, where they were often joined by the Duke and Prince Paul.

They have spent many afternoons in the Duchess' studio, where she is completing a painting of her little daughter wearing a charming white organdie frock trimmed with narrow frills edged with yellow piping and a yellow sash and hair ribbon.

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BECAUSE Edinburgh Cough Mixture contains LANTIGEN, a now famous, dissolved and detoxified vaccine!

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You can cure or keep away colds and influenza by taking Edinburgh Cough Mixture containing the dissolved and detoxified vaccine known as LANTIGEN.

NO *slow process of building up health resistance—* **BUT** *direct attack on the germs by surrounding them —then destruction.*

NO *loss of time from work—* **BUT** *a swift and sure dissipation of that "rotten" feeling.*

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"A REAL MONEY SPINNER" One dose each day drives Coughs and Colds away

Edinburgh COUGH MIXTURE CONTAINING LANTIGEN

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Cookery Book begins on page 27

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FAMOUS PEOPLE write to her

GENERAL FRANCO and his daughter, Carmen. Australian schoolgirl Betty Syvertsen wrote to the Spanish Dictator and was able to translate his reply.

MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN. She sent Betty a Christmas card from No. 10 Downing Street.

BETTY SYVERTSEN gets letters regularly from famous people.

Australian schoolgirl has Chamberlain, Franco as her pen friends

"MAN IN IRON LUNG"

Betty Syvertsen, 15-year-old schoolgirl of Long Gully, near Adelaide, writes to the great people of the earth—and the great ones invariably reply to her letters.

Mr. Chamberlain wrote to her just before he went to Munich to meet Hitler. Touched by the interest of a little girl in far-off Australia, Mrs. Chamberlain sent her a card at Christmas-time.

BETTY is almost an object of veneration to the postman in her home town.

She receives all sorts of letters from all sorts of places. Important-looking missives, deckle-edged, with gold crests and Latin mottoes—foreign-looking letters written in a high-shouldered script, typewritten letters covered with foreign stamps. One letter she received was from Franco, in handwriting as diminutive as the Spanish Dictator himself.

MOST Cheerful Man: "I'm one of the few people without worries," wrote Fred Snite, jun., "Man in the Iron Lung," to Betty Syvertsen.

Betty's most consistent correspondent is the millionaire, Fred B. Snite, America's "Man in the Iron Lung."

"One day I saw that Mr. Snite had been stricken down with paralysis in China," said Betty, "and I felt so sorry for him.

"I just wrote and said how sorry I was, and hoped he would soon be better.

Wrote to China

"I DIDN'T know where to post the letter, but gathered he would be well known, and just addressed it to China. He wrote a lovely letter back, and sent me his home address in America, and we have been corresponding regularly ever since.

"Mr. Snite never complains. In fact, his letters are the most cheerful I get from anyone. He seems to be happy about small things.

"He calls himself the man in the boiler.

"I shall never forget how thrilled I was when he wrote and told me about a holiday he had at a place called River Forest, in Florida. He had a trailer specially made, and said it was a source of joy to him.

"In the trailer he went for rides to the races and football games.

"He told me about a new elevator which had been installed in his home at Miami, Florida. 'I now go down to dinner each evening,' he said."

Betty was particularly impressed by the humor of the sick man who said he went to church on week days because his attendants had to roll the iron lung down the aisle, and it took a lot of time and trouble. He rode to a country church in his trailer, and was then carried indoors for the service.

One section of Mr. Snite's letter was noteworthy, showing vividly the courage and character of the man. To Betty he wrote:

"My general health leaves little to be desired. The paralysed muscles continue their snail-like progress, but I feel great.

"I am now able to breathe for one hour without the respirator.

"I am one of the few persons in the world without worries; so many of you would, no doubt, like to change places with me."

Referring to her correspondence, Betty said: "It takes about three months to write and get a reply.

"I am very busy at school, studying for my intermediate examination, so have to write most of my letters during my holidays.

"Mr. Snite is always cheerful. He is only 27, you know, and it seems sad for him to be paralysed.

"I have no brothers or sisters, so these letters coming from all over the world give me something to think about."

Betty has written to the present King, and to the Duke of Windsor, and has received replies from their private secretaries.

Betty reads a book and decides she would like to know more about the author.

All about Fay

HAVING read the H. V. Morton travel books she wrote to him and received a very nice letter in reply.

"The more important and busy people are the nicer they seem," said Betty. "Anyway, they always have time to write."

She wrote to novelist Compton Mackenzie in the Hebrides, where he spends his time between writing books.

She got a charming letter in reply, in which he told her all about Fay Compton, his sister, who toured Australia recently in the play, "Victoria Regina," which dealt with the life of Queen Victoria.

The letter Betty received from General Franco was written in Spanish. "I was able to translate it myself," said Betty, "because Spanish is so much like French, and I am taking French for the Inter."

Betty's father is a railway employee at Long Gully, and as Betty has no brothers and sisters she hit upon the idea of making friends with the mighty people of the earth.

She writes whenever she has time and answers all letters. She has a lovely fresh complexion and two thick plaits of brown hair. In her school uniform and hat she made a delightful picture as she chatted about the pen friends she has made in all parts of the world.

She wrote to the poet Kipling some years ago, and he replied—just a little formal note.

But there must be some well-spring of sympathy in the wives of great men.

Mrs. Kipling, like Mrs. Chamberlain, realised what a kick the youngster would get out of a personal letter, so she wrote to Betty herself. Now they write to each other frequently.

"I have always been a great admirer of Kipling's poetry," said Betty.

"The adventure side of it appeals to me, so you can guess how thrilled I was to hear from the poet himself and later from Mrs. Kipling."

Three things you must know about the safe food for baby

To grow into a strong, healthy child, baby *must* be fed correctly, from birth. The safe food in the event of a failure or diminishing of breast milk is Vi-Lactogen—the Humanised milk. It closely resembles breast milk in its composition. Read why.

VI-LACTOGEN BEING SCIENTIFICALLY HUMANISED, IS CLOSEST TO BREAST MILK

In the manufacture of Vi-Lactogen, fresh milk (from specially controlled dairies) is analysed and its composition altered to closely resemble breast milk, by the careful addition of sugar of milk and pure fresh cream. It is pasteurised and then undergoes the process known as homogenization, which breaks down the fat globules until they are as small as those in breast milk, thus ensuring that Vi-Lactogen is easily digested.

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ORGANIC IRON GUARDS AGAINST ANAEMIA

Iron is essential to health! It is derived by adults from greens and fruits, but, of course, baby cannot obtain it in this manner. Cows' milk contains very little iron, so an adequate supply for baby's requirements is added to Vi-Lactogen—enough to equal the normal quantity present in breast milk. It guards against anaemia.

That precious little mite, your baby, needs the greatest possible care in feeding, especially during the first months. Remember, if breast milk has to be supplemented or replaced, use only Vi-Lactogen—it is a complete and safe food, most closely resembling the milk that Nature intended baby to have.

"VI-LACTOGEN"
REGD. TRADE MARK
A NESTLE'S PRODUCT
THE READY-MODIFIED OR 'HUMANISED' INFANT FOOD

EASIEST OF ALL TO PREPARE

One simple operation—just the addition of hot (boiled) water—is needed to make Vi-Lactogen into a food of a composition closely approximating that of breast milk.

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The WHITE HEN

Complete short story
By...
Cynthia M. SKRINE

Surprising results followed when a dog chased prize poultry

Illustrated by Wynne W. DAVIES

"You should keep your dog under proper control." Janice swung round to face an indignant young man.

JANICE was as pretty as paint, as the saying goes, which is why she did not need to use any. She was small and dainty, with golden hair, and the rare natural complexion that is usually described as "peaches and cream"; she looked perfectly charming in her neat hiking outfit, and the delicate tint of sunburn on the tip of her pretty nose merely enhanced that charm, though any other girl would have needed a generous application of powder. Yet, in spite of all these advantages, Janice was hiking alone.

Alone, that is, save for Mr. Dibdins, called "Dib" for short. Dib was a round little black dog of no particular breed, and just now his nose was muddy from exciting investigations into rabbit burrows, and his pink tongue dripped moisture as he ran, while his wicked black eyes shone with pure bliss.

"Dib! Come here!"

Janice called him as they approached a village and put him on the lead just in time to save from tremendous exertion a beautiful black cat who was sunning himself on the steps of a cottage.

Down the length of the village street, Dib trotted demurely beside his mistress, but once clear of the houses Janice slipped the lead and became absorbed in the dreams which had been occupying her as she walked.

The doctor had said that she needed sunshine and fresh air after that nasty attack of flu, and here she was indulging in tons of both. She felt very virtuous about it, but it was not very exciting. In fact, hiking alone was dull. No—it was worse than that: it was miserable. Her eyes filled with tears and a lump came into her throat. Swallowing bravely she called out cheerily to Mr. Dibdins, but the little dog had seen a movement in the hedge, so that he took no notice of her.

"You can't talk to a dog!" sighed Janice. "At least, not out in the country," she added, remembering what a delightful pal Dib was at home in London.

Then she sighed again at the recollection of the splendid rambles she and Toby had enjoyed last summer. But that was before Toby had taken that job up north, after which his letters had become fewer and farther between until they had ceased altogether.

Everything seemed to have gone wrong last year, she reflected—first her mother's death, then Toby's faithlessness, followed by the loss of her job; and then, soon after she had moved into a cheap little flat, she had gone down with flu.

"I'm getting sour and grumpy!" she told herself with a little shake of the shoulders. "After all, I have got a job at last."

And she smiled confidently at the recollection of her first pay envelope, which had been handed to her yesterday.

Reaching the top of a hill, she looked down into another village.

"Oh, what a heavenly little place! I'd love to live here!"

It was indeed just the sweetest village—a row of whitewashed thatched cottages lying along one side of the road, with a wide stretch of green common on the other.

With a feeling that she was intruding on Fairyland, Janice went on down the hill, entirely taken up with her discovery and forgetting all about Mr. Dibdins.

"I'd love to have just a peep into one of the cottages!" she said to herself. "I'm certain the Fairy Prince must live in one of them. I wonder what this place is called?"

She slipped a hand into her rucksack for the map, but withdrew it suddenly.

"No; I won't look. There can't be a name in the world that is lovely enough for it. I shall always think of it as. . . Now, what shall I call it?"

And then she saw that the first cottage was also the Post Office, and, despite all her efforts, her eyes strayed to the red box let into the wall with the name of the village in clear black type.

"I just knew it was Fairyland!" she exclaimed as she read the name: LULLINGDON-WITH-ROSELEY.

Suddenly, as if it had been torn apart by rough hands, her mood of entrancement was shattered. The air was filled with squawks and screams and sharp little yaps, and something white and feathery tore past her and vanished down a passage between two cottages.

"DIB!"

Pale with horror, Janice shouted, though she realised at once that it was useless.

Mr. Dibdins was in full career after a white hen, companion to the one that had fluttered past Janice a second ago. They tore across the common, the hen leading by inches. Already white feathers were blowing about the grass, witnesses of the thrilling chase. A cottage door opened just as Janice started to run, and she heard heavy feet pursuing her.

If only she could catch Dib before he did any more damage! Her breath came in short gasps, and her heart, barely recovered from the strain of her illness, thumped suffocatingly. She plunged into a thicket beside a brook just in time to see the hen take a flying leap and land safely on the other side. Dib's rush carried him into the stream, which entirely cooled his excitement, for he hated water.

"Dib! Oh, you horrid dog! Come here at once!"

She seized him and slipped on his lead.

THE hen was dashing up the hillside on the far side of the brook, and if the situation had not been so serious Janice would have laughed—it did look so funny with no tail, and with its skinny neck stretched out and its silly beak wide open.

"You should keep your dog under proper control."

Janice swung round to face the owner of the hen.

"I didn't see the hen in time," she said, adding quite sincerely: "I'm awfully sorry."

"Didn't see the hen! I don't see how you could have missed seeing a white hen on a green common."

"I—I was looking at the village . ." she began, then stopped.

How could she explain to an angry farmer (who was most certainly not the Fairy Prince) all about the wonder of Lullingdon-with-Roseley? His mind was entirely occupied with his absurd white hen. The vision of the hen racing up the hillside returned, and Janice did a most unlucky thing. She laughed.

"If your dog had killed my hen it wouldn't have been any joke for you," said the young man. "As it is, I've a good mind to make you pay for her. She's a prize hen—or would have been if all her feathers hadn't been pulled out. Look at them!"

With a sweep of the hand he drew her attention to the white clusters drifting about the grass.

Janice was more angry than ever now—angry with Mr. Dibdins for being so unlactful, angry with this rude young man, and perfectly furious with herself for having laughed.

"I'll pay for the hen," she said, with all the dignity she could muster. "How much is she worth?"

EVEN as she spoke she hoped that hens were not very valuable. Two pounds ten a week didn't leave much over when one had paid for rent and fares, and lunches and bought a little food for oneself and the dog. And those months of unemployment had accumulated little debts.

The man's anger was cooling and he softened slightly.

"It's not what she's actually worth at the moment—or was worth a few minutes ago," he said. "It's what she would have fetched after the show."

"What Show?"

"The County Poultry Show next Saturday. I expected to carry off first prize for White Leghorn pullets with that hen."

"Oh, I am sorry!"

Janice looked at him squarely for the first time, and saw that he was tall and dark and had troubled blue eyes.

"Let me make it up to you!" she pleaded.

"I can't estimate very well . . . Suppose we make it ten shillings."

Ten shillings! One-fifth of a week's pay! She almost gasped. Then pride came to the rescue.

"I haven't any money with me," she said in a small, cold voice. "I only brought enough for my fare. But I'll give you my name and address, and if you'll let me have yours I'll send the money on."

"Very well. You'd better come into the cottage."

She followed him across the common, but now there was no delicious feeling of prying into Fairyland. She felt no elation at getting a glimpse into one of those lovely little cottages. A subdued Mr. Dibdins lagged at the end of his lead, leaving a watery trail to mark his progress.

"You'd better come in. I'll get a piece of paper."

Securing Dib's lead to the shoe-scraper, Janice went into the cottage, and watched gloomily while he rummaged for a sheet of paper and a pencil.

Glancing about the room, she noticed that it was scrupulously tidy, yet lacking in those little things, such as flowers and pretty cushions, which indicate the presence of a woman in the home.

"Ah, here's a piece! Now, if you'll just sit down here!"

He indicated the table in the centre of the room, and Janice sat down humbly and wrote her name and address with the pencil he handed her:

Janice Holme,
15 Rolles Road,
London E11.

This was his first opportunity of observing his visitor, and the young man discovered that she was extremely pretty, had shadows under her eyes and was evidently very tired.

"If you'll give me your address, I'll post the money to-night," said Janice, handing him the pencil.

Tearing the slip of paper in half, he wrote on the blank piece:

R. Paget,
The Roseley Poultry Farm,
Lullingdon-with-Roseley,
Essex.

Gravely she folded up the paper and, putting it in her pocket, rose from the table.

"Good afternoon!" she said briefly.

"I say! Won't you have a cup of tea or something? You look fagged."

"I'm all right, thank you!"

"I don't think you are. You look to me as though you'd only just got over an attack of flu. It won't take a second to make some tea—the kettle's boiling."

So she stayed, and over the tea, which they drank in the sunny kitchen, she learnt that he had only started his poultry farm three months ago on money borrowed from an uncle; that he had been a clerk in a city office until the doctor ordered him to live in the country; and that his name was Bob.

Please turn to Page 64

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Concluding this fascinating serial of a woman's bid for happiness

By

Faith Baldwin

"Well," said Tim weakly from the narrow white bed, "here you are." Then his face clouded. "I suppose they told you——?"

Illustrated by FISCHER

DOUBLE LIFE

HE raised an eyebrow at Catharine and she rose and went to the telephone in the living-room. While the two men sat listening, she talked to the surgeon, explaining the situation. And after a moment she hung up and swung about to face her audience.

"He'll be here," she said, "as soon as possible. He has been operating, an emergency, and has just come in from the hospital. He will change, get some coffee and then come."

Anderson rose. He said, holding out his hand to Gibson, "Well, I hope I'm wrong. But I doubt it. In any case my responsibility is over. You won't need me further."

He smiled at Catharine and went with Gibson to the door. Catharine, returning to her patient, heard them talking in low tones. When Gibson came back upstairs she fancied that his regard was hostile. He said, "It seems to me that if—if it's her appendix—we shouldn't wait . . ."

She said, mildly, "We won't be waiting any longer than it would take to get her to the hospital, Mr. Gibson, as Doctor Kelcy is willing to come now."

"Willing," repeated Gibson violently, "why shouldn't he be? Good Heavens, are people supposed to wait and perhaps die waiting because a doctor doesn't want to go out at night? Isn't that what doctors are for, to go when and where they're needed?"

"That's just what they're for," she agreed, "and now, if you'll go back and wait for Doctor Kelcy, I'll stay with your wife."

It was over an hour before he came. Catharine thought, looking at her watch for the twentieth time . . . If he doesn't come . . . But she was sure, she was very sure. Sometimes you went wrong, the symptoms were very much alike . . .

Kelcy came at last, stamping snow off his feet, swearing mad at having to come, but coming, nevertheless. Catharine knew him by now. He always swore and he always came. He was a big bluff man with heavy stooped shoulders.

He brushed Gibson and his anxious queries out of his way, and stamped upstairs. The house shook and Mrs. Gibson turned her head restlessly on the pillow.

Kelcy nodded at Catharine. They had met often, as she always called him in consultation or sent her patient to him when surgical interference was indicated. He did not like her, and said so. But to-night, after her blood count report and he had made his surprisingly gentle and very skilful examination, he looked at her with grudging admiration and a twinkle in his deep-set eyes.

She was waiting, almost without breathing, feeling deathly tired.

He drew up the covers, rose, thrust his hands in his pockets and looked down at Mrs. Gibson. He said, "You're all right. In good hands. Not a sign of an appendix . . ."

Catharine nodded. She said, "The bathroom's this way, Doctor Kelcy," and indicated the door. Then she smiled at her patient. She said:

"Well, that's that—"

Mrs. Gibson could not speak, her eyes were full of tears and her throat had closed. She whispered, "I was so afraid—"

Catharine said, after a moment:

"Don't worry, my dear. You're a pretty sick girl. But with luck on our side . . ."

She had a moment alone with Kelcy before he left. He said, after she had explained:

"Potential mother, is she?"

"Yes. She hasn't told her husband. I thought there was no use telling him now. She was of course frantic at the thought of an operation. As it is, it will be hard enough to get her through this without——"

He said:

"You'll manage." He laughed suddenly, "I'd like to have seen you holding out against our mutual friend. I'll ring him up, by the way. I'm out of a job, of course, but glad of it, this time."

The door closed behind him. She thought, he's never liked me and been open enough about it. To-night was different . . . is it because he doesn't like Warren Anderson that he seemed—more friendly?

BUT she knew that liking or disliking had nothing to do with a diagnosis. Kelcy was a good man, competent and honest. She returned to her patient, forgetting fatigue, forgetting everything but the job ahead of her.

In the morning the nurse came on. Mrs. Gibson's temperature had dropped. She was more comfortable. Catharine left her, promising to return during the afternoon.

Gibson had wrung her hand hard, at the door. "I can't ever thank you—" he said—"I—was in a panic. I wanted to rush Edith off to the hospital as fast as I could . . . I thought, if they'd only do something . . ."

"She's going to be all right," said Catharine, "nursing will do the trick and watching. I'll be back."

. . . . . .

Nannie met her at home, with disapproval. Peter had a sniffle, she had kept him in bed; would the doctor look at him?

Catharine's heart contracted. She said, "I have to bathe and change, Nannie, then I'll see him. Keep Peg away from him, of course, and ask Mary to make me some coffee."

She bathed and dressed, and then went in to see her boy. He was lively and rebellious. A slight head cold, no temperature. She gave Nannie instructions and went downstairs to drink her coffee.

Mary said anxiously, "You ought to get some sleep, Doctor."

But she had calls to make, on her influenza patients, all of them, thank heaven, convalescent. Home early, and a nap before lunch. Perhaps her office hours wouldn't be very heavy. Then she could see Mrs. Gibson, get home for dinner with the children, have a good night's sleep—she hoped.

It was a good day, all the patients better, and irritably demanding to get up. Peter's sniffles subsided, and he was hungry. The office hours were light, there was a long, happy letter from Tim, and when she went back to Edith Gibson she found her much improved. Given care she'd be all right in another week. And, thought Catharine, the baby, too . . .

She changed to the velvet pyjamas that had been Tim's Christmas present a year ago, had her dinner with Peg and then went in to sit by Peter and read to him for a while before she went to bed.

She had said good-night and had gone down to find a book on the living-room table when the doorbell rang and she answered with a sinking heart. But it was Warren Anderson standing there smiling at her. He said pleadingly, "Cathy, let me in for a minute."

He could see beyond her, the fire on the hearth, the warm, lighted room. It looked very comfortable and relaxing. He said, "I've had a rotten day."

"Very well," she told him, "but just for a minute. I haven't had much sleep."

"You stayed at Gibson's all night?"

"I couldn't get Miss Harmon until this morning. I didn't dare leave."

He looked at her, as she sat in the corner of the old sofa, a tall, plain woman, in black velvet pyjamas, girdled in tarnished gold. Her hair was brushed back from her good forehead, and she hadn't a sign of powder or lipstick on her scrubbed, clean face.

Her eyes were heavily shadowed and her mouth drooped with fatigue. He was savage with himself for the leap of his pulses . . . there were so many other women! But she was difficult, remote, hardly human. He said, conscious of the intimacy of the still house, breathing sleep and warmth and quiet:

"Unfortunately, Cathy, I don't think of 'our profession' as you put it, when I see you. I think of you, as a woman . . . a desirable woman."

Her color rose but she said evenly:

"That's rather idiotic of you, isn't it, if true?"

"It's true enough . . ." He stepped forward, took her hands and pulled her to her feet. "Look here, why can't you be kind to me?" he said.

She made no motion to free herself. She said: "That's a very euphonious way of saying it."

"There are times," he said, staring at her with hot blue eyes, "when I'd like to slap you. But mostly, I want to kiss you—like this . . ."

When he let her go, her breathing had not altered. But she was white, and her eyes blazed. She demanded:

"Am I supposed to be grateful for that?"

"Why not?" he said lightly. Her

Between love and duty

He followed her into the living-room, stood by the fire warming his hands. He said, "Well, gloat if you like. Kelcy read me the riot act over the phone. But I swear I thought——"

"Of course." She looked at him, level-eyed. "I realise that just because you have no use for me—professionally, you would not differ from me deliberately—unless you believed me to be wrong."

"I did," he said, "and frankly I hoped that you were. You were so sure of yourself. It's upsetting, in a woman."

"Can't you forget that part of it?" she demanded. "You're pretty reactionary, Warren. Women have been accepted in our profession for years, even by masculine colleagues."

lack of response had shaken him; it had heightened his determination and desire. "You're alone . . . so am I . . . we might make a rather pleasant time together . . . oh, discreet and all that. You must know, unless you are more stupid than I think, that I've been attracted by you for a long time . . ."

She said, "No, I hadn't known. Not that it would have made any difference. And I'm not alone."

"Oh, Tim?" He laughed, really amused. "But Tim's not here, he won't return for—how long—two years, isn't it? The rumor is that he will never return. Cathy . . ."

"The rumor's wrong," she said.

"Oh, don't be like that," he said angrily, "everyone knows that you're separated."

She said, "We haven't. He has a job to do, and it happens that this time it takes him away from Seward. I have mine, and it's here."

"You're a fool, Cathy," he said. "If you love Tim you'd go with him. Moderately successful doctors plugging away at an obscure little practice are a dime a dozen . . . Happy marriages aren't. If Tim had brains he'd beat you into submission and make you go with him."

"THAT'S a very masculine viewpoint," she told him.

"It's a sensible one. And because you didn't go I argue that you didn't care enough about your husband to go. And if you don't care about him—well, I'm here," he reminded her, "and now you know it. And how I feel about you—"

She said: "You felt that way about little Jessie Lord, too, didn't you?"

"Jessie? Well, for heaven's sake!" He was laughing but his eyes were wary . . . "As if that meant anything. Surely you know enough to—"

"I know plenty," she said wearily. "I've seen a dozen Warren Andersons and a dozen Jessies in my time . . . Jessie was here one evening at Christmas. Her aunt was visiting me. We were worried about her. You have a good deal of which to be ashamed."

He said, evenly, "Nonsense. I haven't laid a hand on the girl . . . Oh, come, Cathy, pull yourself together. I've taken her out, half a dozen times, kissed her good-night, that sort of thing. I'm not a fool. If you think I'd embark upon an affair which might hold serious consequences . . ."

She said, "I've heard all that before. You are not, I suppose, a marrying man . . . isn't that what it's called? And you've grown bored with her and told her so . . ."

"She told you that?" he demanded.

"No, but it's obvious, isn't it? You aren't a marrying man until a girl comes along who will have something to offer you besides love and loyalty—money perhaps, or position or something you want, isn't that it?"

"What if is is? Meantime," he said, "I'm fancy free . . . and you—"

Please turn to Page 4 The Homemaker

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HE Promised HIS WIFE

An absorbing drama of love and jealousy in the French Foreign Legion

By

P. C. WREN

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

CAPTAIN ALPHONSE MALLIEU, extremely well known throughout the 19th Army Corps, the Army of Africa, died in an extraordinary manner, apparently without rhyme or reason, cause or occasion, and I verily believe that I am the only person alive who knows exactly how and why he died.

For it was I, and I only, who happened to see him go to the tent that night, and—after Captain Georges Duchesne had told me certain things—I, who was able to reconstruct in my own mind what Captain Alphonse Mallieu did in that tent.

Nor is it a case of mere guessing and satisfying myself with the result of my ingenuity, as no other possible explanation or theory fits the facts, no other explanation or theory can possibly account for the astonishing manner of his death.

Now Captain Alphonse Mallieu of the French Foreign Legion hated his comrade-in-arms and brother officer, Captain Georges Duchesne, with the deep, bitter, lasting, and malevolent hatred that flourishes better, perhaps, on Latin soil than on Anglo-Saxon, flourishes more strongly between two of a trade, who see far too much of each other, than it does between the most naturally antipathetic people who are not of the same trade, and who do not see too much of each other.

Captain Alphonse Mallieu was of the type long and lithe, dark and saturnine, taciturn and sardonic, something of a human panther, a black panther.

His subordinates most cordially hated him, his equals and superiors disliked him, and undeniably he inspired much more fear than love in the women upon whom he turned the light of his bitter, thin-lipped countenance.

NOW, on the contrary, and indeed in striking contrast, Captain Georges Duchesne was of the jovial sort, somewhat short and stocky and rotund in person, fair and smiling of countenance, expansive and cheerful in demeanor. His men loved him; he had a host of friends; women instinctively trusted him; and he had but the one enemy.

Also, Captain Georges Duchesne had an extremely pretty wife. In point of fact, she was a very beautiful woman, and one whose type of Greek loveliness was Captain Alphonse Mallieu's ideal; also one whose calm and cool indifference was his bane.

Combined in this Madame Duchesne, he found at once the ultimate provocation and the utterly unattainable; a pearl of great price which, at all costs, he must possess, and which, at any cost, was entirely and forever out of reach.

And this was a mixture that was at once an intoxicant too powerful for even his strong head, and a poison in his hot blood too potent even for those steel nerves of which he was so proud.

And within a month of her coming out to Oraba, Captain Alphonse Mallieu was obsessed, was thinking of Adele Duchesne by day and by night, sometimes with burning love, sometimes with burning hate, and sometimes with both.

What added fuel to the lambent flames of his passion was her complete indifference to him, her utter lack of interest in the phenomena of his love and his hate.

When, in the dance, out riding, strolling in the Cercle gardens, or sitting in the moonlight listening to the wonderful playing of the magnificent Legion band, he became ardent, she remained unmoved, uninterested, even unamused. For the first time in his brilliantly successful career as a Don Juan, he entirely failed to communicate his ardor; found the woman completely uninflammable; turned sulky, and cursed her for a lump of human asbestos.

And when he showed this natural pique and anger, when indeed he became vaguely threatening, she still remained unmoved, uninterested, presenting Captain Alphonse Mallieu with a tactical problem, new, perplexing and exasperating beyond belief. Had he not a hitherto unbroken and unvaried record of experience that women whom he delighted to honor were delighted to be honored, and quickly responded in delighted or frightened love, when not in delighted or lovely fright?

It was his theory that fear is a far better basis of human relationship than love; that women should fear man rather than God; that love by no means casteth out fear, and that fear by no means precluded love.

Anyway, whether they had loved him in fear or feared him in love, women had never, never remained indifferent to him. Not a solitary one of them, except this cold, lovely contemptuous Adele Duchesne, with her infernal pride, superhuman superiority, and damnable indifference.

That was the real head and front of her offending, her indifference, her not being sufficiently interested in the ever-victorious Alphonse Mallieu to care, or even to know, whether he loved or hated; whether he were cold or kindly, happy or sad, or mad, or anything else.

He would disturb her calm. He would pierce that glacial armor. He would humble her pride, and he would give her excellent and impelling cause to interest herself in the personality of Alphonse Mallieu and the menace of his passion, whether of love or hate.

Since it was unfortunately an established and incontrovertible fact that he loved and hated Adele Duchesne, then Adele Duchesne should most certainly either love or hate Alphonse Mallieu, and hate him with some reason.

"Georges, my little pink rabbit," said Adele Duchesne to her stout perspiring husband, one sultry morning, as the happy pair sat at petit dejeuner in their cramped, unhomely quarters, "tell me, do you love me, adore me, worship the very ground upon which I tread?"

Georges looked up from the Depeche Algerienne, rolled his eyes heavenward, and made the eloquent gesture of one whose heart—or mouth—is too full for words, or whose thoughts are perchance elsewhere.

"Ah! And how much do you love me, my Georges?"

Georges swallowed an unmasticated mouthful, and swiftly registered ecstasy.

"There is no unit of measurement," said he, swallowing again, "There are no terms in which a mere human being, though speaking with the tongue of men and angels, could . . ."

"Bien," interrupted Adele. "Then you can promise me two things."

"Two hundred," declared Georges, removing the coffee-cup from his mouth that he might do so.

"Two, to begin with," requested Adele.

"To begin with, my soul. What are they? I'm afraid, at the moment I am a little overdrawn and . . ."

"Two things," interrupted Adele. "And they are not francs. The first is that you will give up cognac—just for a month—and the second is that you will give up any thought of fighting a duel with Captain Alphonse Mallieu—for life."

"For life?"

"Yes, or it will be a short one, my porpoise. For a month give up cognac, and for a lifetime give up the idea of fighting Mallieu. They say that, next to Riccoli, he is the best swordsman in the 19th Army Corps. And as the challenge will come from you he will have the choice of weapons."

"But I have not the slightest intention of fighting a duel with the excellent Mallieu. Why should I, thou Daughter of Delight?"

And as was the wont of the fat little man, he proceeded to talk aloud to himself and at his wife.

"Yes, this poor but honest woman is mad. As mad as she is lovely. The gods love her, even as I do, and whom the gods love, they drive mad. Or do they kill them young? Or both? What can have given her these strange breakfast table thoughts—to call them thoughts. Why should I forswear sack and live cleanly for a month? Why should I contemplate the slaying of my brother Abel, or brother officer. Why should I fight a duel with him, and not with the President of the Republic."

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Upward at the window of their quarters gazed Captain Alphonse Mallieu ...and, as he saw their shadows, he swore swifly.

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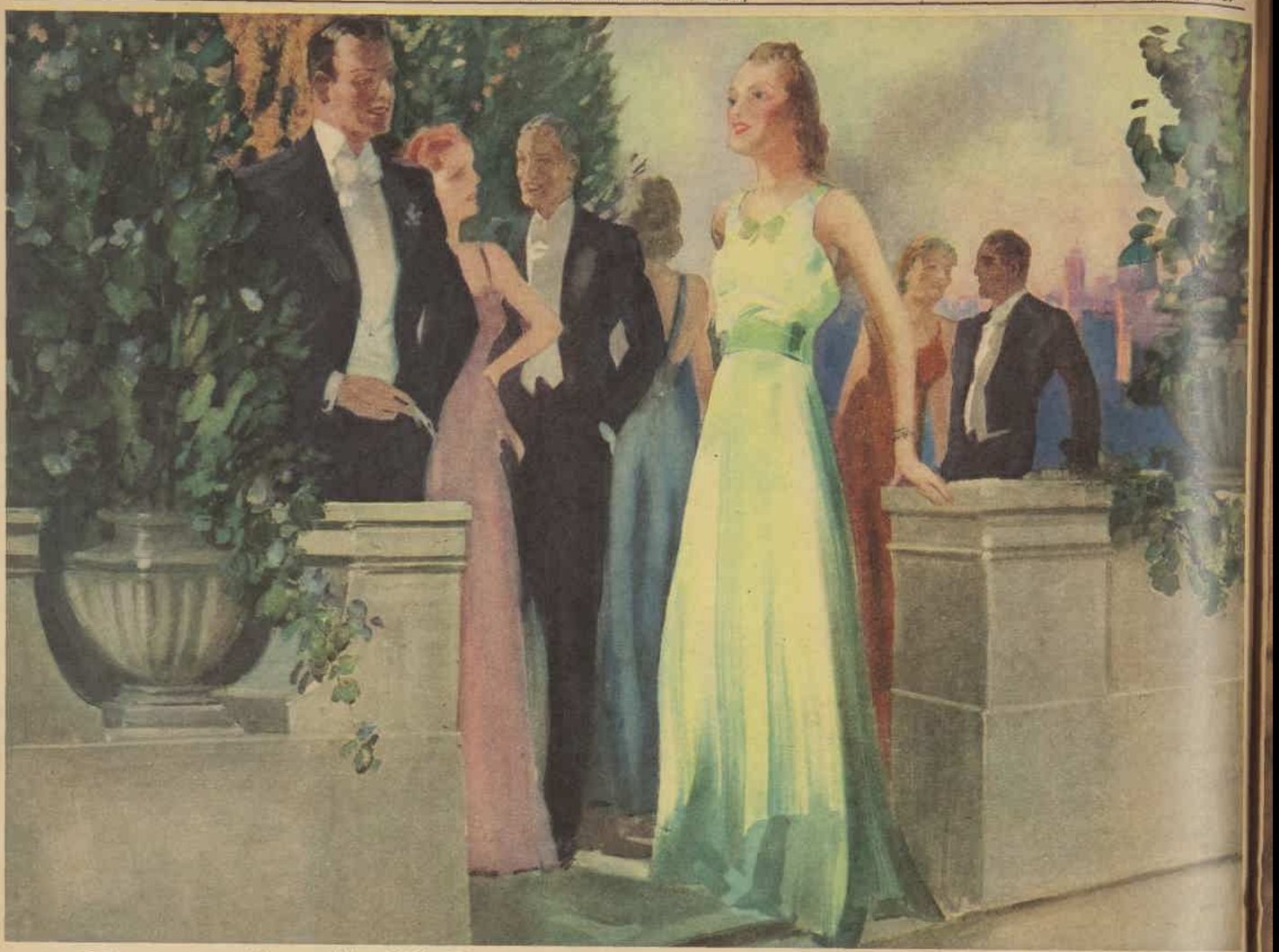

Illustrated by FISCHER

Maddox followed her out onto the terrace, and as she turned at his step he knew her. "You're Rena Gorman, the actress."

CHANGE of HEART

When he took up the cudgels for his friend, a young lawyer's life became unexpectedly involved

Complete Short Story

By . . . FREDERICK NEBEL

THE chauffeur carried the bags, the big yellow one and the two small brown ones, across the station platform and stowed them in the luggage trunk of the grey phaeton. He was a short, block-bodied man of middle age, very snug in his uniform.

"It's very nice to have you with us again, sir," he said. He was an institution; he had been with the Demorest family, with one branch or another of it, for years. "We haven't seen you since Bar Harbor, more than two years ago."

Maddox said, "You're looking fit, Reilly," and remembered that he had spent a week at Johnny Demorest's place while Rena was away visiting somebody in the White Mountains. They had done a lot of sailing, played some tennis, and drunk a good many long Scotch drinks. He had had to catch a late Sunday train for New York and so had missed seeing Rena. It was a long time ago, anyhow, and much had happened in the meantime: how much, he didn't know precisely. Reilly, probably, knew many more of the minor, petty details, but gave no sign. Servants hear so much, see so much, but they have two faces, one for backstairs and the other for the front of the house. It was even possible that Reilly knew this visit was not one in line with the social amenities, but his pleasant, impersonal manner revealed nothing.

The train was moving now. One by one, the dusty, hot-looking Pullmans glided from the shadow of the station shed into the bright glare of the Florida sun. You caught glimpses of people moving about behind the windows. Miami was less than an hour down the track: in another hour all the Pullmans would be empty but for porters cleaning up.

The grade-crossing bell stopped jangling as the observation car glided past. Motor traffic began to move again, and pedestrians. Reilly wheeled the phaeton out of the station lot and inserted it deftly into the stream of traffic and Maddox felt the good, hot, dry sunlight close about his body. He had shaved and changed to lightweights an hour before and felt fresh, vital.

People were everywhere, on the sidewalks and weaving and darting among the moving automobiles. It was the peak of the season. There were girls in bright shorts, in cotton prints, in flowered chiffons and floppy sunhats. Hardly anyone hurried, except to dodge traffic. They were all strollers, idlers: some from the big villas on the river, or from the yachts; some from the many small, obscure hotels or from the trailer camps at the edge of town. It looked like a carnival town: day after day during the season it would look like a carnival town. Hotels, restaurants, and bars predominated, and the whirring, clanging sound of slot machines went on from morning until late at night. One felt, from the moment he arrived on this sun-drenched East Coast, that it was his duty to be gay, frivolous, and slightly abandoned. It struck the first-trippers hardest.

And yet, Maddox knew, under it all, the mundane stratum of life existed, here as anywhere else. Bills had to be paid, mortgages foreclosed; there were births and deaths, too, and marriages and divorces; life had to be met, outside the travel-bureau brochures, and grave decisions made. He had lived, briefly, at one time or another, in various parts of Florida and considered it a sinuous, fascinating wench, but harmless unless you overplayed your hand.

BUT this time he had not come down to play, he did not look forward to the rather sensuous pleasure of going native in a mild, impermanent way. His thoughts were cramped in a tight, uncomfortable pocket of his mind. It was not the first time he had taken up and carried the torch for Johnny Demorest; but on all those other occasions, from college days on, he had never found it necessary to lean on his profession—he was a lawyer—to help Johnny out.

The phaeton turned into River Road and followed it past grey-trunked royal palms and the pleasure craft moored along the embankment promenade. The breeze was strong and cool on the river and great loose mats of water hyacinth, from the upriver jungle, were moving out on the tide. At five the fishing boats would be coming in, flying a pennant for each fish caught, and the downtown crowd would gather at the city wharf and watch the weighing. Maddox liked the pageantry of the river.

They left it, suddenly, and then, five minutes later, came within sight of it again. A stone wall laced with bougainvillea reared up before them and the phaeton passed between stone gateposts struck with slivers of mica. There was the villa, and beyond it, at the edge of the lawn, the river.

Maddox saw that fresh flowers had been placed in a vase in the spacious room assigned to him on the second floor. A Japanese asked if he would like a drink and he said he would like a Scotch-and-water very much. And while he drank it, sitting in the casement window and watching a Chesapeake schooner move up the river, the Japanese unpacked his bags and took away some things for pressing. The Chesapeake schooner, its masts sharply raked, moved out of sight behind a batch of cabbage palms on the point. And below him, on the green lawn, hibiscus, sun-touched, made scattered patches of flame. He drew a breath and held it uncomfortably in his chest: his stern, rather grim purpose had nothing in common with the lulling, exotic sensation that moved through his veins like some warm, dark liquid.

He remembered the first time he met Rena. It was at one of those vast parties which, starting as a rule in one room, eventually spread out all over a house. You saw a few people you knew, others you had seen elsewhere but didn't know, and others you had never seen at all. You simply struck up acquaintanceship according to your mood. Sometimes you never caught a glimpse of your hostess.

He had come in late, shaken a few familiar hands, and had swallowed a couple of Dry Martinis before he first caught sight of her. She was stepping out onto the penthouse terrace, and though he knew he had seen her face before he could not instantly place it. But he followed her outside and as she turned at sound of his step he knew her.

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

HOODED TOPCOAT: SCOTTISH in motif, Parisian in design, is this Dorville topcoat of plaid tweed in shades of red, yellow, blue, and green. The coat, full from the shoulders, is caught at the waist by a tie matching the hood fastening. Wide sleeves allow a suit to be worn underneath. Skirt is 16-18 inches from ground.

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ALBUM CHARM...

● OUT OF THE PAST step all the charm, grace and coquetry of great-grandmamma's day. These album frocks are worn by Merle Oberon, star of Emily Bronte's "Wuthering Heights."

● A TYPICAL GOVERNESS GOWN of taffeta, with rich velvet fashioning revers, cuffs, coy muff and banding the coat effect skirt. The lyrical bonnet lined with nêt frills makes a perfect foil for Merle Oberon's dark tresses. (Top left).

● A BEGUILING NECKLINE has this Early Victorian dress, and a sleek, pointed bodice of heavy satin, from which falls a full semi-crinoline skirt of chiffon over satin, boldly ruched in a lattice design. (Centre left).

● HERE IS PURE ROMANTICISM. This alluring bouffant frock of organza over taffeta is festooned with trails of appliqued ivy leaves. (Lower left).

● ADROITLY this off-the-shoulder trend translates the charm of yesteryear. This lovely frock of silver lame has a front pannier of lace medallions on the crinoline skirt, and half medallions form epaulets over the tiny puffed sleeves. (Top right).

● SWEET SENTIMENT of bygone days is revived in this wasp-waisted black faille frock and quaint Eskimo-hooded capelet and muff of velvet banded with natural blue fox. (Centre right).

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From a PARIS SKETCH BOOK . . .

THESE creations from famous designers were air-mailed by Mary St. Claire. Individual hand-cut patterns are available for frocks sketched or photographed in this section, price 3/6.

MARCEL ROCHAS

FRANCEVRAMENT

MOLYNEUX

MOLYNEUX

• MARCEL ROCHAS' wheat-tan tailleur. The link-buttoned coat with wide shoulders is worn over a white coin-spotted highway-brown blouse. (Top left).

• A BEIGE-PINK light wool coat with swagger lines goes smoothly over a new "Harlequin print" crepe frock of distinguished simplicity by Francevrament. (Top right).

• TRIM and attractive is Molyneux's orchidaceous pink ensemble. The simple dress is saddle-stitched in a darker shade to tone with the spotted coat-lining and stiffened bow. (Left).

• SEA-BLUE is used by Molyneux for this indispensable two-piece. The three-quarter coat and slenderising dress are embroidered in multi-colors. Flowers to match the toque sprout from one pocket.

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Christy's Lavender & Pine Bath Essence perfumes and softens the water . . . invigorates . . . refreshes. At all stores and chemists. Double Size bottle, 2/6 (24 baths).

CHRISTY'S
Lavender & Pine
BATH ESSENCE

FROCK *for the* TINY TOT

● In pretty pastel color all ready for you to make up and embroider.

YOUR little one would look perfectly adorable in this dainty little frock.

The garment is obtainable from our Needlework Department in cream, blue, or pale pink ingola, in cream crepe-de-chine, or in fine quality winceyette in cream, blue, pink, or yellow.

The frock is traced with pattern for cutting out and with design for embroidering, so that all you have to do is cut out the material, make up, and work.

Sizes are infants to 12 months.

Prices are:

Traced on ingola or crepe-de-chine, 6/11, postage included. Traced on winceyette, 3/3, postage included.

THIS DAINTY FROCK is traced with pattern for cutting out and with design for smocking on colored ingola, crepe-de-chine or colored winceyette.

NEEDLEWORK *otions . . . .*

Designed for your little girl

NIGHTGOWN traced ready for making-up and working on fine - quality winceyette.

You can obtain this nightgown from our Needlework Department, traced on winceyette, with pattern design for cutting out, and design for embroidering. It is all ready to be cut out and made up.

Colors are cream, pale blue, pale pink and yellow, and there are two sizes—to fit girl 2 to 4 years, and to fit girl 4 to 6 years.

The cutting out and making-up are very simple, and the embroidering can be done very quickly.

Prices are::

Size, 2 to 4 years, 2/9, postage free.

Size, 4 to 6 years, 2/9, postage free.

NIGHTDRESS for the 2 to 4 or 4 to 6-year-old girl. Traced for making and embroidering on winceyette.

Kitty had a "go home" complex

Kitty CAN be difficult. The other day, Steve drove up in his new roadster with Freddy and Joe and Mary Devine. They had some dance records and were going over to Joe's to play them. Naturally, I wanted to go along. But not Kitty! She was in one of her "go home" moods . . . hardly even polite.

So—when we got to my house, I made her come in. First I explained she could have absolute peace of mind with Modess. Then I showed her *why!* I showed her the moisture-resistant backing from a Modess pad—and she saw, with her own eyes, how safe Modess is!

"It's wonderful! I'll never feel afraid again," she beamed. "Yes—and you'll be more comfortable, too," I added. Then I showed her the soft, fluffy Modess filler—so different from the other napkins, and I explained that Modess was filmed with soft downy cotton. "Yet Modess costs Less," I told her. Well—it was Kitty herself who insisted on going back to Joe's. The crowd was still there when we arrived . . . and did we have a marvellous time! Kitty was her old "life-of-the-party" self again . . . and believe me, when Joe's mother invited us to stay on for a pick-up supper, I didn't hear a peep out of Kitty about having to go home! Modess certainly cured that complex, all right . . . just as I knew it would.

I was pretty peeved! "Kitty," I said, "you act so strangely! One minute you're the life of the party . . . the next a stick-in-the-mud!" "I know," she mumbled, "but I can't help worrying at certain times. Think how embarrassing . . . if . . . "Listen," I interrupted: "I can cure that go-home complex in one lesson!"

Ask for

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS

16

BOX OF 12

36's 2/8

Ask also for

VEMO

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TINY TOT'S PETTICOAT obtainable in cream, blue or pink ingola or in colored winceyette.

THIS useful little garment for the tiny tot is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced on ingola or winceyette, with pattern for cutting out and design for working.

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TWO DESIGNS in baby bibs, traced for making-up.

Work these . . . pretty baby bibs

THESE dainty bibs can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced for making-up and working on ingola or winceyette.

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Sizes 2-4, 4-6, 6-8 years.

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BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elisabeth Street, Melbourne.***

Change of Heart

Continued from Page 8

"YOU'RE Rena Gorman, the actress."

"How do you do."

"I've seen you on the stage several times. I'm quietly mad about you." He grinned. "As an actress, of course." It had been a trying day and he found that just looking at her refreshed him immeasurably. And he said, "This is a remarkable piece of good fortune."

Her eyes laughed back at him. "Good fortune?"

He raised his glass towards her. "This cocktail party seems suddenly very worthwhile."

"You're being deliciously cryptic," she chided him. "Are you drunk?"

"Very sober, in fact." But he felt light-hearted. Somehow, he could not take his eyes off her. She was very lovely, out there on the terrace in the evening, her head and shoulders outlined against the warm red afterglow. He sighed. "You're much too beautiful."

"I do believe," she laughed quietly, "you are drunk. But you're very charming about it."

"Thanks. Have dinner with me?"

He turned because she had suddenly lifted her glance beyond him, and saw Johnny coming through the doorway.

Johnny cried, "Well!" And then, "When did you get here, Philip? One runs into everybody at Marcella's parties. I haven't seen you in weeks. I see you've already met Rena." His eyes twinkled and his slender, boyish figure looked very straight, very proud. "I meant to tell you that we were going to elope, old man, but it slipped my mind."

Maddox squinted. "Elope?"

"H'm—yes. A couple of days ago, in fact. We ran down to Maryland and even double-crossed the newspapers."

Maddox looked at Rena and reddened. He was at once embarrassed and a little angry and as he continued to stare at her she began to color also, and moved her eyes away.

. . . . . .

Though she never thought of herself as strong, or particularly capable, Rena often discovered that when *sudden* emergencies arose she could be cool, quite able to make decisions on the snap of the moment. When the cook, Minnie, had collapsed shortly after noon with a sharp pain in her side, a cry, a wild look in her fat eyes, the servants had gone into scatterbrained panic. Reilly had come running to report; Rena had gone into the kitchen, knelt beside the cook, taken hold of her plump beefy hand and to Reilly, "An ambulance," she had directed. And Minnie would not let go her hand; so she rode with her to the hospital, having told Reilly to meet the train and when he had delivered Mr. Maddox at the house, to pick her up at the hospital.

"Appendicitis," she told Reilly when he called for her, his china-blue eyes unusually wide and properly anxious.

"Appendicitis," he repeated, dipping his hard blunt head. "Too bad, Madam."

"You met Mr. Maddox?"

"Yes, Madam."

She relaxed in the hot leather of the back seat, saying, "We'll have to see about another cook, I suppose," meaning that Reilly could be depended upon for that. Twenty years he had been with the Demorests, this one or that one, and she sometimes felt that many of his mannerisms were duplicates of old Forrest Demorest's. She suspected that, behind his never-failing politeness and formality, he disliked her.

"I will have one by to-night, Madam," he replied.

The sun glare hurt her eyes and, as they drove off, she took a pair of colored glasses from a compartment and hooked them into her hair, beneath the brim of her panama.

When Maddox wired that he was coming down, that he wished to speak with her, and would stop at the Claremont Hotel, she wired back that he must by all means stay at the villa. It was the natural, the proper, thing to do, for he was Johnny's friend, he had fought so many of Johnny's battles and she was of course Johnny's wife. Though she knew, she had known all along, that Philip Maddox was her enemy; he became her enemy at Marcella Coyne's cocktail party when, after delighting her with a few gallantries, he suddenly discovered that she was Johnny's bride. Always, after that, he had studied her with his grey, crinkly eyes, his amused, guarded smile, as if saying to himself, "I wonder if you're worthy of him."

SHE supposed Maddox would again be wearing that secret, amused smile; it might even be a little sharper or, perhaps, since he was, after all, her guest, a little temporised. There were times when she hated him—his self-assurance which was never forward or aggressive but forever balanced; his angular Scottish face with its occasional square grin; his measured hardness and the surprising depth, immeasurable, of his grey eyes. And then, when she felt low, bewildered, alone, she wished that he would like her, she thought how nice it would be to be liked by him, because of Johnny. But now, to-day, suspecting why he was here, she was prepared to hate him definitely.

Alighting, she said to Reilly, "I'll want the car to-night. See that it has a full tank," and glanced round the garden. She did not see Maddox, so she went to her room, spent a few minutes at her dressing-table and then sat, her hands idle, and stared at herself in the mirror until her image blurred. She shrugged, said, "Well . . ." on an indrawn breath and descended to the cool, arched dimness of the entrance hall.

She found him in the patio, and put out her hand. "Hello, Philip. Cook had an accident and I had to rush to the hospital with her. How are you?"

"Hello, Rena," he said. "You haven't changed. I'm fine, thanks. Though I could do with a little of that suntan you've got."

"You must stay a while and get some. It's"—she nodded towards the sun—"very generous. You'll want a cocktail——"

"I just had a whisky."

"Do have another. I feel the need of one and only dissolute women drink alone."

"I really could go another. You have a lovely place here."

"Do you like it?"

He had always thought she was beautiful, perhaps one of the most beautiful women he had ever laid eyes on. And he could understand why Johnny had fallen in love with her; the reason was there, plain enough for any man to see. She was glamorous, and his hard intelligence, salted with cynicism, held glamor suspect. He had always thought it was too dangerous for a man like Johnny to get wrapped up in. Sculptors like Johnny didn't come along very often. It had never occurred to him to resent, even mildly, the fact that Johnny had eloped without confiding in him. He had overlooked so many of Johnny's defections.

He said, tasting his second Scotch-and-water, "It was kind of you to put me up."

"The hotels are crowded and besides—" She tipped her lips towards the cool rim of her stemmed cocktail glass and liked the first cold, tart taste of the Daiquiri. Besides what? She had almost said, ". . . besides, we are friends." But she set the glass down and said, "Besides, we have so much room."

"Rena . . ." He set down his highball glass and eyed it sharply. "Rena, Johnny wants a divorce."

There was no shock, for she had suspected this. She lay back in the wicker chaise and watched the oleanders move in a sudden puff of breeze. There was no shock, but inside her she felt as if a taut wire had been twanged.

Maddox was saying, "It is a little awkward for me to broach this, Rena, and I hope you'll appreciate my position. The personal element enters strongly. I don't find this mission exhilarating and yet, on the other hand, it could be worse."

He looked at her. Her head was back against the flowered cushion and a bitter peace lay on her face.

"It can all be done quietly, as quietly as possible," he went on in a low, urgent voice. "You could go to either Reno or France. Johnny is perfectly willing to make a decent settlement. There will be no chiselling. All the cards will be put on the table and . . ." He shrugged, feeling that a lengthy preamble was unnecessary. "Financially, you'll be very comfortable." She made no comment and he pushed his palms together and said sanguinely, "You could even go back to your career. You were wonderful, you know, in 'Blue Landfall.' You're only twenty-six."

Why must he try to be kind? It wasn't like him, she told herself. A dry sarcasm would complement him much more aptly. Rubbing his hands together, rubbing in this affected kindness, trying to warm cold words!

He said earnestly, "Johnny's really in a fix, Rena. You could contest this, but it would do no one any good, it might even do him a lot of harm. He's in an awful muddle. He might throw up everything. His talent is too unusual, too fine, to grind underfoot. I know him. I've known him twelve years——"

"Who is she . . . Letitia? Of course," she said quietly, putting her empty glass down, "Letitia."

"They were made for each other."

She said absently, "Don't be trite. It ill becomes you, Philip."

She felt herself kindling now. Letitia, naturally. Johnny was engaged to her for a while, three years ago. It had never been made clear who broke it off, or why. It was just one of those things that seem to happen. And our marriage, Rena reflected, was just one of those things also; one of those rebounds. Suddenly all her emotion, all her being, lodged fiercely in her throat as she denied that this was so.

"There's his family, too," Maddox was saying. "I know he's mocked its stuffy, class respectability, its Victorian dullness. But I think he's begun to feel the estrangement, and his father's pretty old now and . . ."

"It can't be that," she said. "It can't be that he wants. It must be Letitia. . . . Please, Philip," she hastened to say, when she thought he was about to go on. She rose, feeling that she was a cool shell inside which a fire burned. "We'll be going out to dinner. I hope you won't mind. I thought we'd try a Beach place, and we may as well dress. Monica Wilson's staying with me. You'll like her. And Dick Larsen will be along. And this other thing," she said, dropping her voice. "You must give me time. Time to think. I want desperately to think—but not at once, not all at once. You must give me time—a few days." Suddenly out of breath, she stopped. Her face was flushed, her forehead damp, her eyes harried. Then she said, "We'll meet for a cocktail in about an hour . . ."

THE Casa Marina was a little less gaudy than most of the Miami Beach night-clubs. Its dance music, rendered alternately by two orchestras, one of them Cuban, was better and its talent really first-rate. Certainly the food was better and the liquor actually was the brand printed on the label. There was a sliding roof which opened and revealed the stars. The tables were generously spaced, the couvert stiff. The draperies and lighting were cunningly combined to induce an exotic, slightly dusky and clandestine atmosphere—and succeeded, escaping banality by a hair. It was Larsen's choice. He had taken the evening's reins out of Rena's hands. He was a muscular Swede, very animated, with laughing bold eyes and large, strong teeth.

It had been a windy ride down the Federal Highway. Rena and Monica went into the dressing-room and Maddox and Larsen waited at the bar.

Larsen, grinning, said, "Rena seems primed. I never saw her take more than two cocktails. Did you ever see her on the stage?"

"Yes."

"I never did. You've probably known her a long time."

"No, I haven't. Several years. Of course, I saw her on the stage before I met her."

Larsen flexed the muscles of his smooth, heavy jaw. "She's a marvellous girl. I'm tremendously keen about her." He ran his big hand over his straw-blond head and clamped it momentarily on the nape of his neck in an intensely thoughtful attitude. "Infernally keen about her, in fact." He turned his back to the bar and hooked his elbows on it. "I've never met her husband. What's he like?"

"I went to college with him. I like him very much. He's very talented."

"Yes, I know that. I know some of his work." The orchestra was playing and he hummed briefly and then whistled a few bars and swung his large, bright eyes round the bar. You felt that those eyes missed very little. "Adolph," he said to a very elegant-looking man, "be sure our table's not in the orchestra's lap."

Please turn to Page 56

He's got a VIROL constitution —

your child needs one too

Thousands of children are relying on their robust Virol Constitutions to protect them against illnesses.

Virol is a complete food — it provides all the elements, including the vitamins and mineral salts, needed for sturdy growth and sure protection.

A spoonful of Virol regularly after meals gives an all-round increase in fitness from the beginning. And the benefits last.

Arm your child against infections of all kinds — give him a Virol constitution.

VIROL

"Every winter had terrible COLDS!"

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"I want to thank you for the wonderful cough and cold medicine, Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture. I bought the first bottle last winter, for the old gentleman I am taking care of, for he has had terrible colds every winter. The first dose helped, and after the third dose cold was gone — it does such quick work." — Mrs. C. Davis.

Don't take chances. For even the most stubborn, rocking hang-on cough swiftly yields to the powerful influence of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting), the largest selling medicine for coughs, colds and bronchitis in bitterly cold Canada.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT—
Get a 2/3 bottle at any chemist or store.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

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Some NEW LAUGHS

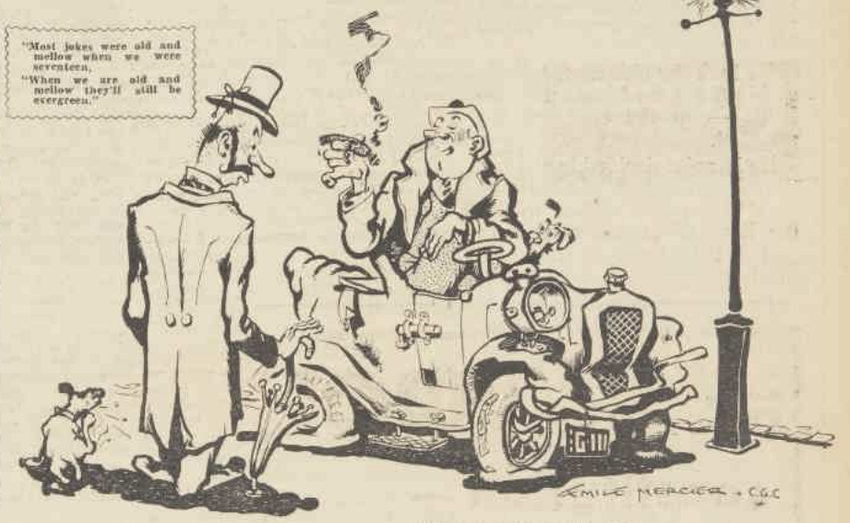
FATHER: There's plenty of time for Joan to think of getting married. Let her wait until the right man comes along.
MOTHER: Why should she wait? I didn't!

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"MOPSY, did you really call Nancy a fool?"
"I don't remember, but the more I see of her, the more likely it seems."

PRODUCER: We have provided you with a double to take your place in all dangerous situations.
FILM STAR: Good! Just tell him to run around and let my wife know I'm going to the club to-night.

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
"When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"Does your wife drive?"
"No, I bought it like this!"

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Making French Hand-made Flowers

At home you can make a really good weekly income by making French hand-made flowers in all kinds of materials for frocks, millinery, etc. Demand is unlimited. You'll enjoy making them! It's simple and fascinating! You don't need one bit of experience. We show how. No matter what your age or where you live, you can join in with our members of this wonderful organisation.

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To prompt enquirers—and for a limited time only—we will give absolutely free, with the La Paula course, a splendid working outfit, including complete set of tools and materials, with which anyone can begin immediately to make the most beautiful hand-made flowers.

Send now — to-day — for free book.
POST YOUR ENQUIRY NOW.
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Why not enjoy all those extra pleasures in life—new clothes, money to travel as you wish, new comforts in your home—by easily making money through taking up this profitable craft, not overcrowded. Start now! You can easily right away make these gorgeous flowers and earn extra money. We supply free packing boxes and pay the freight.

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Without obligation to me, please send your free book showing how I can make extra money by making flowers for you. Also your PURCHASE GUARANTEE.
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Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

POLICE SERGEANT: Did you third-degree the prisoner?
Constable: Yes, sir. We browbeat him, badgered him, and asked him every question we could think of.
Sergeant: And what did he do?
Constable: Dozed off, and said, "Yes, dear, you are perfectly right!"

"SHE told me you told her the secret I told you not to tell her."
"Hm-m! I told her not to tell you I told her."
"Well, don't tell her I told you she told me."

MODERN MISS: It is all very well, granny, to find fault with my new frock. But didn't you ever set your cap at a young man?
Granny: Yes, my dear, but never my knee-cap.

"YOUR wife insists on going to the mountains for a holiday?"
"Yes, she is mad on it. But I put my foot down absolutely."
"She's not going then?"
"Well, not with my consent."

"DO you know Madge well enough to speak to her?"
"I know her well enough not to speak to her."

HUSBAND: Another new outfit! Where on earth do you imagine I'll get the money from?
Wife: Whatever my faults, darling, I'm not inquisitive.

YOUR FEET IN WINTER NEED
Regular Care With
Zam-Buk

THIS cold, wet weather is very trying to the feet. You are almost certain to suffer from burning, irritating chilblains or twinges of rheumatism in the toes or feet unless you take proper care.

To keep free from these and other winter foot troubles give your feet a good rub over with Zam-Buk every night—and morning if possible. This quickly improves circulation, ends

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

and where the skin is broken Zam-Buk heals quickly and cleanly. If your feet are aching and tired, or you have hard growths, before applying Zam-Buk bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly, especially between the toes.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus with Zam-Buk's aid corns are softened and easily removed; joints, ankles, toes and feet are soothed and strengthened and foot comfort is assured.

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Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

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An Editorial

AUGUST 5, 1939

SOLDIERS OF SCIENCE

FOR calculating courage in the highest meaning of the term it is hard to beat the "men and women in white" — our scientists and research workers.

The latest example of this is Professor Haldane, famous biologist, who told the people at the Thetis submarine inquiry how he had reconstructed the drama of the trapped men with himself in the leading role.

He spent 14½ hours in an air-tight chamber, similar to the one in which the sailors were trapped, testing his reactions.

He took the risk cheerfully to add to the sum of human knowledge — in the creed of the scientist.

He has also decided to attempt the dangerous task of remaining in a blast-proof shelter to test the limit of human endurance under the shock of high explosives.

Professor Haldane is a typical scientist — one of the valiant soldiers of science who make war on the forces of disease and disaster that would destroy us.

Men and women in this army of mercy risk their lives daily, others yield up their lives in the march of human progress.

Think of one of these only — Madame Curie, the co-discoverer of radium, living in poverty so that all the money she and Pierre Curie earned could go into experiments on radium, and dying from radium burns after she and her husband had provided the world with a new weapon against disease.

It is a comforting thought to ordinary mortals that while we work and play this silent army is watching over us, working to improve our health, evolving means of preventing disasters, battling with disease.

Compared with these silent men and women, practically unknown to the world, what puny figures are our warlords and dictators, who would destroy what our scientists have built up.

—THE EDITOR.

The woman the King married

Shy girl developed into fairy-tale Queen

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

THIS week Queen Elizabeth celebrates her 39th birthday anniversary.

Being Queen has been no easy task for Elizabeth. She had not planned her life as Queen of England, but rather as the wife of the King's younger brother.

Everything went overboard with the abdication.

She became Queen when the nation was rocked by those dramatic developments of December, 1936, when Edward Windsor gave up the throne for "the woman he loved."

When George VI and Elizabeth came to the throne the people were missing a beloved Sovereign (George V), and agitated over the decision of his son to step down from the throne.

They faced the handicap of following well-beloved and spectacular figures. How would their retiring shyness appeal after such vivid personalities?

Revered figure

THERE was an immediate problem for Elizabeth in this.

It is difficult to think of a harder task set any woman than to follow the regime of such a beloved and revered figure as Queen Mary.

This Scots instinct of honestly setting out her own characteristics has been the chief reason of the Queen's success.

She has not been an imitator but an innovator in the highest position for a woman in the Empire.

For 25 years "The Queen" meant that gracious and lovely Queen Mary, a woman of the older generation, regal, magnificent, and secure in the love of the nation.

Into the gap left by her stepping-down after the death of her husband, George V, and the subsequent abdication of King Edward, came the rather retiring little Scots girl, Elizabeth, Duchess of York.

Australians saw her as Duchess of York and fell in love with the charming Scots girl with the lovely smile and wild-rose complexion. They saw a happy woman content with her place in the world.

But when the present King came to the throne Elizabeth faced a tremendous task.

"A FAIRY-TALE Queen come to life" must have been the thought of this youngster who presented Her Majesty with a bouquet at a recent drama festival in London.

For her, personally, had come the parting of the ways. She had accustomed herself to living as the wife of the King's brother, had done her share of entertaining and formal appearances, but contrived as much as possible to avoid the limelight. All this was changed. She was forced to move in the very centre of the public notice, as Queen of England, youthful, when they had been used to elderly regality, shy where they had been used to the poised manner of a woman born to rule.

Elizabeth decided to fit herself for the job. She modelled herself on the Queen Mother while retaining her own individuality.

Mother love

WHEN her shyness left her, little peeps of her delightful personality began to show—her love of children, her air of thoroughly enjoying the pomp and ceremony of the Royal occasions, her wonderful mother love for her children.

The Queen as Duchess of York had been a quiet but charming dresser. As Queen, something more spectacular was required. Her Majesty, with instinctive honesty, again succeeded by being herself.

She might have had every temptation to follow the lead of her glamorous sister-in-law, the Duchess of Kent, one of the really smart women of the world, with a dress sense in a superlative degree.

Instead, the Queen evolved a style of her own, with soft shades that suited her and frilly charming frocks with an Old-World flavor and fragrance about them.

How well she succeeded is now history. . .

The Canada-United States tour was a triumph for the "Lady of the Crinolines," as America called her.

Elizabeth's title to beloved Queen rests on one other thing.

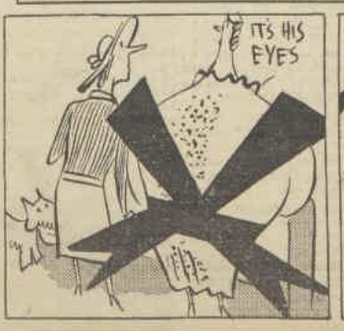
This is her desire to be true to her children.

She wants them to grow up happy, healthy, and normal. She has an old-fashioned devotion to her children added to the outlook of a modern mother.

Being Queen has not changed that. Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose are the freest Royal youngsters in the world. They are not hedged about with formality. They travel in tube trains, visit the Zoo, ride on the elephants, go picnicking, swim and play just like other children.

Despite their being Royal she has won for them a normal childhood which is perhaps her greatest triumph.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*



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YOU can acquire SOCIAL GRACE . . . *in one lesson!*

"If you must souvenir something, go for the salt-shaker," says L. W. Lower.

Special Course for Beginners

One of our social writers has noticed a deplorable lack of etiquette in the present day Younger Set.

I've noticed it, too, and I think it's awful—simply terrible.

By **L. W. Lower**
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

HERE are you girls, brought up in good homes in the lap of luxury, and I'll bet you don't know a thing about it.

Lacking a dictionary at the moment—it's over in the corner, but I'm not going to get up again—I would define etiquette as the proper observance of those social graces which serve to add to the amenities of—well, anyhow, it saves you making yourself feel like a big mug.

Take the ordinary little things like the gentleman always walking on the outside when conducting a lady along the footpath. The gentleman is nearest the gutter, which is his proper place, and the lady gains a little on the turns, having the inside running.

Of course, where the etiquette must be laid on with a trowel is at a formal dinner. There's the matter of dress, for a start.

It would be a sensible idea to turn up with a rubber apron on in case of accidents, but IT IS NOT DONE.

Many women don't know what to do with their diamond tiaras at dinner. The thought flashes through the mind, "Shall I put it alongside the plate or shove it under my chair?"

Thoughtful hostesses will provide small brass hooks screwed into the edge of the table, but in the absence of these it is a good move to place the hand over the head and say, "How utterly inane! I've got my tiara on. Isn't that a scream?"

Then you take the thing off and toss it out the window. It's expensive, but impressive.

In regard to managing the cutlery, I have always found it best to have a small box in which to deposit fish-knives and spoons and things after they've been used, and when the dinner is over just call your hostess and say, "Just check up on this lot, will you?"

If you must souvenir something, go for the salt-shaker. Nobody ever seems to miss salt-shakers.

Or if you are really short of forks at home, pocket one the moment you sit down. Then at the appropriate moment look all bewildered and say, "Er—could I have a fork, please?"

"I'm awfully sorry, my dear. That's the new maid. Martha! Give the lady a fork."

"But I laid a fork for her." (Gasps of astonishment.)

"Does she really lay forks? How extraordinary! What a treasure!"

Easy if you know how

COFFEE, of course, is served in the lounge. The gentlemen in the party will sneak a couple of quick drinks out in the kitchen after which it is customary for the host to say, "Shall we join the ladies?" If there are no more drinks likely, you join the ladies.

This programme doesn't go for afternoon tea parties and soirees. At these functions the ladies sit down and the gentlemen stand up with a teacup in one hand and a postage-stamp sandwich in the other and lounge around with little plates, saying, "May I offer you a biscuit? Those pink ones are delicious."

"Thank you so much."

"Don't you adore Wagner?"

"When in the mood, yes. But really I prefer Gzractch."

"Gzractch?"

"He's one of the moderns, you know." (You can always get away with this.)

Now, if I should approach you at a dance and, bowing from the waist, say, "I do hope you will allow me to have the pleasure——" and all that, it is not correct for the lady to reply, "Go and die, you big lout! I'm not here to be stamped on. Go and wrestle with somebody else."

All wrong. The lady should smile nicely and say, "You're tired. Why don't you go outside and sleep on the lawn for a while?"

She then sweeps out the room. No! Wait a minute.

She then gathers her skirts about her and with a haughty toss of the head sweeps out of the room. It is most important to toss the head because if you tossed a tail it would put you right out of the game.

Now, what else have we? When assisting a lady into a tram-car (this is something I really do know all about), the gentleman should clutch the lady by the nearest elbow and say, "Go on. Get in! You're not a blooming cripple, are you? Well, toss your parcels in first and dive in after them. I hope you've got the fares, because I haven't."

There are times when etiquette gets strained to the breaking point. I'd like you girls to take notice of the following statement made by me:

I met a lady friend in town, and she'd been shopping and said she was quite exhausted, and how is dear Mrs. Lower, and she really must find somewhere to sit down and rest for a while.

I had two shillings, so I said, "You poor girl! Come into the hotel lounge."

And would you believe me, she sat down and picked up the cocktail menu card thing and said, "Angel's Kiss. Doesn't that sound naice? Yes, waiter. An Angel's Kiss."

One and ninepence!

"And you, sir?" said the waiter.

"I don't think I'll bother, thank you," I replied, tossing my last 2/- on the table.

Anyhow, I got my own back on her. When we left the place I asked her where she was going, and she said she was going home. So I put her in a taxi and said how pleasant it was to have met her, and, as she lives about eight miles out in the suburbs, I thought that by the time she paid the fare I'd be more than square on the Angel's Kiss.

That's etiquette—the art of slapping people in the face without hurting them.

How does she Keep Fit In Winter

She's a picture of health and fitness, she's happy at work or play and enjoys every minute of her life. She attributes her splendid health and vitality during the Winter months, to Bile Beans — just one or two at bed-time.

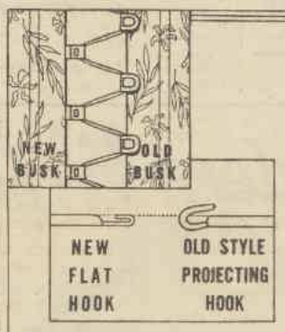
Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone you up, gently stimulate the system, and daily clear away all food residue and other impurities.

You, too, can keep really fit and well, free from colds, chills and Winter epidemics, if you let Bile Beans maintain your health at concert pitch.

"When friends tell me I'm the picture of health, they little realise that for my position I must keep myself bright and attractive. I credit my perfect health to Bile Beans—I sleep well, enjoy all my meals and keep ever so fit."—Miss C. Owen

"I'm altogether happier and healthier since taking Bile Beans. My husband too, thinks there's nothing like them for keeping you up to the mark. Last Winter, during the 'flu epidemic Bile Beans kept us fit and saw us safely through." Mrs. C. Hinckley.

By Nightly Taking
BILE BEANS



Only LADY RUTH, the original Practical Front, has this new FLAT BUSK

THIS new Flat Busk—you won't find it in any other corset except a Lady Ruth. Look at the sketches above. See how flat are the hooks of this new busk—so different from old-style projecting hooks which tore holes in your milanese undies! Remember, this marvellous new improvement is exclusive to Lady Ruth—and costs you nothing extra.

If your figure is Medium Average, fit Lady Ruth "Practical Front" Corset 1562, illustrated here. Its elastic inner belt is not only comfortable—it also gives exceptional control. Fits sizes 24-40. No more "shoulder blade bulges" when you wear Lady Ruth Brassiere 1974—its built-up shoulder line keeps you smooth. The wide waistband fits well down over your Lady Ruth corset—no "roll" at the waist. Fits 36-44 busts, and odd sizes too.

Lady Ruth

1-189

New PLASMIC Acts like Magic

Removing almost instantaneously WRINKLES, LINES, OPEN PORES, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES and all SKIN BLEMISHES arising from any cause whatsoever.

Actual Photo. Mrs. Margery Westburn, Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill, Age, 56.

Actual Photo. Mrs. Margery Westburn, after using one tube of New Plasmic.

NEW PLASMIC restores PERMANENTLY to old or middle age the skin and complexion of YOUTH.

Large Tube, sufficient for three weeks' treatment, posted FREE FOR 5/-. CALL FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION of this MARVELLOUS PREPARATION. It is guaranteed harmless, without any injurious after effects. Ladies unable to call can have a sample treatment posted FREE for 1/- and one penny stamp

JOHN AFRIAT, Pacific House,
296 Pitt Street (near Bathurst Street), Sydney.
6th Floor Take Lift.

Also obtainable at Washington Soul, Pattinson and Co., and other leading Chemists.

DENTAL CHAIR JITTERS

vanish — BROMURAL TABLETS keep you calm and confident. BROMURAL sedative and soporific, checks pain, shock and fears . . . absolutely harmless.

BROMURAL (ANULL)

ASK YOUR CHEMIST (12 K 39)

He Promised His Wife

Continued from Page 7

"GEORGES, drink something, child, and then put your head in a bucket of cold water, and afterwards, go and . . .

"Listen, Georges. I mean what I say now and when I mean what I say, my Georges, you know that I say what I mean. You don't kiss me once again—not once—until you have promised, and promised seriously. That I swear. Now then!"

Captain Georges Duchesne knew his Adele, and his ardent love for her sweetness and her beauty and her wit did not preclude a very deep respect for her wisdom and judgment.

"Name of a name of a piebald porcupine, I will kiss you as soon as I have wiped my lips," he replied, "and I hereby promise neither to fight a brandy bottle nor embrace Mallieu or whatever it is. What's the joke, Loveliness?"

Rising and leaning across the table, he took his wife's head between his hands and kissed her upon the lips.

"There," he said, smacking his own. "Now what's the joke, Loveliness? Why should I challenge Mallieu to fight?"

"You have given me your promise, Georges. You will not go back on it?"

"I will not go back on it."

"Well, I will tell you why, otherwise, you would have challenged Mallieu to fight. After I had danced with him last night he challenged me—to love. He kissed me and he made me proposals that only . . ."

Captain Duchesne flushed darkly as he rose to his feet.

"What did you do when he kissed you?" he interrupted in a soft and gentle voice.

"I didn't notice that he had done so—in effect."

"And when he proposed that you should . . . should . . ."

Captain Duchesne's voice grew quieter and his face darker.

"I didn't notice that he had done so."

"In effect, then?" he asked in a whisper.

"I yawned. I consulted my wristwatch, I rose to my feet, yawned again and strolled back into the ballroom and thence to where you were—drinking cognac."

"Light of my life, never again will I touch one drop of . . ."

"Not for a month, anyhow," agreed Adele. "You are much better without it in this climate, my little fat hippopotamus. And a month's absence will . . ."

"It will. It shall. Not for a month will I so much as smell the cork of a cognac bottle. But about the disease-encrusted pariah dog of Mallieu, you can see for yourself that I must . . ."

"You must not. If he challenges you, that is another matter, Georges. It's pistols then, and you could shoot his buttons off, one by one, at twenty paces. But he won't challenge the Grand Prix revolver-shot of the Army of Africa, probably the finest shot in the French Army; possibly the best in the world. Doesn't he know that you are a wizard with a little gun? No, he won't challenge you, and since I have your promise, you will not challenge him."

"And am I to ignore the behaviour of this double-distilled triple extract of essence of swine?"

"Yes, for the present, completely."

"But, my darling, you know perfectly well that I can't let . . ."

"I can, though. Wait. Wait and see."

"Wait how long?"

"Until he does it again."

Captain Georges Duchesne sprang to his feet with an attractive oath.

"Does it again!" he roared. "If he does it again there will be no question of a duel. I'll go straight and kill the . . ."

"You shall, if he does it again. Or rather, he shall kill himself. Upon his own head shall it be. For if he does it again, Georges, he shall challenge you. And die."

"You are so much cleverer than I, Adele. You mean . . .?"

"I mean this. If he makes love to me again, kisses me again, and sets forth his attractive proposals for my consideration, I shall look him in the eyes, a long and cool thoughtful look, considering, and I shall say:

" 'Look you, Captain Alphonse Mallieu, I have one husband already. That would appear to be one too many for the complete success of what you propose. So go forthwith, insult him so that he smacks your face, and then you challenge him to a duel.'

"Then, my Georges, one of two things happens. One of two very desirable things. Either he leaves me alone in future and eats his heart out that he has been tricked and trapped and ridiculed; or else he goes through with the matter, challenges you—and you shoot him through the heart."

"In fact, he lets you alone either way," laughed Captain Duchesne. "Splendid."

"Yes, that's the general idea, but believe me, my Georges, when I have spoken to him in the way in which I shall speak, and I have looked at him in the way in which I shall look, he will challenge you to a duel, and you will have the choice of weapons."

"And I'll shoot the dog between the eyes. I will most assuredly kill him," whispered Georges Duchesne.

"No. Rather will he have killed himself," corrected Adele, "through making love to me, and thus having to challenge you. Suicide. For to kiss and foully to insult your wife is to commit suicide.

"Yes, he will kill himself," she repeated, her eyes hard, and her lips thin.

And that night the brazen-tongued bugles suddenly blew their clamorous call, plangent, insistent, waking sleeping men to the knowledge that in nine minutes they must get from bed to barrack square, fully dressed, and completely equipped with everything they possessed upon their backs.

Georges and Adele Duchesne, after one long, heart-straining embrace, parted, he nearer to tears than was she, with long kisses and brief words.

Upward at the window of their quarters gazed Captain Alphonse Mallieu for a minute, and as on the window blind he saw their two shadows become one, he spat, and swiftly he swore. Through twisted lips he swore that at least one man of that battalion should not return to the base, one officer's wife should become a widow; and in his black rage of wounded vanity and insane egoism his hand went up to the breast pocket of his tunic, wherein reposed the tiny phial that never left it.

For Captain Mallieu had seen too many of the hideously mangled bodies of French wounded who had fallen into the hands of the Arabs and been indescribably tortured to death by their women. Not for him should be such a death. In the phial that he carried as invariably as he carried his water-bottle, field-glasses and revolver, were tiny tablets of cyanide of potassium, each strong enough to kill the strongest man in a minute or two. If ever he were wounded and left, a couple of those would cheat the Arabs of their sport, and rob death of its sting if not the grave of its victory.

And there are no post mortems on active service, no coroner's inquests on dead bodies during a campaign. If this superfluous and irritating Captain Georges Duchesne were found dead in his bivouac when reveille blew one morning, why, that would be just too bad. Heart failure or some such thing.

And if, on the day that Duchesne died, there had been no fighting, and funny old Medecin Majeur Chanel had nothing better to do than poke his nose into the contents of a dead officer's stomach, and did discover huge quantities of hydrocyanic acid, why, it would obviously be a case of suicide. Yes, it would be quite clear that the unfortunate officer had had enough of the campaign, had got cold feet, and had taken his life—before the Arabs took it.

Captain Alphonse Mallieu smiled pleasantly as he fingered the phial through the cloth of his tunic and glanced again at the united shadows on the blind.

Well, the contents of his little bottle should join those of the excellent Duchesne's big bottle.

And so it came to pass.

AWAITING his opportunity, and declining many in which a certain amount of danger lurked, Captain Mallieu seized upon a safe one.

The desert camp was dark and noisy with the shouts of men, the neighing and braying of horses, mules, and donkeys.

Duchesne was at dinner in the bivouac Mess, his kit and accoutrements in the shelter of his tent, his orderly absent on urgent private affairs of food, or more probably of drink, and the bidon, the water-bottle in which Captain Duchesne always carried a litre of cognac-and-water (in a ratio best known to himself) was there to Mallieu's hand.

Stooping in the darker shadow of the little tent, Mallieu glanced around in the noisy darkness.

No one could see him, he thought, much less see what he was doing.

Removing the stopper of the big felt-covered water-bottle, Mallieu tipped into it a good half of the contents of his phial of hydrocyanic tablets, and in a few seconds had turned Duchesne's brandy-and-water into a poison sufficient in strength and quantity to kill a platoon of men.

"Now swill that, you swine," he whispered to himself as he rose to his feet. "And then squat in hell and watch Adele and me."

His next words were:

"Bon soir, mon ami," as he walked into the bivouac Mess, nodded to Captain Georges Duchesne, and seated himself opposite to him at the trestle table.

Without other reply, Georges Duchesne nodded coldly, rose at once to his feet, and retired to his tent.

He had had a very tiring day.

What about a spot of cognac? Very heartening, very comforting to a weary man; and Adele wouldn't mind, really, in the circumstances. She had only wanted him to keep off brandy, his only tipple, for a month, just to show that he could do it, and because he had perhaps been going it a bit. One did, when in garrison. Nothing else to do in a hole like Oraba. Besides, the month was very nearly up, and what she had really meant was a month in Oraba.

NO, she wouldn't want to hold him to it now that he was on active service again, and really needed it quite as much as he wanted it.

Captain Georges Duchesne removed boots and tunic, lay down on his ground-sheet and blanket, yawned, struck a match, reached for his water-bottle, and pulled out the stopper.

"Ah, now, after nearly a month without a single taste!"

But no! Ought he to do it? He had given her his word, and they never broke their word to each other when they had given it seriously. They never told each other any lies. They never cheated.

But the month was so nearly up. Conditions had changed, and Adele would be the first to tell him to have a drink before he lay down to sleep. Yes, he'd have a long pull and a strong pull, and tell Adele all about it when he got back; tell her how very near the end of the month it had been.

No. No, he wouldn't. If there were only a day or two more to go, so much the more reason for letting the month run out completely.

No, he'd do by Adele what Adele would undoubtedly do by him. Keep his word. He wouldn't touch cognac until the month had expired. Darn it all, he had as much self-control as a Mussulman sharpshooter, who, throughout the month of Ramadan, would touch neither food nor water between sunrise and sunset, though their tongues were swollen and black with thirst.

Captain Duchesne thrust the stopper back into the water-bottle, put it down beside him, lay back and fell asleep.

Next day, wearily trudging at the head of his company, he rounded a turn in the mountain goat-track and came upon a little group by the edge of the deep wadi, men about a recumbent officer lying silent and still, with closed eyes.

What was this? Had a sniper got him, as he marched in front of his men?

Hullo, it was Captain Mallieu!

Nodding to his adjutant, marching beside him, Duchesne turned aside, thrust through the little group and asked what had happened.

"Mule kicked him, mon Capitaine," replied a sergeant, who was rendering such first aid as he could, with cold water and a dirty handkerchief. "Fell with him, and then kicked him on the head as it struggled up. But it is nothing. Absolutely nothing. No fracture whatever. The captain is only knocked out. He'll be all right in a minute."

And apparently the sergeant was right, for Mallieu's eyelids flickered as the man ceased to speak, his hands moved, and he drew up his feet.

Georges Duchesne took a collapsible aluminium cup from the side pocket of his tunic, and filled it from his water-bottle.

Mallieu opened his eyes, frowned, stared about him, and the sergeant raised him to a sitting position.

"What's this?" he asked, still dazed and stupid from the blow.

Duchesne held the cup to Mallieu's lips.

Mallieu drank greedily. And then he gasped, writhed, and died.

He had, as Adele Duchesne had prophesied, killed himself.

Captain Georges Duchesne, satisfied that the man whom he had hated was really dead, eyed him thoughtfully for a minute.

"Very interesting," he murmured, as slowly he nodded his sagacious head. And to the infinite surprise of the Medical Corps sergeant and orderlies, pulled the stopper from his water-bottle and let the contents run out upon the ground.

"What they call pouring a libation to the gods," he observed to the mystified sergeant. "Now give me the poor fellow's own water-bottle as a souvenir of our friendship," he added, "and see that mine is buried with him." (Copyright)

The Modern Wife

takes Beecham's Pills

Like her Mother and Grandmother before her the modern young wife keeps healthy and happy by taking Beecham's Pills. And so her complexion is clear and unblemished. Her breath is sweet. She avoids sick headaches, biliousness and digestive upsets. The happiness of youth shines from her eyes.

"Worth a Guinea a Box"

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Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at top of page 3.

Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Letters sent to other papers are not accepted. Pen names are not permitted.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

MANY disparaging remarks are heard to-day about the country in which we live.

Isn't it time we realised and taught our children, too, that we have the finest country in the world—with the best working conditions, untouched by the horrors of war?

Thinking of the unrest and strife of Europe, the stupendous income taxes of England, for instance, the intense cold of Russia and Canada, and the heat of Africa, we should at least appreciate the climate, privileges, and peaceful conditions of our own land.

The schools are doing their best to make our little ones Australia-minded, but are we doing so in our homes?

£1 for this letter to E. Curl, 308 Station St., Chelsea S15, Vic.

ENGENDERS FEAR

SUPERSTITION still plays an important part in the lives of the pagan people, and to-day, even in Christian countries, we find a surprising number ruled to a great extent by superstition.

The subconscious fear that is brought about by allowing the mind to dwell upon such beliefs often leads to unnecessary worry.

The rather strong-willed and determined type of person is sometimes surprisingly among those who very readily yield to superstition.

Miss M. Green, c/o Box 522H, G.P.O., Brisbane.

BRIEFER SPEECHES

ONE hears many speeches at different gatherings. Some are quite interesting, some rather boring.

The ideal speech should be brief and clear.

People lose interest in long speeches, and are much more appreciative and responsive if a speaker remembers that excellent adage, "Brevity is the soul of wit."

I. Shields, Creswick P.O., Vic.

SAFEGUARD YOURSELF against Coughs, Colds and Influenza by taking ROBOLEINE

When winter comes many people look on catching colds and influenza as inevitable, quite forgetting that each succeeding attack lowers resistance, and if vitality is below par serious complications may develop. Protect youself and your family against these dangers by taking a course of Roboleine. It will build up reserves of inner strength, the best line of defence against the germs of infection. Roboleine is better than any tonic, because every particle is concentrated nourishment of the highest order, supplying all the elements for converting the blood into a rich red flow that feeds and maintains the starved nerves and tissues. If you feel run down take a teaspoonful of Roboleine in a glass of warm milk. There is nothing better for revitalizing the system and protecting the body against influenza and other winter ills.

Made in England

ROBOLEINE

THE PROTECTIVE AND STRENGTHENING FOOD

SAMPLE COUPON

Are modern girls capable as home-makers?

YES, A. Powell (15/7/'39), the modern girl has a practical knowledge of cooking, and I'm sure if she had to go outback where she would have to bake bread, or even spin, she would do it all with good grace, and enjoy every minute of it. Girls are much more advanced than the mothers of yesterday.

It is true that they do not work so hard. It is not necessary.

The modern kitchen appliances save hard tasks now.

Mrs. E. M. Foots, 4 Bristol St., Eastwood, S.A.

Train men

I WONDER if A. Powell's friend who was so scathing about the modern girl's ability to cook has trained himself to be a good husband.

Criticism is frequently levelled against the modern girl, but we in turn have our doubts about the men.

How many of them know how to keep a garden in order, or can mend the little things that go wrong in the kitchen or laundry? Can they set a fire quickly, or clean a fireplace without making more work for their wives?

If we need training to make good home-makers, so do the men.

Miss Jean McCall, Vulture St., Sth. Brisbane.

Dislike work

I HAVE heard modern girls boast of their inability to cook or do housework.

Their claim is that household duties ruin their hands, and take the crimson nail-polish off too quickly.

What those girls would do if they were suddenly deprived of all the shops which provide meals already cooked I cannot imagine.

My pity would go to those in their care, rather than to the girls themselves, who turn aside from the old-fashioned idea of what constitutes the real home-maker.

Mrs. J. White, First Ave., East Adelaide.

Fulfils duties

I HAVE visited many homes which belong to young married couples with average incomes of about £5/10/- a week.

With few exceptions I have found them clean, neat and as attractively furnished as finances would permit.

The young wife, a modern girl, wears a simple frock which probably she has made herself. If she spends the afternoon playing tennis, it is because her home duties have been completed.

Rare indeed is it for a husband to come home and find his dinner unprepared.

The modern wife is as good a home-maker as her mother or grandmother.

Miss D. Kelly, Post Office, Lismore, N.S.W.

Pride in home

YOUNG women should not be proud of the fact that prior to their marriage they could not cook an egg, let alone care for a child.

It is by instinct, as well as from necessity, that we eventually learn to do these things. Plain domestic training is an achievement and not a drawback to the modern girl.

Delights in cooking.

A woman's delight should be to have thoughts of a happy family living in comfort because of her care.

Mrs. G. Hogg, Meeninyan, Sth. Gippsland, Vic.

Parental respect shown in terms of address

CERTAINLY, D. Preston (15/7/'39), it seems to show lack of respect when young people refer to their father as "The Old Man," but can we blame them?

The words "Father and Mother" have been changed in various generations to suit the style of the times. For instance, when children referred to their parents as "Papa and Mamma," there was little friendliness between them.

Then came "Mum and Dad." Those homely little titles suggested a far greater understanding, but perhaps in the trend towards informality we have gone too far.

G. L. Thomas, Giblin St., New Town, Tas.

Quite understood

I AM quite convinced that D. Preston has misinterpreted the phrases, "The Old Woman" and "The Old Man," when she considers them to be devoid of respect.

To prove my idea on this matter, I suggested to a young man inclined to the use of such phrases that he might be displaying disrespect towards his parents.

His reply came without hesitation. "Decidedly not! If my son refers to me as 'The Old Man,' feeling as much respect for me as I have for my father when I apply that phrase to him, I shall be profoundly happy."

Mrs. W. R. Deakin, Crossover P.O., via Warragul, Vic.

Does flat-life affect personality?

WHAT will be the ultimate effect of flat-life on our personalities?

Until a year or so ago I had not entered a flat, but during past months circumstances have compelled me to live in one.

I feel now that if I do not soon cease to live in a flat I will become another person.

I long to walk in a garden of my own and pick some flowers. I would even enjoy chopping a stick or two of wood.

Does flat-life have a similar effect on others, or do they prefer it?

Mrs. E. Fish, 32 Peel St., Mackay, Qld.

Learn by example

THE blame for disrespect is due to parents who have been careless in home training and discipline.

How often do we hear children, in the presence of one or both parents, refer to an acquaintance of the family as old "So-and-So."

This should call forth a stern reprimand, but, in nine cases out of ten, it goes absolutely unchecked.

Most children live by example, and parents should set that example, and use respectful terms when referring to friends.

D. Geddes, 30 Albert St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

Show gratitude

WHEN we consider what our parents have done for us in the past, surely it is much more pleasant to hear them spoken of with respect.

Also it shows at least a little appreciation and gratitude for their care of us when we were children.

Such terms as "The Old Man" suggest an almost contemptuous attitude towards the person on whom we depended for so much for so long.

Most parents, I am sure, would not like to feel that they were spoken of in such a careless manner.

Miss S. Howell, Osmond Terrace, Norwood, S.A.

Do films teach children useful lessons?

S. E. GIBBS (15/7/'39) is right in a defence of films as a medium for depicting stories with a moral.

The films, if studied, also give many hints in correct social etiquette, teach us artistic grouping of furniture, ornaments and flowers,

"Cheers for cowboy hero."

provide us with many original ideas for curtain hangings and drapings, and last, but not least, many suggestions in the newest fashion trend.

Let us all study films for more than entertainment value, and we will benefit thereby.

Mrs. E. W. Scott, 16 Butler Grove, East Coburg N13, Vic.

Wrong influence

I STRONGLY disagree with Mr. S. E. Gibbs when he says that films "stress the horrors of war, greed, drunkenness, jealousy," etc.

If that is all children can see at the pictures, how can films exert a good influence upon their lives?

When they do not see the right thing how can they condemn the wrong?

Very few, if any, children heed a lesson from a film . . . all they think of is the charm and dash of a hero or heroine.

Do you give a child opium or sweets to make him sick, so that he will take heed and not touch them again? It is the same thing.

Miss M. Brandon, 41 View St., Hobart.

Increase crime

IT is quite true that some films have a beneficial influence on the public, but I think they are in the minority.

Many young people, after viewing a film in which the hero performs all sorts of daring feats without turning a hair, go home and try to imitate his exploits, often to the detriment of themselves and everyone else concerned.

Also, I believe that gangster films tend to increase, rather than decrease, crime among the juvenile population.

Miss Mollie Murphy, 338 High St., Windsor S1, Vic.

Give pleasure

MOTION pictures provide excellent entertainment, and very often a salutary lesson to youth as well.

Children may cheer the hero of a wild Western, but they "boo" the villain with equal enthusiasm.

Think, too, of the charming colored cartoons which children AND adults enjoy, in which the central figures are usually animals or birds, and even flowers.

As a parent, I always select the programmes which my children see, and I regard the pictures as one of their most pleasant pastimes of the week.

Mrs. J. L. Harris, Furber Rd., Centennial Park, N.S.W.

Point a moral

THOSE who criticise pictures adversely are not going deeply enough into the matter.

Take practically any picture at all, whether modern or old-fashioned in theme, and we find that the same good old moral, of right eventually triumphant, and wrong justly punished, is the basis of the plot.

This is brought to us with such clever dramatisation, color, and acting that surely it must be of great benefit to us.

Mrs. E. B. Pender, Leworthy St., Bardon, Brisbane.

CULTIVATE TALENTS

IS the onward science march in radio and cinema making our women careless about their talents?

How often one hears young married women say: "I used to play," or "I used to sing, or paint." Why allow anything to affect those individual talents, the pursuance of which tends to develop finer feelings and higher ideals?

Is there no joy in pursuing art or music for itself alone?

We cannot all be "stars," but we will be able to take a better part in this troubled world if we cultivate our modest ability in music and art.

Mrs. W. Whan, Suva, Fiji.

CARE OF DETAILS

MANY people fail to realise the importance of details.

One sees a charmingly furnished room marred by a badly-hung curtain, or the pretty effect of an ensemble ruined by a twisted stocking.

A carelessly-knotted tie or turned-in pocket flap can spoil the appearance of an otherwise immaculately-groomed man.

A beautifully-kept lawn or garden loses its effect because tools are not put away, and a lovely vase of flowers is spoiled by a smudged bowl.

Even in the little courtesies of life, one sees a regrettable lack of attention to small details.

Mrs. W. E. H. Leggett, Kaban, Nth. Qld.

TIME-SAVER

AN excellent time-saver to the busy housewife is the provision of one small table for each person's possessions.

Whether his hobby is stamps or model aeroplanes, the small boy revels in the comfort of a place of his own where nothing will be moved.

Each member of the family acquires responsibility in looking after his own things, and learns elementary lessons in respect for other people's possessions.

Besides additional comfort and harmony in the home, time is saved, as it becomes unnecessary to clear things away from the living-room table.

Miss I. M. Gough, Glynde Rd., Magill, S.A.

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CHANGE TO GIBBS TO-DAY

"THE BEST MEAL I EVER HAD..."

Some famous people tell us where they found it

Can you think of the most enjoyable meal you have ever eaten? . . . Does the smell of a sizzling steak straight from the griller remind you of a meal that once satisfied your hunger in some memorable way?

ION IDRIESS, Australian writer, found his perfect meal after being marooned on an island for seven months.

Perhaps you recall a lengthy dinner party when the result of the work of a famous chef made the occasion one to be remembered with a relish as keen as the sauces he used.

IT might have been bacon and eggs cooked for supper on a cold winter night, or do you remember a billy tea picnic with chops a bit burned and tea a little smoky, but both with that indefinable flavor that makes you recall it as a really marvellous meal.

ANNA MAY WONG, Chinese stage and screen actress, had the perfect meal in Shanghai. There were 43 courses.

LADY NOCK tried to write down for us the menu of her perfect meal on the warship Jeanne D'Arc, but had forgotten the names of dishes—but the savor remained.

The Australian Women's Weekly has asked some notable people to tell about the meal they enjoyed the most.

Here are their answers, as varied as the meals they remember best.

LADY NOCK (the Lady Mayoress):

"The most enjoyable meal I have ever had was during the Sesqui-Centenary Celebrations. We had a terrific programme of dining and lunching then, and I have forgotten all about most of the meals.

"But there was one that stands out in my memory. It was a small dinner party which Captain Auphan gave on board the French warship, Jeanne d'Arc.

"It was the most entertaining as well as the most enjoyable meal I have ever had.

"The carefully chosen French menu was not long, but it was perfect, the French wines that accompanied each course were delicious, and our host was witty and gay.

"Generally my taste in food is for simple things, grills, for instance, yet I found the complicated French food marvellous. I remember the dinner rather as a whole than as a series of single dishes. I can't even remember the name of the principal dish in French.

"I can tell you it was made of mushrooms and prawns.

"I have never eaten anything so delicious before or since."

ANNA MAY WONG (Chinese screen star):

"The most interesting and impressive meal I have ever eaten was at a restaurant in Shanghai.

"I was entertaining Madame Wellington Koo, wife of the Ambassador to France, and the restaurant had provided its most sumptuous meal.

"There were 43 courses! Most of them remain in my memory as delicious flavors. I could not tell what the dishes were made of. But three particularly stand out. They were Ducks' Tongues, Shredded Eels with Sauce, and Pekin Duck.

"I have never tasted anything in the East or West so delicious as these.

"Every sixth course on the menu was soup, as though to encourage us to start the dinner all over again, and not one course were we allowed to miss!"

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD (star of "Leaning on Letty"):

"I never expect to enjoy anything so delicious again as the truly enormous grilled fillet of steak which I ate when I arrived in Toronto, Canada, to play in 'Leaning on Letty.'

"We were bound for Toronto in a Greyhound coach, and just 30 miles short of our destination the snow caught us and kept us for eight solid hours.

"It was late at night when we got through, and I slipped off to a little eating-house I knew and ordered the biggest steak in the place, with chips and onion gravy.

"I don't know whether I had anything after it; I don't know what I drank with it; I only remember that juicy, glorious steak."

ION IDRIESS (Australian author and traveller) said:

"The meal that stands out in my memory as delicious beyond all others dates as far back as 1926—and it hasn't lost any of its flavor as I recall it to-day.

"I had been stranded on Howich Island, off the north coast of Queensland, for seven months, and during the last five months I had had nothing to eat but crabs and fish. Then along came a Japanese lugger which rescued me and gave me the meal of my life.

"It consisted of curry that brought tears to my eyes. There were all sorts of Eastern spices in it to flavor the chief ingredient—delicious steak from a giant turtle. It was the first fresh meat I had tasted for seven months.

"Of course there was rice with the curry. This was followed by Japanese damper and strong tea with sugar and condensed milk. Tea again after so many months—it was the drink of a lifetime!"

WALTER MAGNUS (well-known Sydney chef):

"I have had so many good foods in my life—in Vienna, where I was born, in Paris, Berlin, Barcelona . . . ah, Barcelona!

"I cannot remember one special meal out of all the wonderful food I ate during the five years I lived in Spain. All the meals are a joy, but I can give you the menu of a Spanish meal that I have eaten on many days in little restaurants and in great hotels at prices ranging from 2/6 to 10/- and always beautifully cooked—you can't find bad cooking in Spain.

"Hors-d'oeuvre.

"Bouillabaisse. Fish soup made with lobsters, oysters, mussels, octopus, prawns.

"Paella Valenciana. A rice dish with 5 or 6 different kinds of meat.

"Llobarro al Horno. This is a famous Mediterranean fish which looks like schnapper and has very white meat. It is put into an earthenware dish, covered with olive oil, decorated with onions, champignons, tomatoes, garlic. Then white wine is poured over and it is baked in the oven for one hour, taken out, grilled on top and served in the dish it was cooked in.

"The meat course. A portion either of roast poultry or perhaps a piece of filet steak, entrecote or tournedos.

"Pastry. Petit fours are a favorite for this course.

"Expresso. That is black coffee made by steam. This is accompanied with anisette or a brandy.

"This is a typical menu also in a Spanish private house. The housewife goes out to shop for it at 8 a.m. and bends all her energies to its preparation until it is finally ready at 6 p.m. But as the theatres never begin before 11 o'clock or the dancing before 1 a.m., there is plenty of time to enjoy it!"

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THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

THE moment you say "I do," is the thrilling climax to weeks of feverish preparation, months of eager anticipation.

Just what you have to DO around wedding time would fill columns of advice. And what Bride-to-be doesn't get enough? But it is all so interesting, so new; marriage such a rare occurrence in one's lifetime that the Bride who knows most these days seems to get farthest.

To help you over the many little difficulties that present themselves, both before and after the Ceremony, I have prepared a new edition of the "Bride's Book." This publication deals with absolutely everything concerning the Marriage . . . Trousseau Planning, Invitations, the actual Ceremony, and Honeymoon ideas.

And now to answer the most prevalent question . . . "Where can I obtain a Bride's Book, and how much will it cost me?"

Well, that's easy, because the Bride's Book will be given to you FREE OF CHARGE, if you are engaged.

If you cannot call to see me, post this coupon.

Miss MARY SHERATON,
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NOW clothes shades whiter, washing quicker and easier, because the New Rinso gives you *fine-bubble* suds—the hardest-working, best-cleansing suds ever known! These plentiful suds get your clothes sparkling clean because they remove not only surface soiling, but every last trace of worn-in grime and dullness. Your clothes are shades whiter, sweeter, sunny bright.

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No longer need you have red, roughened hands and brittle, easily broken nails after washing day! Your hands are actually as safe in the New Rinso's extra-rich, *extra-mild* suds as if you did your whole big wash with a gentle complexion soap.

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BIG LIN, a Peking silk merchant, one of Audrey's Chinese friends.

CHINESE WOMEN far ahead of JAPANESE

Author tells of amazing change in status

After centuries of subservience, Chinese women have suddenly begun to take their place beside men in all walks of life, even in warfare.

Their emancipation is described as "a miracle" by Audrey Harris, an English girl who spent eighteen months travelling throughout the East.

In striking contrast, she points out, is the traditional status of Japanese women.

MAKING rifle-butts for Chiang Kai-shek's army in the porch of the Temple of Chengtu.

AUDREY HARRIS, in a robe worn in the Imperial Theatre of Chien Lung, who built Jehol in the seventeenth century. The palace is now the headquarters of the Japanese garrison.

MISS HARRIS was in China when the Japanese set up their "puppet" Government in Peking.

Eighteen months later, while she finished her book, "Eastern Visas," the Japanese invasion of China had laid waste most of the country she had seen.

Her picture of the modern Chinese woman is very different from the traditional idea.

"I've heard one or two Chinese women speak at public meetings in English," she says, "with extraordinary ability, practical common sense, assurance, and humor. And in the three Universities I've visited the praise of the hardworking capability of the girls didn't come only from the staff, but was expressed also by the men students.

"In two cases, the President of the University, elected by the students as their representative, was a girl."

In Hangkow, Miss Harris saw parties of emancipated girls gathered round the tables with their young men at a special tea-dance.

"Their clothes were the last word in Chinese fashion, and they were very modern in having figures—lovely, slender ones—instead of being bandaged up tightly. All wore fine silk stockings and high-heeled shoes on their small, well-shaped feet.

"Even in Paris or Budapest I have never seen women with such chic, vivacity and irresistible charm, and here it was the trimming of a hardy realistic intelligence that is seldom found in occidental girls and women."

Very different was her impression of the Japanese. She tells of a Japanese family who were travelling companions in a train.

"The father, in European clothes, got in first, leading a child. Then in struggled his wife in her kimono, a baby tied on her back, a toddler in one arm and a bundle under the other, while a six-year-old hung on to the skirt of her kimono.

"Bundle and toddler deposited on the seat, she helped her husband off with his coat, got his slippers out of the bundle and handed him a bag of fruit and a knife.

". . . The father was admirable with the children, but did nothing to help his wife, whose first duty seemed to be to serve him."

Miss Harris set out alone to China by way of the Trans-Siberian railway, went to Korea and Japan, through Manchukuo to Jehol, against the advice of the British Consul, down to Hangkow and to the far west of China, then to Aknor, Java, Bali, Malaya, to India, Nepal, and to parts of Tibet, where very few British subjects have been.

Nearly everywhere she travelled "hard"—third-class in trains and on tiny river boats.

She talked to Japanese and Chinese soldiers, Customs officers, peasant families and missionaries. She walked through the mountains of Kongo San in Korea, and made a pilgrimage to Tai Shan, the Great Mountain, where she saw the Imperial temple of the Princess of the Colored Clouds.

Tai Shan has been one of the holiest places of pilgrimage for nearly four thousand years. Belonging to the East, in which the sun rises, it represents the life-giver, and is expected to regulate rainfall and to curb earthquakes and floods.

Ruling over various sides of human life it is the centre for the worship of ancestors and the place of pilgrimage for those who wish to prolong life.

The Buddhist religion says that the Princess of the Colored Clouds is the daughter of this Mountain Spirit. Among her many attendants are the goddess who protects eyesight and the goddess who gives children, to whom countless women come with their petitions.

Across Siberia

DESCRIBING her trans-Siberian journey, Miss Harris tells of modern nurseries at the larger railway centres, where children can be left for the day while their parents are working. At some of them there are a lecture hall, a barber's as well as other shops and loud-speakers announcing the trains.

On the Japanese Pullman train going to Korea, the passengers were given clean cotton dressing-gowns, slippers and new toothbrushes. Their clothes were taken away to be brushed and brought back on hangers and their shoes polished for no extra charge.

Big Lin, a silk merchant in Peking, became one of Audrey's best friends. She helped him to sell his silks at a good profit to gullible tourists, who thought, on their part, that they had beaten him down in the price arguments. He took her to the Chinese theatre and to Chinese eating-houses.

When Audrey suggested that Lin's wife should share these good meals Lin explained that she was a country woman and was too "fright" to come, adding that a boy took the food they did not finish from the chow-house to his wife!

IN Western China Miss Harris saw evidence of Chiang Kai-shek's New Life Movement, designed to develop a sense of unity and discipline and teach hygiene.

"Once a week boys and girls in smart uniforms, on the pattern of Scouts and Guides, were stationed about every forty yards along the main streets.

"I saw a small girl of perhaps fourteen order a hulking great coolie to do up his coat. He obeyed immediately.

"Anyone smoking in the street was told to put out his cigarette; those walking in the road were shepherded on to the pavement.

"Once a woman missionary in thin, short-sleeved summer blouse, regarded as indecent by the Chinese, was taken into a shop and swathed in yards of cotton material—for which she had to pay!

"With gruesome realism posters depicted the evils resulting from dirt, flies and opium-smoking, and the tortures to which the Chinese people will be subjected by the Reds and Japanese unless they make themselves strong enough to resist, through discipline.

"Every day Chinese children in school had to chant:

"We must eat to grow strong—to fight the Japanese. We must be brave—to fight the Japanese. We must learn our lessons to be wise—to fight the Japanese."

Miss Harris travelled to Chungking by river boat along the Yangtze Kiang. When she arrived there the Red army was only two days away. While she was there news came that Japan had set up an autonomous Government in Peking.

As the roads were impassable owing to heavy military traffic, she went by plane to Chengtu, where there were a great many soldiers. The Government troops were ragged and shambling, many wearing straw sandals, and their main equipment a dirty bath towel, an umbrella, a shoddy rifle and a fan.

In contrast, the men in Chiang-Kai-shek's private army were alert, disciplined, well fed and perfectly equipped.

Different temperament

THE difference of temperament between the Japanese and the Chinese, Miss Harris suggests, is exemplified in their hotels.

"In a Japanese hotel one finds an exquisite artificiality which allows no relaxation—just as in their gardens, their women's dress, their theatre, their tea ceremony, and their flower arrangements.

"Spontaneity is bad form, and, in view of Japanese lack of a sense of humor, outbreaks of human nature appear as puckish farces.

"After the first pleasure in this perfection there grows a sense of being enslaved by it.

"In China there is disorder, noise and dirt, which are at first disconcerting, but when these are accepted a satisfaction grows in the whole attitude of live and let live and love of laughter in which everyone relaxes unconcerned by the peculiarities of his neighbors. The hotel is but a shelter in which each individual carries on life in his habitual way."

"Eastern Visas," by Audrey Harris (Collins). Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

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SYDNEY GIRLS presented at COURT

Glamorous and varied debutante styles

MISS ROSLYN DANGAR in her Court frock worn when she was presented to the King and Queen by Mrs. Stanley Bruce.

LEFT: Miss Joan Sterling - Levis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Sterling-Levis, of Vaucluse.

LADY WAKEHURST presented her only daughter, the Hon. Henrietta Loder. Lady Wakehurst wore magnificent diamonds with her gown of moire lame.

MISS BARBARA HILL, daughter of the late Daniel Hill and Mrs. Hill, presented by Lady Augusta Inskip.

MISS CARMA NATHAN, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Venour Nathan, of Burradoo, N.S.W.

MISS ANNE BEVAN wore a gown of white net appliqued with white satin bows

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Marjorie Lawrence

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Miss Midnight's JOTTINGS

• ARM IN ARM at the Lewisham Ball . . . Nora O'Neill arrives with Eugene Beauer. Held at the Wentworth.

• RUBBING NOSES . . . Ann Packard and Barbara Walsh greet each other in Maori style at Desma Smith's dance at the Pickwick Club.

• RADA, daughter of the Penfold Hylands, does an impromptu turn at Prince's . . . while the leader of the band looks on.

• KAY KAVANAGH and Bunty Broadway get their heads together before lunch at Romano's . . . planning matinee at Minerva Theatre this Thursday for C.W.A.'s Keera House.

Dinner-table chat . . .

I DINE at Prince's, along with Macarthur Onslows, Stephens', and Mackay Sims, at Red Cross farewell dinner to Lady Gowrie.

It is Lady Gowrie's first time at Prince's . . . and probably her last, on account of it not being done for Vice-Royalty to pay informal visits to night-clubs like we do, or something like that.

Mrs. Lex Albert wears on her ermine cape two O.S. white orchids—so O.S. that everyone says, "But they can't be real." And they aren't either!

Mrs. Gordon (Mary Lang) Spencer comes in striking frock made up of white sheer skirt, black velvet bodice, and white feather wings across the bodice. Just as well Philippa White isn't here, too, in her identical frock.

Back view of Mrs. Coles Osborne was rather startling. She had a snow leopard skin, complete with dangling paws, across her shoulders. I do the obvious thing and ask, "Did you bag it in India?" . . . but she didn't.

No apron strings for me . . .

LADY GOWRIE has to leave Red Cross dinner immediately after coffee to join His Ex. at Masonic Ball. So on I go, too.

Simply can't cope in my untrimmed black velvet with all the jingling gold chains and decorated aprons worn by the Masons, so I go behind the scenes for a few words with Bert, the Trocadero chef.

His name really should be Jules or Pierre, but I'm afraid it's just Bert.

Bert says he likes these nights when Governor-General Gowrie or Governor Wakehurst comes along for a spot of supper. For Lord Gowrie he brews a special dish of black coffee. Only black coffee, as His Ex. never orders supper eats.

"Lord Wakehurst, now, he knows roast beef when he sees it," says Bert. "I go out and choose the piece for him. Cook it myself, nicely underdone.

"Sometimes he likes a piece of chicken, but NEVER offer him turkey or ham!"

A wedding arranged . . .

HEAR that the retinue arranged to attend Pat Macken and Bert Field when they marry at St. Mark's on the afternoon of November 16 will be as follows:

Bridesmaids: Bubbles Allen (North Queensland), Mary Jensen, Kath Noss, Margaret Christmas. Flower Girls: Shane Foy, Jeannette Lowe. Best Man: Tom Field. Groomsmen: Sid Field, John Sutter, and John Goodwin. Ushers: Eric Abrahams, Fred Norrie, Mel Horsburgh.

Haven't heard if there has been a decision about Mendelssohn or Lohengrin.

They are talking about . . .

PETER MILFORD landing in plane on Royal Sydney course close to Betty Binnie, who played on and won the championship . . . another golfer, Mrs. John Bowie-Wilson, escaping the plane by a matter of inches . . . Ronnie Davoren's lovely sapphire and diamond engagement ring . . . young Pat Whiteman's improvement on the ice . . . Libby McFarlane's imported pill-box toque with a leopard pompon on top . . . Mrs. Jamie Macleod's black chapeau, crested with a large silver fox pompon.

Rhymes of a socialite . . .

MY pretty friend Rosemary discusses the velvet vogue in verse:

Joan Galbraith's velvet evening gown
I think's the loveliest in town.
And Robin Eakin's—super taste—
Black velvet with a beaded waist.

The sky's the limit—if it's that—
For Joan Peacock's black velvet hat
And Rada Hyland's muff and turban
Are black, and definitely urban!

Concie Rouse and Barbara Dare
Have evening cloaks I think are rare.
The latter's long and gleaming white,
And Con's is purple—very bright.

For skating, velvet's on the rink,
Audrey Wilkinson wears pink,
And Bunty Broadway's skirt is blue;
Skating seems easy for these two.

On a butter-box . . .

THERE'S something about a butter-box. You just can't be formal sitting on a butter-box, even if it is covered with cretonne. Now can you?

So I guess this is why the Industrial Arts Society's luncheons are so informal. At the last one I share box with Mrs. Howard Giblin (that very youthful grandmother) to hear Mrs. Charles Chauvel tell Hollywood secrets.

One hint of Mrs. Chauvel's I remember well—the most authentic and interesting scandal about the stars is obtainable from continuity writers and tradesmen.

From ear to ear . . .

HE'S tall, dark, handsome, and a bachelor—Bob Lyon, new band leader at the Trocadero.

Eileen McCoy introduces us over cocktails at the Australia, and whispers:. "In America he is called the 'Smiling Maestro.'" Bob smiles at me just then, and I know why!

Another thing I learn . . . he croons. So don't be surprised to hear that I join the Sam Horderns and Claude Healy, who sometimes augment the crowd on popular nights.

To and fro . . .

MOSMAN'S Sheila McDonald . . . to Brisbane for Exhibition Week.

Mrs. Alan Copeland . . . to Kosciusko.

Ted Littlejohn . . . to America this month.

Bobby Lister . . . to Dunk Island with Pixie O'Hara.

The Clive Shaws . . . to Adelaide until niece Joyce Vickery returns from her honeymoon later this month.

Have you heard that . . .

THE bold floral crepe of reds and blues worn by Sheila Martin to the last orchestral concert was the first of the new spring prints seen about town?

Joan McGrath's cocktail party on August 10 at her Vaucluse home is to celebrate her 19th birthday?

Ros. Bowman went to Kosciusko and has been in bed with flu since she arrived there?

Alice Prowse, at her farewell parties, sang songs composed by her husband, James Brash, music master at Cranbrook? She leaves for abroad this Thursday.

Nuttie Mackellar has been chosen for the New South Wales ski team which will meet Victoria next month?

• NUTTIE MACKELLAR dances at Prince's with a fellow snow-enthusiast, "Ash" (Dr. Ashleigh) Davy.

• FAITH MACARTHUR ONSLOW, startled by the camera flash. She is dining with Bill Stanton in a party at Prince's.

• BETH BUCKNELL, formerly of Yass, and her host, Dr. Norman Little, at the Lewisham Hospital Ball.

• DANCING at the Wentworth, and enjoying it . . . Lillian Jackson and Ken McKenzie.

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Baby's windy spasms due to

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Betty's "racey" narratives

Lady owners are busy finding names for their baby racehorses

By BETTY GEE

I wonder if Georgie Price remembered to give Spear Chief a lump of sugar on Tuesday morning and wished him many happy returns of the day.

And Mildura and Gold Rod and all the other good performers in his stable, because Tuesday, August 1, was the birthday of all thoroughbred horses, whether they are at Bourke or in the fashionable Ajax stable of Frank Musgrave, down Caulfield way.

THE one-year-olds became two-year-olds, and are now eligible for racing, and all the others had a year added, and the six-year-olds became what is called "aged."

Isn't that a horrible term, especially for the lady racehorses? They don't say 7-year-old or 8 or 10 on the Turf.

When they are seven they remain "aged" from that on.

Was it just to be cattish or for mere concealment that Admiral Rous, the founder of the Turf, adopted this odious term which has stuck ever since?

But getting back to birthdays, I suppose the majority of the 10,000 horses training or racing in Australia didn't notice a difference in the dull routine of stable life to mark their birthdays.

Presumably they got the usual two feeds, two rub-downs with a hard brush, a roll in the sand-pit, and a gallop.

Perhaps the favored ones, like Ajax, Spear Chief, Gold Rod, and Mosaic got a lump of sugar, being favored pets.

The funny thing about this communal birthday on August 1 is that actually very few are born on that date.

The Stork arrives a little later with the little baby-foals—from about the end of August until sometimes as late as November.

I wonder what the long-legged, long-beaked bird carries baby racehorses in? And wouldn't he have bother finding cabbages big enough to hide them behind.

For foals are long-legged, gawky, awkward-looking things, about 3ft. 6in. high, the day the Stork brings them.

In fact, all legs and neck they seem to be, but with such pretty-looking little heads, the single redeeming feature of beauty about them.

But their caricatures of tails are the funniest little half-baked things imaginable, like a worn-out hand-brush.

A curious thing about this birthday business is that a foal who arrives on, say July 31, must have a birthday 24 hours later, and is officially graded as a yearling, though only a day old, and as a two-year-old when he or she is only one year and a day.

Such a one was Hilarious, who won the Jas. Barnes Plate at Randwick in May and was second to Cooranga in the Doomben Cup.

Because of this Hilarious didn't race until she was officially known as a three-year-old, and then she was actually only two.

It's a bit of a handicap, isn't it?

If I were a foal born into the world like that a day too soon, I'd stay behind my cabbage until August 1, and then stalk forth and say "Hallo!" to the world and save a whole year's bother.

You may not know it, but there is a very strict supervision of the family affairs of the thoroughbred horse.

Dad must be registered with the stud authorities. And Mum, too, and a return of every baby she has must be certified to an official who is known as The Keeper of the Stud Book.

Descriptions and markings of the foal are forwarded, too, and recorded. That's to prevent any ringing-in of horses under false names. It gives every youngster born a fixed identification.

Many of the generation of babies which became two years old and now eligible to race in a few months have already been named.

And aren't there some nice ones this year? For instance, Sunny Nook, by Medieval Knight from Glade, and Ghetto, by Rabbi from Pal Mary. Then there's Du Barry, by Portofino from Delicious, and Sharlamar, by Bulandshar from Martur, and Bulandshar, by the way, is father of the mighty High Caste.

I'll bet Mrs. Alan Cooper chose the names for her husband's baby horses. Fairy Glass, by Peter Pan from Lady Beth, and Pretty Blue, by Peter Pan from Glass Bowl, are sweet.

Mrs. Pat Osborne chooses just plain John for her colt by John Buchan from Mince Pie. A little sister to Peter Pan by Pantheon from Alwina has been named Phoebe by her owner, Mr. Rodney Dangar, A.J.C. committeeman. There is a Mark Twain by Hall Mark, and All Agog by Excitement from Whakatara is surely apt.

All the racehorses had a birthday on August 1, and the christening of the two-year-olds comes next.

Anna Neagle to visit Australia?

A VISIT to Australia by Anna Neagle, famous English film star, is hinted at in a personal interview with her which will be heard from 2GB at 4 p.m. on August 2, in The Australian Women's Weekly session.

Miss Neagle was interviewed specially for this session by Dorothea Vautier. She is keenly interested in Australia because her brother, Stewart Robertson, the singer, toured here with Dame Nellie Melba, and her father, Captain Robertson, was on ships running between Australia, New Zealand and England for over 35 years.

She tells of her work on the film, "Nurse Edith Cavell," which she is making in Hollywood under the direction of Herbert Wilcox as part of the scheme for the exchange of English and American film celebrities.

Simple way

THERE are a lot of youngsters still to be named, and I often wonder why people don't apply to their youngsters words of daily use such as Tub, Watercan, Thimble, Flowerpot, Newspaper, Butter, Raspberry Jam, Bacon, Omelette, Socks, Boots, Pants, Lingerie, etc.

Well, with their birthdays suitably celebrated we can settle down to getting winners from them.

At Rosehill on Saturday, August 5, we can have a go at El Camarillo in the Granville Stakes.

Red Eagle will be having a fly in the Three and Four-Year-Old Handicap, and they're only mixing the ages to make it easy for him because he's four.

The Head Waiter says Glorious is going to commence winning in the Maiden.

Now that she has struck form, Silver Joan intends showing the city what a country dame can do, and you must follow her whether she runs at Rosehill on August 5 or at Warwick Farm two days later.

Monday is Bank Holiday, when the banks give the staff a day off, and lend them £10 or £20 to have a flutter with at Warwick Farm.

Remind Hubby to get your A.J.C. tickets before then.

Keep enough money over from Rosehill to clean up on Buzzal in the Holiday Handicap. The Head Waiter says he is the best stayer racing round Sydney at the moment, and is a certainty.

And Beau Mari came with the Coke and Coal this morning for the Tellers' Handicap.

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Cookery Book of SELECTED RECIPES

Here's the cream of

Half a million recipes

Culled by experts from the entries received in our recent £1000 recipe competition

● EXTRA PAGES DEAL WITH EVERY PHASE OF COOKING FROM SIMPLE FAMILY MEALS TO ELABORATE PARTY FARE

RECIPES for all these unusual cakes are given on this page. They are (1) Cherry Gateau; (2) Coffee Butterflies; (3) Cherry Cake; (4) Chocolate Almond Bars; (5) Spice Cake.

IN the following pages The Australian Women's Weekly presents a complete cookery book.

The whole section is arranged so that it can be unpinned, taken out, and kept for future reference.

You will find that every phase of cooking is represented in it, and that the recipes will provide you with sufficient material to keep your menus varied for years.

Most of the recipes were selected by a committee of experts from the half-million entries sent in for our recent £1000 recipe competition.

Others have been compiled by Mary Forbes, cookery expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

The rest have been sent from Canada by Miss Frances Thompson, director of the Canadian Institute of Home Science, who has won world fame as a cookery expert and who has special knowledge of Australian conditions.

On this page are given some outstanding cake recipes.

CHERRY GATEAU

Three eggs, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. plain flour, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoons water.

Separate whites and yolks of eggs. Beat whites stiffly, then add yolks, then the sugar, and beat until mixture is stiff and thick. Stir in lightly well-sifted flour and cream of tartar. Boil butter and water. Pour on to carbonate of soda. Mix well, then add to cake, stirring lightly until well mixed. Pour into square or oblong cake tin.

When cool cut in two, and put iced cherries inside as in a sandwich. Decorate top with cherries and roses of whipped cream.

COFFEE BUTTERFLIES

Three ounces sugar, 4oz. butter, 4oz. flour, 1 small teaspoon baking powder, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, milk to mix, whipped cream.

Cream the butter and sugar together. Beat in the eggs and flour alternately, adding the baking powder with the last spoonful of flour. Add the coffee essence, and milk if necessary, to mix to a soft consistency. Half fill some paper cases with the mixture and bake for 10 minutes in a moderate to hot oven. Allow to cool, cut off the top of each cake and fill with whipped cream. Cut the top in halves and replace on top of the cream in the shape of wings.

CHOCOLATE ALMOND BARS

Ten ounces flour, 3oz. castor sugar, 5oz. butter, 3d. bar plain chocolate, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, 6oz. ground almonds, 3oz. icing sugar, 1 small egg.

Cream butter and sugar and add flour gradually until absorbed. Knead mixture slightly and then divide into two parts. Roll these out to fit an oblong Yorkshire pudding tin which has been previously greased and lined.

Make the almond paste by mixing together the ground almonds, sugar and best part of the egg. Knead paste and roll out to fit between the two pieces of shortcake dough. Spread a little warmed apricot jam between first and second layers, and as the shortcake is fragile to handle assemble the three layers together on the board before placing in tin. Prick with a fork and brush over lightly with the remainder of the egg. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. When cold cut into short bars and decorate with a ribbon of melted chocolate.

CHERRY CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 8oz. flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. glace cherries, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk.

Grease and line a 7in. cake tin. Cut the cherries into three or four pieces and toss them in flour; this prevents them from sticking together and from sinking to the bottom of the cake. Cream butter and sugar and add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in flour, adding baking powder with the last spoonful. Beat mixture thoroughly, add cherries and grated lemon rind and a little milk if necessary—but this should be a stiff mixture.

Place mixture into prepared tin and bake for one and a half hours in a slow to moderate oven.

SPICE CAKE

Three eggs, ¾ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Beat eggs with sugar to a cream. Sift flour, cinnamon and spice and stir in lightly. Add butter melted in two tablespoons boiling water. Stir enough to mix and put into greased and floured sandwich tin. Cook for ½ hour in a moderately-hot oven. When cold split in halves and fill and ice with fudge frosting.

Fudge Frosting: 1½ cups sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, ½ cup warm water, 2 beaten egg-whites.

Cook sugar, syrup and water together in saucepan to 242 deg. F. (soft ball degree). Take off the fire and pour gradually on to egg-whites. Beat until frosting is granular and holds its shape. Decorate with crystallised cherry and walnuts.

Small Cakes: The above cake mixture may be used for small cakes, and different flavorings and icings used.

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Kellogg's Chef congratulates Mrs. D. Floate, winner of the £100 prize for the best cake recipe in the recent Australian Women's Weekly recipe contest.

"*Congratulations* on your Rainbow Cake Mrs. Floate, it's the TASTIEST I've ever sampled!"

"*Thanks Chef!*

And thanks for your Kellogg's Corn Flakes, too! They're miles ahead of the others for flavour!"

Mrs. D. FLOATE, *£100 Prize Winner of Women's Weekly Recipe Contest says:*

"Kellogg's Corn Flakes are twice as tasty as the others." And Mrs. Floate knows her cooking! Actually champion cooks, leading chefs, expert tea tasters and 403 men, women and children who made the sensational Kellogg's blindfold test all agree that Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste far the best. So to-morrow give your whole family a real treat—serve delicious, crunchy, golden Kellogg's Corn Flakes—the 30 second breakfast! It takes only 30 seconds to serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes—from the packet to your plate. No cooking—you save time, trouble, and money on fuel.

Recent analysis made at the Sydney University showed that one plateful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives you as much energy as two eggs and one pork chop. That's why everyone says: "Kellogg's Corn Flakes keep you going till lunch time."

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The TASTIEST Breakfast of all!

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Cut yourself *a piece of* CAKE!

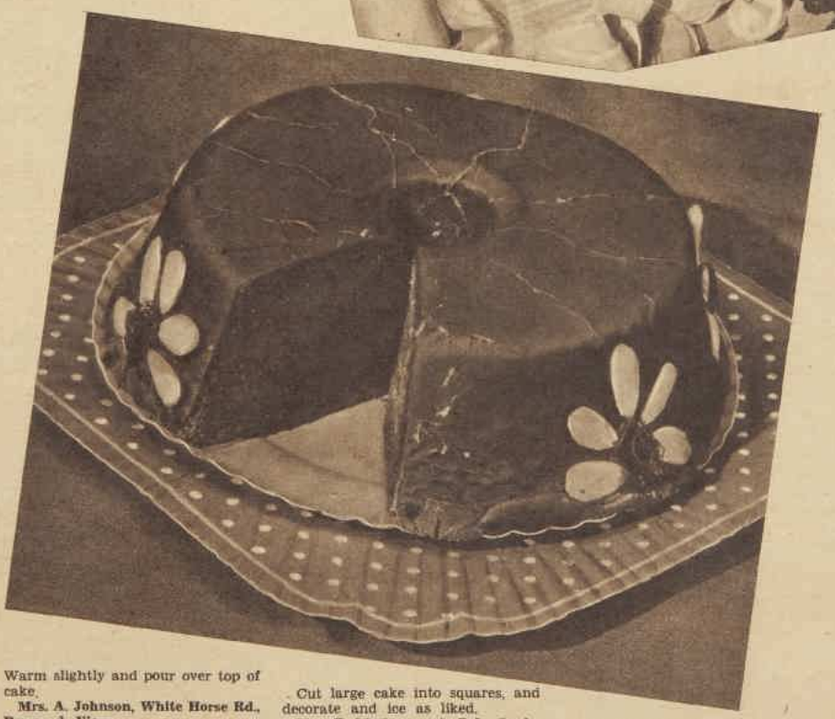
ALL budgets and all tastes are suited by this selection of unusual cake recipes. Fruit cakes, chocolate cake, a prune cake, and small cakes—make your choice. In any case the result is sure to please.

ABOVE: A varied assortment of cakes, large and small, may be made from the one basic recipe, given on this page.

ABOVE RIGHT: The tempting-looking prune sandwich has prune filling and lemon icing (see recipe below).

BELOW: Simple decoration makes this chocolate almond cake very attractive with a minimum of trouble.

WHEN MIXING a cake, first arrange all the ingredients within reach on the table.



ANY woman can be a good cook if she really tries. There is no need to get into a groove, to dish up the same old cakes. Let "Something New" be your motto and find your guidance here.

Recipes are given for the cakes illustrated.

CHOCOLATE ALMOND CAKE

Four ounces butter, 8oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 8oz. flour, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, 1 level teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon carb. soda, 1 tablespoon boiling water, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add egg-yolks. Beat until smooth. Sift flour, cocoa, and cream of tartar, and add gradually to creamed butter and sugar alternately with the milk and vanilla. Fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Dissolve soda in boiling water and mix in lightly and evenly. Place in a buttered ring tin and bake in moderate oven ½ hour. When cool, cover with chocolate icing and decorate with blanched almonds and cherries to form a daisy.

Chocolate Icing: ½lb. icing sugar, 3 tablespoons boiling water, 1oz. almonds, few crystallised cherries, 1 tablespoon cocoa.

Sift icing sugar and cocoa. Add boiling water gradually. Mix to desired consistency. Warm for a few seconds over heat. Pour over cake, and decorate.

Mrs. E. Barrett, River Rd., Toowong, Brisbane.

PRUNE SANDWICH

One level breakfast cup flour, ¾ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 tablespoons water.

Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Beat whites until stiff. Add yolks and mix. Add sugar gradually and continue beating until thick and sugar is all dissolved. Add flour and baking powder sifted. Add water. Stir lightly and quickly. Pour into 2 sandwich tins 7 inches in diameter. Bake in moderate oven (400 degrees F.) 10-15 minutes. Turn on sieve to cool. Spread with prune filling and join together. Ice with lemon icing and decorate with prunes.

Prune Filling: 6oz. stoned prunes, juice and rind ½ lemon, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ gill water, 1 small teaspoon arrowroot.

Cut prunes into small pieces and place in saucepan with sugar, juice and rind of lemon, and water. Blend arrowroot with a little water and add. Bring to the boil; cook for five minutes. Allow to cool before spreading on cake.

Lemon Icing: 6 tablespoons icing sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon strained lemon juice.

Place icing sugar in small saucepan. Add thinly-grated rind and mix carefully with lemon juice. Warm slightly and pour over top of cake.

Mrs. A. Johnson, White Horse Rd., Burwood, Vic.

SMALL CAKES

One cup butter, 1½ cups sugar, 2½ cups flour, 1 rounded teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 level teaspoon carbonate of soda, 4 eggs, ¾ cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs well beaten, then the flour and cream of tartar sifted together, lastly the milk with the soda dissolved in it. Cook half in a square baking dish in a moderate oven from 30 to 40 minutes, and the rest in small patty tins.

Cut large cake into squares, and decorate and ice as liked.

Mrs. E. Mathews, c/o P.O., Rockhampton, Qld.

HONEY, DATE AND WALNUT CAKE

Half-pound butter or margarine, 4oz. brown sugar, 3 eggs, 4 tablespoons honey, ½lb. stoned dates, 2oz. walnut kernels, 1lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 3 tablespoons milk.

Beat butter or margarine and sugar until creamy. Add eggs, well beaten, then the milk and honey, also dates and walnut kernels chopped small. Mix well. Add flour sifted with soda and cream of tartar. Bake in well-greased square baking tin, in slow oven (325 deg. F.) from ¾ to 1 hour.

Lemon Icing: Half-cup butter, 2 cups sifted icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon milk.

Place on stove to warm slightly while blending.

Nurse K. Quartly, South Coast Hospital, Victor Harbor, S.A.

STRAWBERRY MERINGUE CAKE

One cup flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, ¾ cup castor sugar, 3 eggs (unbeaten), 3 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Sift cream of tartar and soda with flour, and put in a basin with other ingredients in the order given. Beat for 2 minutes only. Put into 2 sandwich tins, 9½in. and 6in. respectively. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

When cool ice the small one and sprinkle with chopped nuts and strawberries. Cover large cake with sweetened whipped cream and sliced strawberries. Set the small cake on the cream. Around the edge of the lower cake place small meringues and strawberries alternately.

D. Haig, Holly St., Bowral, N.S.W.

PAVLOVA CAKE

Four eggs, 8oz. sugar, pinch of cream of tartar, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour.

Beat whites of eggs stiffly. Fold in sugar and beat until dissolved. Then add other ingredients. Line a 9-inch tin with greaseproof paper slightly moistened. Allow side lining to stand about 4 inches deep. Fill with mixture and bake 1½ hours in slow oven. Turn out. Leave cake upside down to cool. It will sink slightly in the middle. Fill this depression with sweetened whipped cream flavored with passionfruit.

Mrs. A. McIlhatten, Glenecoe, Wondai, Qld.

ANGEL FOOD CAKE

Twelve eggs, 1½ teaspoons cream of tartar, 1-8th teaspoon salt, 1 1-3rd cups sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Beat egg-whites until foamy. Then add cream of tartar and salt and continue beating until stiff. Fold in sugar (sifted once), a tablespoon at a time. Fold in flour (sifted at least four times). Then add vanilla. Place in warm oven, 250deg. F., and increase the temperature to 350deg. gradually. Bake one hour. Invert tin and stand for an hour to cool, when cake should fall out.

Mrs. Ernest Swan, 128 East Tce., Henley Beach, Adelaide.

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Thrilling . . .

NOVELTIES FOR YOUR TEA-TABLE

FIRM FAVORITES, LAYER AND SPONGE CAKES APPEAR IN NEW AND REALLY EXCITING GUISES

DO you really want to surprise your guests at that pre-wedding tea you're planning? Well, try the Minerva Layer Cake and Merry-Go-Round Cake pictured on this page.

There's only one stipulation about the cakes suggested here. Hide them from the family if you want to make them last, and don't tempt your dieting friends with them. The strongest mind is bound to weaken when these delicious dainties reach the tea-table.

Now for our recipes:

MINERVA LAYER CAKE

Use 3 sandwich tins 9 inches in diameter for full quantity, or 3 tins 6 inches in diameter for half quantity.

For Cake: ¾lb. butter, ¾lb. castor sugar, 1lb. flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon carb. soda, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ¾ cup milk, carmine, 2oz. cherries, 1 tablespoon treacle, ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 1 dessertspoon chopped peel, 1 extra tablespoon flour, 2 dessertspoons sultanas.

Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten eggs gradually, then milk and vanilla, and lastly the flour, cream of tartar and carb. soda, which have been sifted together 3 times. Divide mixture into three. Color one pink, add crystallised cherries to one, and mix together fruit spices and treacle and add to the other. Mix well and lastly fold in the extra tablespoon of flour. Place in the buttered tins and cook in moderate oven about 15 minutes.

Marshmallow Filling: Soak 1 level dessertspoon gelatine in ½ cup cold water for 10 minutes. Add another ½ cup water and melt over low heat. Add 8oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla and pinch of salt. Boil together for ½ hour. Pour into a large basin and beat until thick enough just to pour into two of the sandwich tins previously used for cakes. First prepare tins by dusting well with equal quantities of cornflour and icing sugar. When filling is set spread them with a little strawberry jam and place between cakes.

Mix 1lb. icing sugar with sufficient boiling water to spread thickly over cake. Flavor with vanilla. Prepare crystallised fruits for decorating by placing in boiling water to remove sugar. Dry well and cut in tines and shapes desired.

Mrs. L. Brown, Davey St., Hobart.

MERRY-GO-ROUND CAKE

To Decorate Cake Tin: One small tin pineapple slices, 1 level cup brown sugar, 2oz. butter, 1 doz. cherries, 1 doz. walnuts, 8in. deep cake tin.

Melt butter in bottom of cake tin. Spread brown sugar evenly over the top. Place one slice of pineapple in centre. Cut remaining slices in halves, arrange in circle round centre slice seeing that rounded edges are all facing in the one direction. Fill hollows in centre with cherries and walnuts. Butter sides of cake tin.

For Cake: ½lb. butter, 1 gill milk, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon carb. soda, 5oz. sugar, ½lb. flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar.

Cream butter and sugar. Separate eggs. Add yolks to creamed butter and sugar. Mix well. Add milk very gradually, beating to a creamy consistency. Sift flour. Add cream of tartar and carb. soda to 1 tablespoon of the flour. Sift twice and place on one side.

Add flour, stirring in very lightly. Beat egg-whites very stiffly and add to cake mixture. Lastly fold in the flour, cream of tartar and carb. soda and mix well together. Place mixture on top of pineapple and bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 45 to 50 minutes. When cooked allow to stand for about 3 minutes (to partly set the caramel) before turning out.

Mrs. A. Thompson, Mile End Rd., Adelaide.

ENCHANTED CREAM SPONGE

One cup sifted self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs (separated), ½ cup cold water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup white sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons white sugar.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt three times. To egg-yolks add water and lemon rind. Beat with rotary egg-beater until light and foamy. Add sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Add sifted flour, baking powder and salt in small amounts, blending well. Beat egg-whites until foamy. Add lemon juice and two tablespoons sugar. Beat until stiff enough to hold up in peaks. Fold into flour mixture and turn into two ungreased 8-inch sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven for 25 minutes.

Filling: Combine ½ cup of white sugar with three tablespoons self-raising flour in top of double boiler. Add 1 slightly-beaten egg, 1/3 cup of lemon juice, 1/3 cup of water and 1 teaspoon butter, mixing thoroughly.

Place over boiling water and cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Chill. Fold in 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and ½ cup whipped cream. Place between the two layers of cake. Sprinkle top with icing sugar.

Mrs. Eileen Moore, 286 Charles St., North Perth.

NOUGAT LAYER CAKE

Twelve ounces butter, 12oz. sugar, 6 eggs, 9 tablespoons milk, 18oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, vanilla, mock-cream for joining, frosting for covering, and nougat chips for decorating.

Cream butter and sugar. Add well-beaten eggs, then milk and essence, and lastly sifted flour and salt. Pour into three well-greased eight-inch sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Turn carefully on to cooler. When quite cold, join together with mock-cream, colored pale pink. Completely cover cake with frosting, and sprinkle top with nougat chips. Leave until thoroughly set before cutting.

Frosting: 7oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, white of one egg, 2 tablespoons cold water, vanilla.

Put all into large basin. Whisk briskly over boiling water for 7 minutes. Cool slightly and pour over cake.

Nougat Chips: Put 2 cups of sugar into saucepan and place over a very low gas. Allow to dissolve slowly until a golden brown. Pour into greased sandwich tin, and when cold and hard break into small pieces and use for decoration.

Ida Wailes, 14 Orchard St., Croydon, N.S.W.

COCOA LAYER CAKE

Half-cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 4 dessertspoons boiling water, 2 level tablespoons cocoa, ½ cup milk, 1¾ cups plain flour (sifted), 1½ level teaspoons cream of tartar, ¾ teaspoon baking soda, pinch of salt, whipped cream, cocoa icing, chopped nuts or crystallised fruits.

Beat butter and sugar till creamy and add egg-yolks, one at a time, beating in well. Add cocoa dissolved in boiling water. Add milk, a little at a time. Add flour with cream of tartar, baking soda and salt sifted. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Grease the sides and line the bottoms of 3 small sandwich tins with greased paper. Spread mixture evenly in these and bake in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. When cool, spread each layer with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored. Cover with cocoa icing and decorate with nuts or crystallised fruit.

For Cocoa Icing: Place ½ cup of cocoa and 2 cups of icing sugar in enamel saucepan. Mix thoroughly. Add two tablespoons of boiling water and mix into a smooth paste. Beat well and warm over fire for one or two minutes, stirring well. Then pour over cake. Put in a cool place.

Mrs. T. J. Robinson, Home Hill, Nth. Qld.

MINERVA LAYER (top) is so effective in appearance and tastes delicious. In the left-hand corner you see the Merry-Go-Round cake, with its decorative pineapple top.

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There's no mystery about

GOOD PASTRIES

GOOD pastry is often considered the hallmark of the good cook, although actually when a satisfactory recipe is at hand there is no great mystery about the method of its production.

COOL hands are an asset in pastry making, and fat or butter should be rubbed in with the finger-tips, the coolest part of the hands. Make pastry in a cool place and handle it quickly and lightly. Use only enough liquid to bind the ingredients together.

PINEAPPLE CREAM TART

Pastry: Two cups flour, egg-yolk, ½ teaspoon baking powder, a little lemon juice, ½ cup butter, 2 tablespoons water.

Rub butter into flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Mix with lemon juice, water and egg-yolk. Roll out and line tart plate. Cook, and put shell aside to cool.

Filling: One cup crushed pineapple, ½ cup butter, ½ cup cream, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs.

Cream butter. Add sugar and beat until light, and add yolks of eggs one at a time, then cream and pineapple, lastly stiffly-beaten whites. Pour into tart case and cook a golden brown and set. Serve cold with whipped cream.

Miss May Tiller, c/o Natlake Staff Mess, Captain's Flat, N.S.W.

CARAMEL MERINGUE TART

Pastry: One and a half cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 level tablespoons sugar, ½lb. butter (or butter and good dripping mixed), 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk.

Rub butter into flour, sugar and salt and mix with milk and egg, well beaten. Roll out, place on tart plate and bake in good oven.

Filling: One tablespoon flour, pinch salt, ½ cup brown sugar (small), 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, vanilla essence.

Put flour, salt and sugar in saucepan and mix well with half of milk. Beat yolks of eggs and add the other ½ cup milk, and mix with other ingredients in saucepan. Add butter. Place over fire, stirring all the time, and when nearly boiling stir vigorously or it will go lumpy. Flavor with essence and pour into prepared tart. Beat whites of eggs until stiff. Sweeten and flavor to taste, and spread over the caramel filling. Place in oven for few minutes to allow egg-white to brown.

Mrs. H. Roberts, Fifth Avenue, Kedron, Brisbane.

LEFT: Use as little flour as possible on board and rolling-pin when rolling out pastry.

BELOW: Caramel meringue tart makes a very pleasant change for dessert. A recipe is given on this page.

SWISS TART

Three-quarter-pound sifted flour ½lb. butter, 8oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, whites 2 eggs, stewed apples, cinnamon.

Cream butter and 4oz. sugar until fluffy. Add beaten egg gradually. Add flour sifted with pinch of salt and pinch of cinnamon. Make into stiff paste. Line bottom and sides of tart ring with paste. Cover with buttered paper (buttered side down) and cook in moderate oven. When cold fill with stewed apples and cover with meringue made from stiffly-beaten egg-whites and 4oz. sugar. Brown slightly in moderate oven.

Mrs. W. S. Murdoch, 1 Patricia St., Box Hill E11, Vic.

PINEAPPLE FLAN WITH FRANGIPANNI CREAM

Half-pound short pastry, 1 tin preserved pineapple, 1oz. sugar, 1 gill cream, frangipanni cream (see directions below).

Roll pastry out. Line a flan ring. Decorate edges. Line with grease-proof paper. Fill with raw rice and bake. When cooked remove rice and flan ring. Cut pineapple into thin slices. Put a layer on pastry case, cover with layer of frangipanni cream, then a thick layer of sliced pineapple sufficient to fill case; next add a thin coating of frangipanni cream. Place in moderate oven, 10 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool. Flavor and sweeten cream, whip stiffly, and pile on top. Decorate with small pieces of pineapple.

Frangipanni Cream: Quarter-pound castor sugar, 1oz. flour, ½ pint milk, pinch salt, 1oz. crushed macaroon, flavoring, 2oz. butter, 3 yolks and 1 white of egg.

Put sugar, flour and salt into saucepan. Stir in eggs. Mix well, then add boiling milk, stirring slowly. Place pan on slow fire. Stir for about 6 minutes. Remove from fire and mix butter and macaroons in gradually.

Mrs. C. Elliot, 74 Channon St., Gympie, Qld.

CHECKERBOARD FLAN

Three-quarters of pound of short-crust, 6 tablespoons strawberries, 1 small tin apricots, 1 small tin cherries, 2oz. sugar, 1½ teaspoons cornflour, ½ lemon.

Cover outside of a sandwich tin with pastry. Reserve a small portion for strips. Bake for 20 minutes. Remove tin. Roll out extra pastry and cut strips long enough to stretch across the flan. Twist them and place across, dividing flan into segments. Place strawberries in two divisions and cherries and apricots likewise. Boil 1½ gills of fruit syrup with sugar. Blend in the cornflour. When cool, pour this carefully over the fruit and add a squeeze of lemon.

Mrs. E. Harvey, 1 Palmerston Rd., Unley, Adelaide.

BUTTERSCOTCH MERINGUE PIE

One cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 2½ dessertspoons cornflour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup castor sugar, short pastry case, baked in 8 x 12-inch tin.

Place brown sugar and butter in saucepan. Melt over slow fire. Heat milk in another saucepan. While heating mix together well-beaten egg-yolks, cornflour and salt. Add to milk and cook as for a custard. When thickened, add sugar and butter mixture. Cool and pour into baked short pastry case. Beat egg-whites until stiff. Add castor sugar and beat until meringue stands in peaks. Place on top of pie and bake in slow oven until golden brown. Serve hot or cold with custard or cream. (Sufficient for 8 servings.)

Mrs. E. S. Brown, Cheriot, 60 Strand, Townsville, Qld.

HONEY SUNDAE PIE

Pastry: One cup wholemeal self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons butter, ½ cup milk.

Mix (but do not sift) flour and salt together. Work in butter finely. Add milk to make a stiff dough. Turn onto floured board and roll out large enough to line an 8-inch pie-plate. Pit well into greased plate and bake in hot oven about 15 minutes.

Filling: One cup honey, 1½ tablespoons butter, 2 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon cornflour, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Combine honey, butter and nutmeg in a saucepan and boil slowly for 5 minutes. Dissolve cornflour in cold water; add egg-yolks and beat well. Add cornflour and eggs to honey mixture, stirring until well blended. Bring to the boil. Boil for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove and cool. Add lemon juice. Spread into baked pie-shell. Cover with meringue and sprinkle with nutmeg.

Miss Iris Skodder, Grafton St., South Brisbane S2, Qld.

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YUM YUMS
made with
COPHA

COPHA COOKLESS DAINTIES No. 8.

Yum Yums take only a few interesting minutes to make with Copha. Mix some to-day, and hear the gasps of joy from the children when they see the tempting plateful. Watch the grown-ups' faces brighten, too. No one can resist these novel, enticing chocolate-flavoured mouthfuls that go by the name of Yum Yums. Now look at the recipe and see how very simple they are to make.

RECIPE FOR YUM YUMS
(No cooking needed)

INGREDIENTS
8 ozs. Icing Sugar (sifted)
1 heaped dessertspoon Cocoa
2 ozs. Desiccated Coconut
1 Egg
1 teaspoon Essence of Vanilla
5 ozs. COPHA (melted)
Chocolate Topping or Sprinkles

METHOD: Mix together sugar, cocoa, coconut, egg and vanilla. Just melt Copha and stir thoroughly with other ingredients. Stand in cool place till firm. Form into long rolls ½" in diameter; cut to one inch lengths, and immediately roll these very lightly in Chocolate Topping. Yum Yums will harden as they cool.

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Complete seven-day plan of

MENUS for the FAMILY

A HOUSE can be run as efficiently as an office. Try planning your meals well ahead, and ordering the necessary food in plenty of time. Such a system removes the creased brows brought about by that "What shall I cook for dinner" worry.

NOURISHING, satisfying meals are half the battle in keeping the family happy and contented.

HERE you will find a suggestion for a seven-day menu which is attractive without being extravagant.

Pin it up in your kitchen and save a good deal of thinking for one week, anyway.

Only light luncheons are given for the working days of the week, since most of the family are at work or at school. Many of the suggestions for luncheon dishes, however, could be used should you have one or two guests in for a light midday snack.

Recipes are given for the dishes marked with an asterisk.

SUNDAY		
BREAKFAST Porridge and Honey Ham Omelette Toast and Marmalade Coffee	**DINNER** Grapefruit Cocktails* Roast Stuffed Leg of Lamb* Baked Potatoes, Parsnips, Green Peas and Mint Sauce Apricot Trifle Coffee	**TEA** Jellied Aberdeen Sausage Green Salad Apple Short Cake Raisin Loaf
MONDAY		
BREAKFAST Stewed Apricots and Cereal Lamb and Celery Fritters Green Butter Toast and Honey Coffee	**LUNCHEON** Cheese, Pineapple and Lettuce Salad Walnut Dressing Brown Bread and Conserve	**DINNER** Julienne Soup Grilled Sausages and Bananas* Peas, Creamed Potatoes and Tomato Sauce Steamed Urney Pudding and Caramel Sauce* Coffee
TUESDAY		
BREAKFAST Orange Juice Lamb's Fry and Grilled Bacon Roll Brown Toast and Marmalade Coffee	**LUNCHEON** Celery Balls* and Tomato Puree Rolls and Butter	**DINNER** Braized Steak with Carrot and Pineapple Stuffing* New Mint Potatoes Coconut Pudding Welsh Rarebit Coffee
WEDNESDAY		
BREAKFAST Sliced Bananas and Cream Fried Bacon and Eggs with Fried Apples Hot Scones and Honey Tea	**LUNCHEON** Toasted Hamburger Sandwich* Fresh Fruit	**DINNER** Cream of Tomato Soup Casserole of Mutton, Cabbage Lemon Snow Savory Prunes Coffee
THURSDAY		
BREAKFAST Porridge and Brown Sugar Grilled Steak with Grilled Pineapple Slices Breakfast Rolls and Grapefruit Marmalade Coffee	**LUNCHEON** Sweet Corn Rarebit* Cinnamon Toast	**DINNER** Beef Tea and Savory Biscuits Veal Cutlets and Tomatoes* Peas, Mashed Potatoes Apple Caramel Pudding*, Vanilla Sauce Cheese Straws Coffee
FRIDAY		
BREAKFAST Prunes and Rice Cheese and Salmon Fritters with Grilled Tomatoes Toast and Quince Honey Coffee	**LUNCHEON** Sardine Salad Brown Bread Cucumber Sandwiches	**DINNER** Lentil Soup Fried Fillets of Whiting, Hollandaise Sauce Creamed Carrots, Potato Chips Passionfruit Angel's Food Compote Apples
SATURDAY		
BREAKFAST Orange Juice French Cutlets Toast and Marmalade Coffee	**DINNER** Grilled Steak with Cheese and Horseradish Sauce French Beans Butterscotch Tart* and Custard Biscuits and Coffee	**TEA** Salmon Pie Raspberry Marshmallow Tartlets* Scones and Conserve

GRAPEFRUIT COCKTAIL

Grapefruit, castor sugar, lemon juice, sweet liqueur, maraschino cherries.

Allow 1 grapefruit to 2 persons. Halve, remove pulp and seeds. Place pulp into basin, add lemon juice and sugar, allowing 2 teaspoons castor sugar and 2 teaspoons lemon juice to each grapefruit, and chill. When required, put into cocktail glasses. Add a teaspoon of liqueur to each. Garnish with maraschino cherries.

CELERY AND ONION STUFFING FOR ROAST LAMB

One cup finely-chopped celery, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ¼ teaspoon thyme, ½ small onion finely minced, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Mix breadcrumbs, celery, onion and seasonings. Add butter slowly, working together with a fork until blended.

GRILLED SAUSAGES AND BANANAS

One and a half pounds sausages, 2 bananas, beaten eggs, dried breadcrumbs, flour, salt, and pepper, 1lb. peas, 1½lb. mashed potatoes.

Prick sausages and steam for ½ hour. Then grill quickly (to brown outside) for 8 minutes. Peel bananas Cut each in 2 lengthwise and across. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and roll in flour. Cover with beaten egg and toss in breadcrumbs. Fry in pan in a little fat until nicely browned on all sides. Cook peas in the usual way.

Make a mound of mashed potato in the middle of a hot meat-dish. Hollow out centre and fill with the cooked peas. Place sausages and fried bananas round the dish. Garnish with parsley and serve at once.

URNEY PUDDING AND CARAMEL SAUCE

Quarter pound flour, ½ teaspoon carbonate soda, 2oz. sugar, 3oz. butter, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon raspberry jam.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add eggs and beat thoroughly. Add jam. Stir in flour and carbonate of soda. Put into a buttered mould. Cover with a large piece of white paper buttered on both sides, and steam 1½ hours. Serve with caramel sauce.

Caramel Sauce: 2oz. loaf sugar, 3 tablespoons water, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour, vanilla essence to taste, ½ pint milk.

Put loaf sugar and water into saucepan and allow to boil until a very deep brown color (this makes the caramel). Allow to cool. Pour in the milk. Slowly simmer five minutes. Add 1 dessertspoon sugar and vanilla essence. Blend cornflour with enough milk to make a smooth paste. Add to sauce. Bring to boil. Cook three minutes. Strain and serve.

CELERY BALLS

One cup cooked diced celery, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon mixed mustard, pinch cayenne, ½ teaspoon salt, egg glazing, fine breadcrumbs.

Make a sauce by melting butter, blending in flour, and adding milk gradually. Stir until it boils. Add celery, cheese, hard-boiled egg (finely chopped), ½ cup breadcrumbs, cayenne, salt and mustard. Mix well together and turn on to plate to cool. When cold measure 1 level tablespoon of mixture at a time and roll into balls, dip in beaten egg, toss in breadcrumbs, and fry a golden brown in fuming-hot deep fat. Serve hot on paper d'oyley garnished with parsley.

HAMBURGER SANDWICH

One pound finely-minced round steak, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped cooked onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter, salt and pepper to taste, rounds of hot buttered toast, slices of grilled tomato and a few gherkins.

Mix all ingredients together except the tomato and gherkins. Make into thick flat cakes the size and shape of the buttered toast. Melt some fat in a frying-pan and fry hamburger until cooked, and brown and crisp on the outside. Place between slices of buttered toast. Place grilled tomato on top of each and garnish with strips of gherkin. Serve very hot.

SWEET CORN RAREBIT

One tin sweet corn (1 cup), 1 egg, 1 small piece onion, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 4 medium-sized tomatoes, 1 level tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, rounds of fried or toasted bread.

Melt butter in saucepan. Add chopped onion and tomatoes. Simmer until mixture is reduced to half. Stir in the corn and simmer for 5 minutes. Beat eggs lightly and add. Stir over low heat for 1 minute. Heap on fried or toasted bread. Sprinkle with grated cheese and brown in oven or under griller.

BRAIZED STEAK WITH CARROT AND PINEAPPLE STUFFING

Two pounds thick topside steak, 1 cup breadcrumbs, ½ small finely-chopped onion, pinch seasoning, 1 egg, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 carrot cut into very small dice, ½ cup pineapple cut into small dice.

Cut pocket in steak. Mix ingredients together. Bind with egg and a little milk if necessary. Stuff pocket in steak. Sew up or fasten together with skewers. Braize on a bed of vegetables 1½ hours. Serve on a hot dish and pour strained gravy round.

VEAL CUTLETS AND TOMATOES

One and a half pounds veal steak (cut thickly), 1 heaped tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon salt, good pinch pepper, egg-glazing and breadcrumbs, 1 lemon, 4 tomatoes, 3 rashers of bacon, 1lb. mashed potatoes, 1½lb cooked peas.

Remove skin and gristle from steak. Cut into pieces nearly the size of the tomatoes. Squeeze a little lemon juice over each. Dip in flour, pepper and salt, egg-glazing, and toss in breadcrumbs. Dry-fry the cutlets, cook quickly on both sides for 3 minutes. Reduce heat and cook gently 10 minutes longer. Slice tomatoes, sprinkle over them salt and pepper, and fry 3 minutes on each side. Pour away fat, and make gravy in pan, using remainder of flour, etc, and a little stock. Cook peas and grill bacon by making loose rolls, and threading them on skewers.

To serve: Place cutlets on rounds of tomato on the outside of plate. Make a mound of mashed potato in the middle, and hollow out the centre and fill with peas and rolls of bacon. Serve gravy separately in hot sauce-boat.

APPLE CARAMEL PUDDING

Caramel: 2oz. loaf sugar, juice ½ lemon.

Dissolve loaf sugar and lemon juice in saucepan. Put on stove and stir until sugar has all melted. Then allow to boil without stirring until a rich amber color, pour into medium-sized pudding basin rinsed with cold water. Cover the entire inside of basin with the caramel.

Suet Crust: ½lb. flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½lb. suet, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons water.

Make in the usual way, mixing into a very stiff dough. Cut off one-third for covering top of pudding. Roll remainder large enough to line the caramel-lined basin.

Apple Mixture: 4 medium cooking apples, 2oz. raisins, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 level tablespoon butter, few cloves, 3 thinly-cut strips of lemon rind.

Mix all together. Place in basin and add 1 tablespoon water. Moisten top of suet crust. Roll one-third to size and cover pudding. Pinch edges well together to seal them. Cover with a pudding cloth, tie firmly and place in large saucepan of boiling water and boil 2 hours.

BUTTERSCOTCH TART

Four ounces shortcrust pastry. Line a tart plate six inches in diameter with the pastry. Decorate edge and prick centre well to keep it hollow.

Butterscotch Mixture: Half-cup brown sugar, 1 level tablespoon flour, 1 level tablespoon butter, 1 egg-yolk, ½ cup milk, 1½ tablespoons water, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Boil milk and butter together. Blend flour and sugar with water; add to milk; stir constantly until boiling. Cook 3 minutes. Add egg-yolk and cook without boiling. Fill tart case. Beat white of egg stiffly with 2 tablespoons sugar and vanilla to taste. Pile on top of mixture. Return to oven to firm meringue without browning.

RASPBERRY MARSHMALLOW TARTLETS

Spanish pastry for cases: 2oz. butter, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 4oz. plain flour, ¼ teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt.

Cream butter and sugar. Add egg-yolk. Stir in sifted flour, baking powder and salt. Turn on to a floured board. Knead slightly, roll out thinly, cut out with fluted cutter and line small patty tins. Prick. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 12 to 15 minutes.

Filling: 1½ cups berries or 1 tin raspberries, ½ cup sugar, lemon, nutmeg and spice, 1 packet marshmallows.

If fresh berries, cook with sugar, lemon juice and a dash of grated nutmeg and spice. Tinned berries will not require sweetening or cooking. Just add lemon juice, nutmeg and spice.

Mix together and place 1 teaspoonful in the cooked tartlet cases. Place a marshmallow on top of each and replace in oven until the marshmallow melts.

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Soup of the Evening . . . Beautiful SOUP!

SO sang the Mock Turtle in "Alice in Wonderland," and quite rightly too! Soup is an excellent beginning to the evening meal, and guaranteed to put the diners in a good humor.

THERE used to be an old music hall song with a chorus, "Let's bung it all in the soup," but although you can put a great many varied edibles into soup, you must exercise some judgment.

The main point to remember is that there are two basic kinds of soup—thick and nourishing ones which may be the mainstay of a light meal, and the thin, tasty type to serve as an appetiser.

ABOVE: A sprinkling of grated cheese often improves thick soups.

✦

LEFT: Minestrone, favorite Italian soup, is made with plenty of vegetables. It is usually served with grated cheese on the table.

✦

FISH CHOWDER

Four cups uncooked fish, cut small, bones, head and trimmings of fish, 1 cup water, 2 slices fat bacon (diced), 2 chopped onions, 4 large potatoes (diced), 1 teaspoon pepper, 3 cups milk, 2 tablespoons cornflour.

Cook bones, head and trimmings of fish with water for half an hour, then strain. Cook bacon until fat flows freely, then cook onion in bacon fat until slightly browned. Add fish stock and potatoes, and when these are almost tender put in prepared fish and seasonings and simmer half an hour longer. Scald milk, thicken with cornflour which has been blended smoothly with a little cold milk, and combine the two mixtures just before serving.

MINESTRONE

One cup dried beans (preferably white kidney beans), 1 tablespoon minced onion, ½ clove of garlic (minced), sprig parsley (minced), stalk celery (minced), ½ cup olive oil, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup tinned or fresh sliced and peeled tomatoes, 1 cup chopped cabbage or spinach, 1 cup cooked macaroni, grated Parmesan cheese.

Soak beans overnight. Drain. Add 5 cups water. Simmer, covered, 2 to 3 hours, adding more water as it evaporates. Saute onion, garlic, parsley, celery in olive oil until light brown. Add salt, pepper, tomatoes, cabbage or spinach, and bring to boil. Add with macaroni to beans and simmer 30 minutes longer, adding more water if necessary. Serve with grated cheese on table.

PARSLEY SOUP

Four tablespoons cornflour, 4 tablespoons melted butter or other suitable fat, 1 quart milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups chopped parsley, few drops tabasco sauce.

Chop or cut parsley finely with scissors. Cook it with half teaspoonful salt and one cup water for about 10 minutes. Cover tightly in order to save the fragrance. Mix cornflour with melted butter and add gradually the milk. Cook until slightly thickened. Add the sauce and the other half teaspoon salt. Remove from the fire and add the parsley and the water in which it was cooked. Add 2 tablespoons butter and serve very hot.

CREAM OF VEGETABLE SOUP

One small carrot, turnip and onion, 1 quart boiling water, 1oz. cornflour, 1oz. butter, ½ leek, 1 stick of celery, ½ pint milk, small bayleaf, seasoning.

Shred vegetables and put them in a saucepan with the butter, which must be melted but not hot. Cook them over the fire, but do not let them brown. Then add the bayleaf and boiling water, and boil until vegetables are tender. Mix cornflour and milk together, pour into the saucepan, and boil for a few minutes to cook the cornflour, stirring carefully. Take out the bayleaf, add seasoning to taste, and the soup is ready.

PEA SOUP

One large tin of peas, 1 stalk of celery, a few chopped celery-tops, 1 onion (sliced), 2 cups sliced tomatoes, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons cornflour, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon tomato ketchup.

Drain contents of tin of peas and reserve liquid. Measure 2 cups of the peas and place in saucepan with celery and celery-tops. Add onion slices and tomatoes. Measure liquid from tinned peas, and add enough water to bring amount up to 3 cups. Put this liquid in saucepan. Simmer for about 20 minutes, then press mixture through a sieve or fine strainer. Melt butter and stir into it cornflour. Add this paste to the strained soup and reheat to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add pepper and salt to taste, and if liked tomato ketchup. Garnish each serving with a sprig of parsley.

Now for some thin soup (or "consomme"), and jellied soups.

CELERY SOUP

Three cups celery cut in ½-inch pieces, 1 pint boiling water, 2½ cups milk, 1 slice onion, 3 tablespoons butter, ½ cup flour, salt and pepper.

Cook celery in boiling water until soft and rub through sieve. Scald milk with onion, remove onion, and add milk to celery. Bind with butter and flour cooked together. Season with salt and pepper. Outer and old stalks of celery may be used for soup. Serves six.

JULIENNE SOUP

One carrot, 1 turnip, 3 celery stalks, 1 quart good stock, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, salt and pepper to taste.

Scrape carrot, peel turnip, and dice. Wash celery, and cut all into small pieces. Cook these vegetables in salted water for about 15 minutes. Moisten arrowroot with a little water and add to the stock. Bring this to the boil, then put diced vegetables, after straining, into it. Serve very hot with a sprinkling of chopped parsley.

SCOTCH BROTH

One pound topside beef, 3 pints water, seasoning, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 1 onion, 1 leek, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1oz. Scotch barley, 1 grated carrot.

Wipe meat. Cut it up and put in a stewpan with water and some salt. Bring slowly to boiling point and skim. Simmer gently from one and a half to two hours. Then add barley and vegetables cut into dice. Simmer until barley is cooked. Add grated carrot and boil another 10 minutes. Add chopped parsley, season and serve.

JELLIED TOMATO BOUILLON

Two tablespoons gelatine, ½ cup cold water, ½ cup boiling water, 3 cups tomato juice, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, tops of celery stalks, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 or 5 whole cloves, 1 bayleaf.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes, and dissolve over boiling water. Put tomato juice, onion, celery, salt, cloves and bayleaf into saucepan and stew slowly for 20 minutes. Strain and add gelatine. Stir until dissolved. Pour into shallow pan and place in cool place to jell. Beat lightly with fork, and serve in chilled bouillon cups. Garnish with sprig of parsley.

JELLIED MUSHROOM SOUP

Three-quarters pound mushrooms (fresh), 3 cups water or stock, 1 onion (sliced), 1 stalk celery, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 4 teaspoons gelatine, ½ cup cold water.

Peel and slice mushrooms. Place in saucepan with water or stock, onion, celery, salt and pepper. Cook lightly about 20 minutes. Press to a pulp through fine sieve (there should be about three cups). Soak gelatine in cold water for a few minutes, and dissolve over boiling water. Add to mushroom stock. Chill until mixture begins to thicken, stirring occasionally. Serve icy cold, and garnish with sprig of parsley.

MRS. FLOATE . . . PUTS PUNCH IN HER COOKING!

Mrs. E. F. Floate, of Benalla, Vic., winner Cake Section, Women's Weekly 1939 Recipe Competition.

Mrs. Floate's Unique Record . . . . . .

Winner of more than 1270 cookery prizes since 1916. The G. J. Coles Cup at the Royal Melbourne Show for seven years in succession! That is the outstanding record of Mrs. Floate—Australia's champion cook. And Mrs. Floate does all her cooking at home, using a standard gas oven, and Punch Flour whenever flour is in the recipe!

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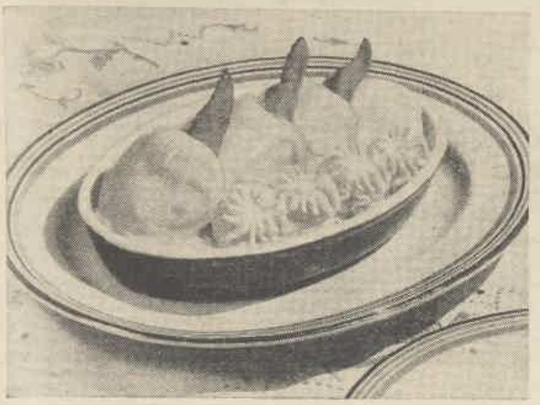
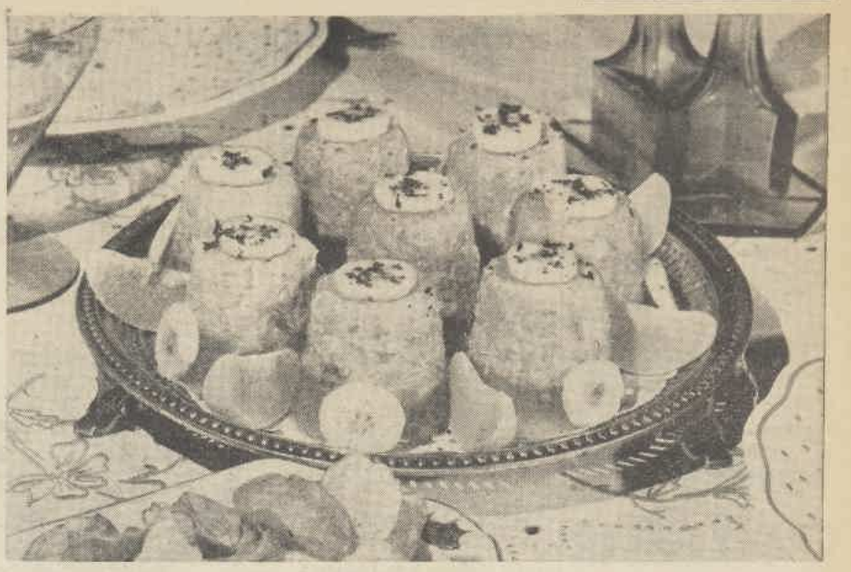
Culinary version of a

FISH STORY . . .

ONE of the healthiest foods obtainable, fish should be cooked with care and with regard to the variety used. Recipes are given on this page for both fresh and smoked fish.





ABOVE: Jellied fish is an excellent dish for a Sunday supper.

LEFT: Rolled fillets of sole with crab filling looks and sounds elaborate, but is really quite easy to make. (See recipes).

WHEN a fish is thoroughly fresh it has firm and elastic flesh and bright eyes and gills. It also sinks when put in water.

If using frozen fish, cook it without first thawing it.

JELLIED FISH

One and a half cups flaked cooked fish (flathead or bream) ½ cup hot water, 1 cup cold water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon chopped capers, 1 tablespoon of the caper vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon gelatine.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Add lemon juice, caper vinegar, salt, and cold water. Mix well together. Add flaked fish, mix evenly through the jelly. Rinse small plain moulds with cold water and fill with the mixture. Leave until set. Turn out and garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg. Sprinkle with chopped capers on top of jellied fish. Serve on a large flat dish. Garnish with sections of orange and slices of banana.

ROLLED FILLETS OF SOLE WITH CRAB FILLING

Two sole or whiting, 1 crab, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 gill milk or fish stock, squeeze lemon juice, 1 tablespoon cream, salt and cayenne to taste, 1lb. mashed potatoes.

Skin and fillet fish, wash in salted water, rub with lemon. Make a panada (a very thick sauce) with butter, flour, milk, and cream. Add chopped crab and mix well. Season with salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Place fish on buttered shallow tin, white side down.

Spread half of it with some of the crab panada. Fold over. Cover with buttered paper, add a little water, and steam in a moderate oven until cooked, about 12 minutes.

Meanwhile make a masking sauce with 3 gills milk, 3 teaspoons flour, 3 teaspoons butter, squeeze lemon, salt and cayenne to taste.

Lift fish on to a hot dish and pour the masking sauce carefully over each fillet. Arrange a crab's claw between fillets.

Have mashed potatoes in a bag with a large rose pipe, and force roses of potatoes at the sides of the fish.

SMOKED FISH AND PARSLEY SAUCE

One smoked fish, 1oz. butter, ½ pt. milk, 1 dessertspoon flour, pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon butter for top of fish.

Cut fish into suitable pieces. Place in a saucepan, cover with water, add a few drops of vinegar and bring slowly to the boil. Pour water off. Grease a baking dish and lay fish on it, skin side down. Pour milk over, season with a sprinkle of pepper and bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes or longer. Try with a skewer in the thickest part. Lift on to a hot dish. Put a little butter on top. Blend flour with a little cold milk. Stir into boiling milk, cook 3 minutes, add parsley. Pour over fish. Garnish with lemon and parsley.

TO GRILL SMOKED FISH

Prepare fish by scalding in boiling water as in previous recipe. Grease the bars of a gridiron. Lay the fish on. Brush with melted butter and grill slowly 15 to 20 minutes. Brush fish with melted butter each time it is turned to keep it moist. Serve on a hot dish. Mix 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley with ½ teaspoon lemon juice and 1 dessertspoon butter. Spread over the hot fish and serve at once.

FISH IN BATTER

Three fish (bream, whiting or garfish), 4oz. flour, pinch baking powder, 1 egg-yolk, 1½ gills milk, frying fat, lemon and parsley, salt and cayenne to taste.

Sift flour, salt, cayenne and baking powder into a basin. Make a well in centre. Pour yolk of egg into well. Mix until it begins to thicken. Add milk very gradually. Beat well to make batter light and smooth. Allow to stand ½ hour before using. Prepare fish. Cut into pieces (garfish is cooked whole). Sprinkle with lemon juice and pepper. Dip in batter. Put into a large quantity of smoking hot fat and fry a golden brown, drain and serve on paper d'oyley. Garnish with lemon and parsley.

SOUSED FISH

One fish, weighing about 2 to 2½lb., 8 cloves, 12 peppercorns, 1 small sliced onion, 1½ breakfast cups vinegar, 1 chilli, ½ teaspoon spice, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, ½ teaspoon salt.

Clean and trim fins of fish. Slit fish so that it can be placed flat on the baking dish. Slice the onion, put on top of fish with all the other ingredients, pour in the vinegar, cover with greased paper, and bake in a moderate oven until soft (about 20 minutes). Try with a skewer, and if flesh leaves bone readily it is cooked. Allow to cool in the same dish in its liquor. Lift carefully out with a fish slice on to a large dish. Strain the liquor over it. Garnish with slices of lemon and parsley.

STUFFED BAKED FISH

One flathead or bream, 1 small cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, little grated lemon rind and grated nutmeg, 1oz. butter, salt and pepper.

Clean, wash, and dry fish. Take out the eyes, cut off fins, trim round tail. Rub over inside with lemon juice or vinegar. Mix breadcrumbs with all other ingredients, keeping back a little of the fritter. Fill fish with a portion of filling and press edges together.

Place in a buttered baking dish. Brush over with milk. Cover back of fish with remainder of seasoning. Put a few small pieces of the butter on top. Cover with greased paper, and bake in a moderate oven from 20 to 30 minutes. Try with skewer in thick part near head to test if cooked. Serve on hot dish with the seasoning.

Oysters dipped in cracker biscuit crumbs and fried in a little butter may be served as an accompaniment.

FRIED WHITING WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Two or three whiting, 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat.

Fillet fish, cover with flour, pepper and salt, egg-glazing, and breadcrumbs. Wet-fry a golden brown and serve with lemon and parsley.

Hollandaise Sauce: 2 beaten egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup butter, ½ cup boiling water, salt, pepper, and cayenne.

Beat butter to cream. Stir in eggs gradually. Beat well. Stir in lemon juice, salt, cayenne. Add boiling water slowly. Stir until thick over boiling water. Half quantity sufficient for 2 large whiting.

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VEGETABLES . . .

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No one questions the health-giving properties and vitamin content of vegetables, but they don't lose their value when presented in an attractive manner.

SAUTE SPINACH AND CREAMED POTATOES

One bunch spinach, 1lb. mashed potatoes, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 good pinch pepper.

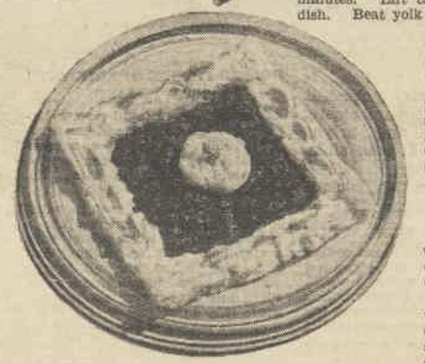
Remove white stalks from spinach. Wash leaves in several waters. Place in a saucepan with about ½ pint boiling water and add small level teaspoon salt. Cook briskly, with lid off saucepan, about 20 minutes, until tender. Drain in a colander. Press all the water out, using a saucer. Chop up finely, melt butter in saucepan, add spinach, vinegar, and pepper and saute over a low heat for 3 minutes. Make into a square on a heated dish. Have potatoes well creamed, and make a border around the spinach.

Cut hard-boiled eggs in halves. Remove yolk from one half, and grate over the spinach. Place white in the middle of spinach, and fill with potato. Cut other half egg into thin slices, and decorate the border of creamed potatoes with them. Serve very hot.

To Use White Stalks: Wash and trim white stalks of spinach, cut into small pieces, cook in boiling salted water about 40 minutes. Drain in colander. Serve with melted butter sauce.

POTATO cassolettes are just the thing for Sunday night suppers and very tasty, too.

TOMATOES—well, call them a fruit if you like, but you serve them as a vegetable—lend themselves to various disguises. Here they serve as a case for eggs.



POP-EYE won't be the only eater of spinach if you serve it this way sometimes for a change—saute spinach and creamed potatoes.

POTATO CASSOLETTES

One pound mashed potatoes, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon milk, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg, 1 pint white sauce, ½ cup shelled prawns, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, deep fat for wet frying, sprigs of parsley and slices of lemon to garnish.

Heat butter and milk in a saucepan. Add mashed potatoes and beat well until smooth. Season with salt and pepper and bind with the beaten egg. Spread on a plate to cool. Mark out in six even portions. Flour the hands and shape the potato mixture into balls. Coat with egg and breadcrumbs, and mark a small circle at one end with a pastry-cutter. Wet-fry in fuming hot fat until a golden brown. Drain on white paper. Remove the lids, and gently scoop out the soft inside. Shell the prawns, sprinkle with a little vinegar or lemon juice. Add to white sauce, keeping some prawns back for garnishing. Fill the cassolettes with the prawn mixture. Replace the lids and serve hot. Garnish with sprigs of parsley, slices of lemon, and a whole prawn on each cassolette.

When fresh prawns are not procurable use the bottled prawns.

EGGS IN TOMATO CASES

Six medium-sized firm tomatoes, 6 eggs, 6 teaspoons grated cheese, a little finely chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon butter, salt and pepper to taste.

Cut tops from tomatoes. Scoop out the middle. Place 1 teaspoon grated cheese in the hollow tomato. Sprinkle with parsley. Break eggs separately into a saucer, being careful not to break the yolks. Slip one into each tomato. Place a knob of butter on top, and bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes. Serve as a breakfast or luncheon dish garnished with sprigs of fresh parsley.

CARROTS FLAMANDE

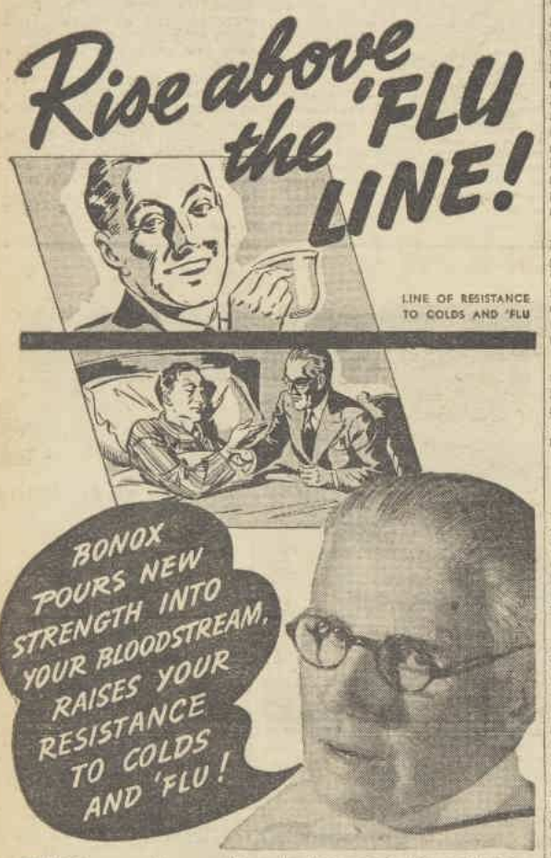
One bunch young carrots, 1oz. butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, yolk 1 egg, ½ pint milk, fancy croutons of fried bread, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, a good pinch grated nutmeg, salt and cayenne, ½ teaspoon sugar.

Scrape carrots. Cut into rounds or thin strips and boil 15 minutes until tender. Drain. Melt butter in saucepan. Add nutmeg and sugar. Stir in flour. Cook slightly. Add milk, then carrot. Cook gently 10 minutes. Lift carrots onto a hot dish. Beat yolk of egg. Stir into sauce. Cook without boiling. Pour over carrots. Sprinkle with finely chopped parsley and place small croutons of fried bread round. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN

Cauliflower, white sauce, grated cheese, breadcrumbs, butter.

Cook cauliflower whole (upside down) in boiling salted water and drain by placing on a piece of dry toast. Break into small pieces. Make sauce and add to it grated cheese. Mix with the cauliflower. Pour into a fireproof dish. Sprinkle top with grated cheese and breadcrumbs. Bake until the top is brown in hot oven. Serve very hot.



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Viennese orange cream roll

. . . it's a luscious party sweet and it will serve ten guests

IF you are on the look-out for a cake that's different for your next afternoon tea party, then try this orange cream roll. If possible make it the day before you require it and it will taste all the better.

To make roll: Take 5 eggs, 3½oz. sugar, 1¾oz. nuts, 1¾oz. flour, peel of ¼ lemon, butter, and flour for baking-tin.

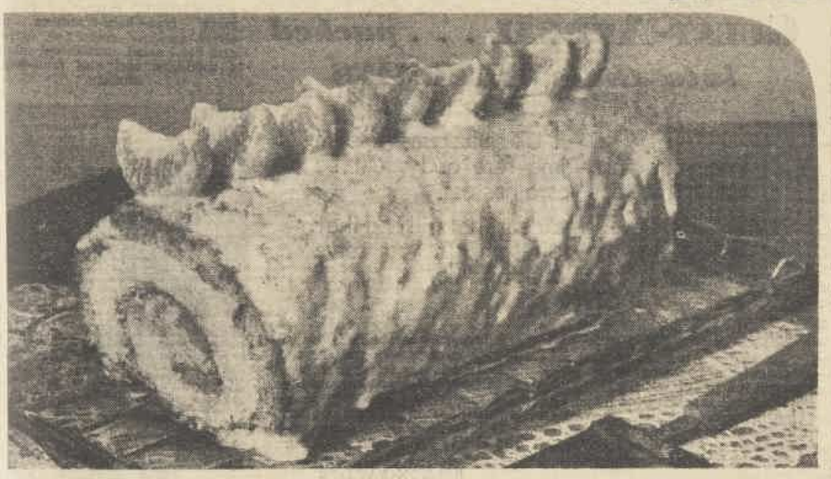
1 Stir yolks of eggs with sugar for ½ hour. Then beat stiffly whites of eggs and add ground nuts, flour, and froth alternately, mixing well together. Take a sheet of grease-proof paper and place on a greased baking-tin. The paper is then well greased with butter and floured. On to this apply the nutty paste, about ¼ of an inch thick, and bake. The pastry is then rolled up, without filling, while still warm.

2 When cold, unroll the roly-poly and remove paper. Spread the already-prepared orange cream evenly on the nutty pastry and roll it up again.

The reason for first rolling up the pastry without filling is because the butter cream would melt inside the warm paste. On the other hand, it would be difficult to roll up the cold pastry for fear it might break. So remember, roll the pastry while warm.

3 To Make Orange Cream: Take 5½oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, 2 large oranges, 2 egg-yolks, juice of ½ lemon, 1½oz. castor sugar, ¾oz. flour.

Beat butter and sugar to a foamy cream. Grate rind of the two oranges, then cut in two and squeeze the juice. Add to grated rind and orange juice the juice of half a small lemon. Whisk in a basin with 1½oz. castor sugar, ¾oz. flour, and finally the yolks of two eggs. Beat over steam until thick. When cool, add spoonful at a time to the butter and sugar cream, stirring all the time.



4 THIS Viennese orange cream roll is an ideal party cake-sweet. It will serve 10 guests. Best made a day beforehand.

After the baked roll has been filled and trimmed into a nice even shape, it is then covered with apricot jam or orange marmalade and glazed.

To make glazing: 7oz. icing sugar, ¼ gill water, white of 1 egg.

The white of one egg is first mixed with the sifted icing sugar, then the boiling water is added and the mixture stirred for half an hour.

To finish ornament on top with slices of orange or mandarin.

Other Fillings: Butterscotch Filling: ½ cup brown sugar, 4 tablespoons butter, 1/3rd cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs slightly beaten, 3 cups milk, ¼ teaspoon vanilla.

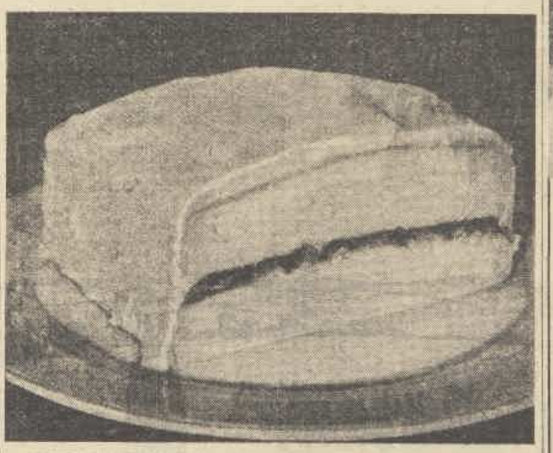
Mix butter and sugar. Cook two minutes or until syrup is brown. Add 1 2/3rd cups cold milk and scald over hot water. Mix flour and salt with remaining milk, add to hot mixture and cook 15 minutes. Add eggs, cook 2 minutes. Cool and flavor.

Lemon Coconut Cream: Juice and grated rind 1 lemon, 1 cup powdered sugar, 2 egg-yolks slightly beaten, 1 cup shredded coconut.

Mix lemon juice and rind with sugar and egg-yolks. Cook 10 minutes in double boiler, stirring constantly. Add coconut.

—and here's another . . .

AMERICAN SNOW CAKE



AMERICAN SNOW CAKE is as light as a feather, and has an unusual egg-nog filling.

Ingredients (for two 9-inch layers): 1 cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 3 cups sifted flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk, 1½ teaspoons vanilla or other flavoring, 6 egg-whites.

EGG-NOG FILLING: 4 egg-yolks, 1½ cups sugar, ½ cup butter, 3 tablespoons flour, grated peel of 1 lemon, 1 cup coarsely chopped nuts, ½ cup finely chopped citron peel, ½ cup seedless raisins, ½ cup rum, brandy, or whisky.

Cream butter until very light. Add sugar a little at a time and beat until well mixed and fluffy. Sift flour once before measuring, then resift three or four times with salt and baking powder.

Add milk and flour alternately to the creamed mixture, beating batter until smooth after each addition. Add flavoring. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites and mix lightly until well blended.

Pour the batter into two greased, wax-paper-lined 9-inch cake tins. Bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven.

Let layers stand in tins for five minutes on a cake rack, then turn out to cool. Spread egg-nog filling between the layers and put them together.

To make egg-nog filling:—

Beat egg-yolks until light and lemon-colored. Mix sugar and flour and combine with eggs and butter in the top of a double boiler. Cook over simmering (not boiling) water until thick. Remove from heat and beat until cool. Add fruits, nuts, and liquor. Stir until well mixed. Spread between layers of the cake.

The filling won't be as thick as you'll want it unless it is cooked very slowly for a long time. From an hour to an hour and a half gives best results.

To finish cake, ice all over with a white icing.

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SANDWICHES for bridge teas. Use a pastry cutter for the round shape with the scalloped edges. Cut the others with a sharp knife into shapes of card suits. Serve both brown and white sandwiches and decorate top of each with nuts, glace cherries, or pieces of hard-boiled egg.

ATTRACTIVE supper or dinner party fare—hors-d'oeuvres of olives, sardines, green pea, carrot and bean salad, cauliflower salad, a meringue tart and fruit-juice sundaes.

GUEST-APPEAL . . . *packed into these* SAVORIES

PUT some guest-appeal into your party-time fare and you'll be rated "the tops" as a hostess.

Here are some ideas that will add that appeal to the refreshments you serve whether it be a cocktail "do," a supper dance, or a dinner party.

IT'S the little extras that give that extra fillip to party fare—piquant hors-d'oeuvres, hot palate-teasing rolls and patties, sandwiches served in a new way with some attempt at design, or a delicious new hot dish strikes a pleasingly different note.

Just a little originality and your refreshments are lifted into higher realms and your status as a hostess goes up leaps and bounds.

Now here are some ideas for easy and quickly made sausage and salmon rolls and a hint about salmon patties.

These savories, served hot, are always first favorites at a cocktail party, for supper, or even for afternoon teas.

SAUSAGE AND SALMON ROLLS

An easy way to make sausage rolls is to roll puff pastry out in long strips about 3in. to 4in. wide, make a long roll of the sausage-meat filling and put between two strips. Then pinch down the sides of the roll. Cut the roll into two or three-inch pieces and bake in a hot oven till pastry is browned and sausage-meat is cooked. (Best filling for sausage rolls is meat from sausages. Free from skins before using.)

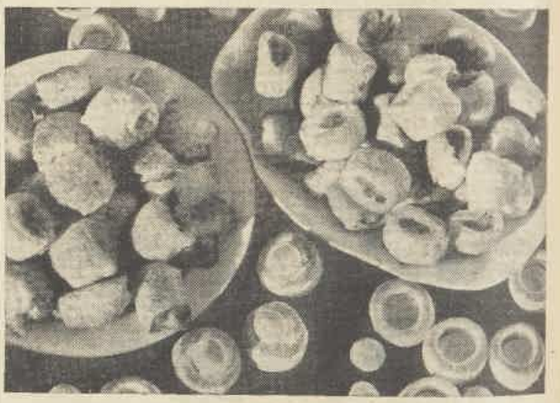
Salmon rolls can be made the same way as sausage rolls and are a delicious variant. Drain a small tin of salmon, free from skin and bones, and mix with 1 cup cold mashed potatoes. Season with salt and pepper and a few drops lemon juice. Use in the same way as sausage filling.

SALMON PATTIES

Salmon also makes a pleasant substitute for the more expensive oysters as patty fillings. Make a white sauce with 1oz. flour and 1oz. butter and enough milk to make a smooth sauce, season with salt, pepper, and lemon juice, and add contents of a small tin salmon, drained, and free of bones.

Put spoonful of mixture into each patty shell, put top on, and bake until lightly browned.

SAVORY WAFFLES, served with little sausages and scrambled egg. The sort of dish men enjoy for supper. Recipe for making appears on this page.



SAUSAGE and salmon roll and salmon patties served hot are ideal savories for a cocktail party and quite easy to make at home. See recipes on this page.

SAVORY WAFFLES

Four ounces flour, 2oz. melted butter, 1/3rd pint milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, pinch of salt.

Sieve flour, salt, baking powder, and sugar into a basin, and make a well in the centre. Put in the yolk of egg and melted butter, and adding milk gradually mix to a smooth batter. Beat well and when just ready for cooking fold in stiffly-whipped whites. Pour on to hot waffle iron and cook until golden brown and crisp. Serve at once, garnished with a spoonful of scrambled egg and two small sausages to each quarter of waffle.

POTATO ROLLS

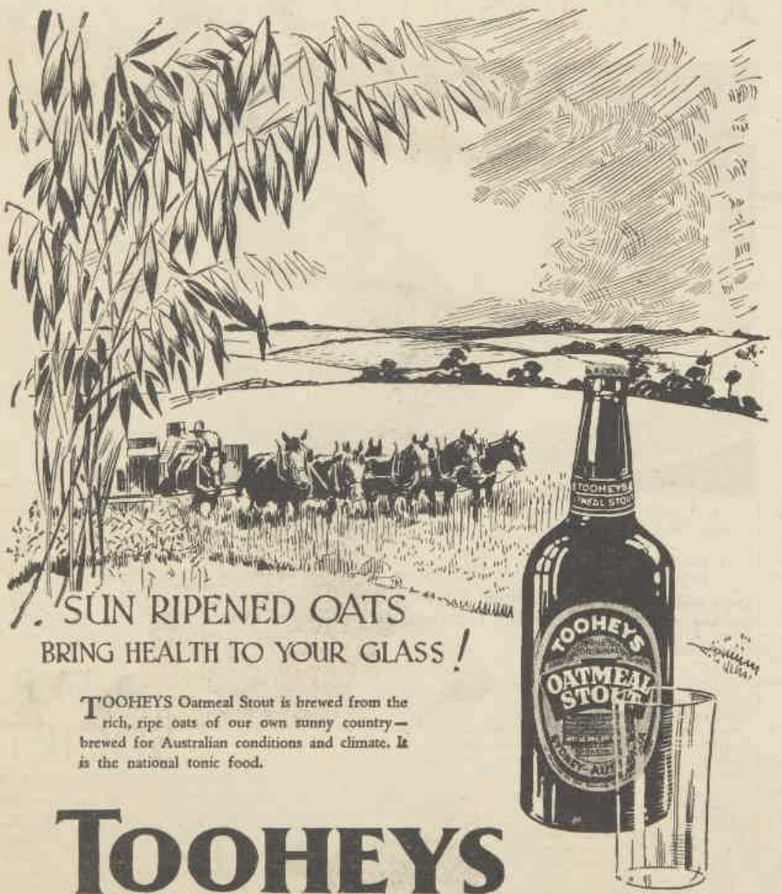
Three-quarter pound mashed potatoes, 4oz. grated cheese, 1 large onion, deep fat for frying, 4 tablespoons breadcrumbs, little milk, chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

When you are boiling the potatoes include the washed, prepared onion. Chop the onion and mix it in as you mash the potatoes. Beat in the cheese, seasoning, and parsley, and bind with a little milk to make a firm paste. Flour your hands and mould the potato mixture into small rolls. Brush over with milk, roll in breadcrumbs, and fry in deep fat till pleasantly brown.

TOMATO PUDDING

Six ounces breadcrumbs, 4oz. grated cheese, 1 pint milk, 1 egg, 4 tomatoes.

Grease a piedish or casserole, slice the tomatoes and arrange in a layer in the dish. Heat the milk in a saucepan, stir in the breadcrumbs, and continue to stir over gentle heat till the mixture thickens. Add the cheese and yolk of egg. Whisk the white stiffly, and stir into the contents of the saucepan. Pour on top of the tomatoes, and bake in a brisk oven until risen and brown. (About 25 minutes.)



SUN RIPENED OATS BRING HEALTH TO YOUR GLASS!

TOOHEYS Oatmeal Stout is brewed from the rich, ripe oats of our own sunny country—brewed for Australian conditions and climate. It is the national tonic food.

TOOHEYS OATMEAL STOUT

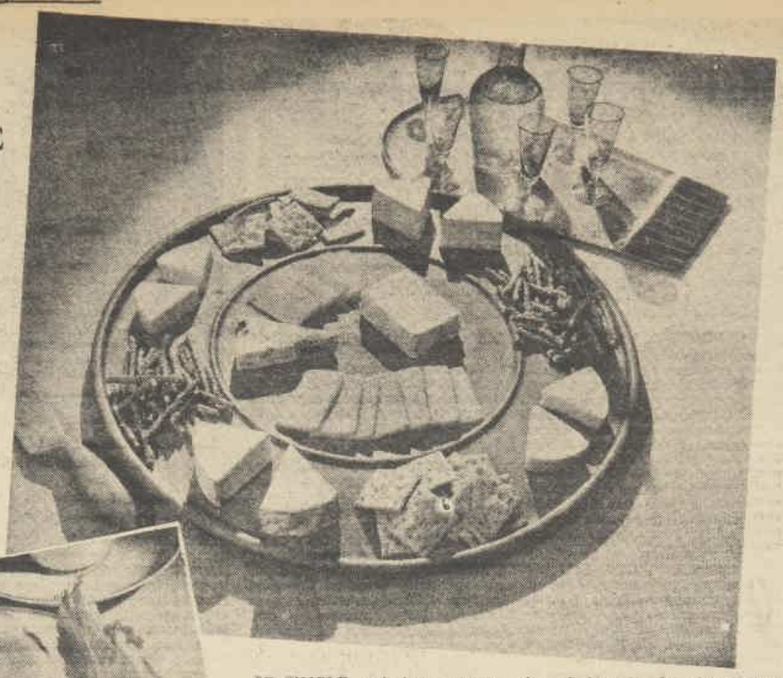
"HERE'S TOEE"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4624374

You can do such a lot WITH CHEESE

WHEN you want to introduce variety into your everyday meals, remember the possibilities of cheese. It gives piquancy to main dishes and appetisers alike.

Everyday vegetables, such as beans, peas, cauliflower or cabbage, may be made twice as tasty with the simple addition of cheese sauce.



SO SIMPLE, and always popular, cheese is ideal for five o'clock party fare. Here is an attractive arrangement of various cheeses and biscuits on a wooden platter.

CHEESE and chicken sandwich is a novel supper dish, especially welcome in winter.

REMEMBER, too, that cheese, like meat, provides proteins for building healthy tissues, and is one of the richest sources of calcium and phosphorus needed to build bones and teeth.

KILLARNEY CHEESE

One pound cold boiled potatoes, 4oz. packet shredded cheese, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, salt, curry powder.

Mix mashed potatoes with shredded cheese and chopped walnuts. Season with salt and curry powder. Beat egg and milk and add to mixture. Bake in shallow baking-tin till golden brown. Cut into squares and serve with poached egg on top. Enough for 6.

CHEESE AND VEGETABLE SOUFFLE

One tablespoon butter, 1 onion, 3 cooked potatoes, 3 eggs, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup shredded cheese, salt, pepper.

Melt butter in large piedish or casserole. In this brown chopped onions, sliced potatoes, and stir until golden brown. Beat eggs, add milk and flour, seasonings, and pour over potato mixture. Spread the shredded cheese over top and cook in moderate oven for about 20 minutes until brown. Serves 6.

RICE RISSOLES

One cup cooked rice, 3oz. shredded cheese, 1 apple, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 egg, breadcrumbs.

Shred cheese and add to rice. Mince apple finely and mix with melted butter. Add to cheese and rice mixture. Roll into balls and dip in beaten egg and breadcrumbs. Fry until golden brown and serve with garnish of tomatoes. Enough for six rissoles.

SAVORY CHEESE TOAST

Three large onions, 6oz. tasty cheese, 2oz. butter, lemon juice, salt, pepper.

Peel onions and boil until soft. Chop and return to saucepan. Shred in cheese and add butter, salt and pepper and a few drops of lemon juice. Stir over fire until blended and serve hot on buttered toast. Enough for 6.

CHEESE AND CHICKEN SANDWICH

One cup diced ham, 1 cup butter, 1 cup chopped cooked chicken, ½ cup cream, ½ cup white sauce, 12 slices toast, 8oz. packet cheese, salt, pepper.

Cook ham in the butter. Add chicken and cream. Cook very slowly 3 minutes. Add white sauce and seasoning. Cook slowly for another minute. Add beaten egg-yolks. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Cover slice of buttered toast with chicken and ham mixture. Add second slice of toast, and cover with cheese. Place under low griller or in moderate oven until cheese is melted. Serve with garnish of lettuce, sliced tomato and stuffed olives. Enough for six sandwiches.

CHEESE WAFERS

Three or 4 potatoes, 4oz. packet cheese, salt, cayenne.

Peel and wash potatoes and slice thinly. Arrange on buttered baking-sheet. Sprinkle each slice with shredded cheese and season with salt and cayenne. Bake slowly until potatoes are cooked. Then increase heat and brown quickly. Serve hot garnished with gherkin and parsley.

CLEANING STOVES
is a quick job now!

"FIRST POUR SOME ZEBO LIQUID STOVE POLISH ON TO A BRUSH OR CLOTH THEN GIVE THE STOVE A QUICK RUB OVER"

"SEE HOW THE WHOLE STOVE SHINES AND SPARKLES, AND ZEBO CLEANS WITHOUT MESS OR BOTHER"
SAYS MRS. NILL GERPHAM

AN occasional rub over with Zebo will keep your stove and grates shining all the week round. And Zebo is economical — you'll be surprised to find how long a tin will last. That's because the Zebo cap prevents it from drying up — you can use it to the last drop. Why not get a tin of Zebo from your grocer to-day and give your own stove and grates a rich, new lasting gloss.

ZEBO
Also ZEBRA in Paste and Packets

The Modern Polish for Stoves and Grates

Enthusiasm for Bisto with casseroles, stews, soups, gravies marks the knowing and experienced housewife. Bisto is so easy to use—so satisfying in savour and flavour—makes such smooth, rich gravy that once you start to use Bisto you'll never—never be without it. Bisto costs only a few pence—and saves time, trouble and disappointment.

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SHE doesn't like milk plain, but rather than miss her daily ration of this necessary food she takes it in the form of a milk shake.

Fascinating ways to get

Milk in the daily diet

MILK is a food as well as a drink and supplies the body with necessary elements of growth and health in an easily-digested form. Considering its high nutritional value it is one of the cheapest foods on the household budget.

By FRANCES THOMPSON

AMONG the constituents of milk are:

Protein, from which the body builds new cells and repairs worn tissues;

Minerals, which the body uses for purposes of regulation and help in the building of bone and teeth;

Fats and Sugar, which serve to produce energy;

Vitamins, which are essential to health.

For those who do not like milk in its natural form, there are plenty of ways of taking it—not only in flavored drinks, but in all kinds of dishes.

CHEESE CHARLOTTE

One cup milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup grated cheese, 4 eggs, salt, pepper, paprika.

Heat milk in a double boiler, and add butter, blended with flour. Cook 8 to 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add cheese and beaten egg-yolks. Season to taste with salt, pepper and paprika. Cool mixture. Then fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites and put in a buttered baking-dish and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 to 35 minutes.

CARROTS A LA KING

Four tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 2 cups milk, ½ teaspoon salt, speck pepper, 4 cups diced, pared carrots, ½ cup minced onion, 1 tablespoon minced parsley.

Cook diced carrots until tender and drain. Melt butter in double boiler, add minced onion and cook until tender. Remove from heat, add flour slowly, salt, pepper and stir until well blended. Add milk, place over boiling water, and cook, stirring occasionally. Pour over carrots, add parsley and serve.

CHICKEN A LA KING

Three cups cooked diced chicken, 2 cups mushrooms (sliced), 4 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup chicken stock, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup chopped pimento, 2 egg-yolks.

Melt butter. Cook mushrooms in it until a delicate brown. Add cornflour and blend until smooth. Add chicken stock and milk, stirring constantly, until thick. Add chicken and chopped pimento. Heat thoroughly. Pour mixture over beaten egg-yolks and mix well. Serve in patty shells or on toast.

HAM BAKED IN MILK

Use centre cut of ham, 2 or 3 inches thick. Rub surface with brown sugar and about ¼ teaspoon of dry mustard. Cover with milk and bake in a slow oven about 2½ hours.

BANANA CREME

Two cups milk, 3 egg-yolks, 7 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 3 bananas (sliced), 2 egg-whites.

Scald milk in double boiler. Remove from fire and pour over beaten egg-yolks to which 3 tablespoons sugar has been added. Return to boiler and cook slowly, stirring constantly, until custard coats a spoon. Add salt. Cool slightly and add vanilla and bananas. Just before serving cover top with meringue made by beating 2 egg-whites stiff and adding 4 tablespoons sugar. Put in moderate oven (325 deg. F.) to brown the meringue.

MEAT LOAF

One and a half cups soft crumbs, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, few grains pepper, 1 egg, 1lb. minced beef, 2 tablespoons chopped onion.

Mix together crumbs, milk, salt, pepper and beaten egg. Let stand a few minutes or until crumbs have absorbed liquid. Add beef and onion and mix well. Pack in a greased loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 45 minutes or until baked through. Serve with gravy or tomato sauce.

QUEEN OF BREAD PUDDINGS

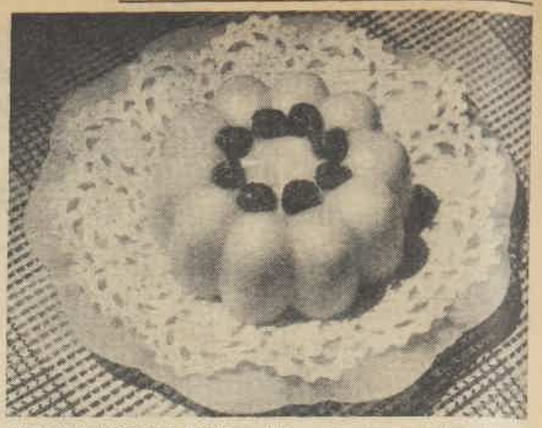
One cup breadcrumbs, 2 cups scalded milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter, currant jelly, 2 eggs, 7 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, few grains salt.

Cut soft bread in thin slices, then in small cubes. Pour over the scalded milk, add butter, and let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Beat egg-yolks, add 3 tablespoons sugar, salt, and vanilla. Combine with bread mixture and turn into greased baking dish. Set in pan of hot water and bake in slow oven (325deg. F.) 45 to 50 minutes, or until custard is firm. Cool. Spread with thin layer of currant jelly; cover with meringue made by beating together the 2 egg-whites and 4 tablespoons sugar. Brown in slow oven. Serve hot or cold.

SPINACH SOUFFLE

One tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon onion (chopped), 1½ tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup milk, 2 cups cooked or tinned spinach, chopped, 1 cup lettuce, chopped, 2 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon grated Italian cheese, 4 egg-yolks, unbeaten, 4 egg-whites.

Melt the fat in a double boiler. Add the chopped onions and cook lightly. Stir in the cornflour. Add the milk slowly. Add the lettuce and spinach, cheese and seasonings. Heat. Remove from fire. Mix in the unbeaten egg-yolks, one at a time. Cool. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a greased baking-dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 50 minutes.



BLANCMANGE DE LUXE—children love it, especially with its garnish of cherries. See recipe on this page.

BLANCMANGE DE LUXE

Three-quarter pint milk, ½ pint cream, ⅜oz. gelatine, 1oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, a little cochineal.

Dissolve gelatine in 2 tablespoons water and stir into milk and lightly-whipped cream. Add sugar and a little coloring and pour into wet mould. When set turn out and decorate with glace cherries.

MILK GINGER

Three-quarter cup milk, ½ cup ginger ale, sugar if desired.

Mix milk and ginger ale. Sweeten to taste and serve ice cold.

PEPPERMINT MILK

One cup milk, few drops essence of peppermint, sugar if desired.

Allow one cup of milk for each person and flavor to taste with few drops of peppermint. Add sugar if desired and serve very cold. For the sake of novelty and to tempt a child's appetite, a few drops of cochineal or any fruit coloring may be added.

ICED CHOCOLATE

Three squares (3oz.) unsweetened cooking chocolate, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup granulated sugar, 3 cups scalded milk, 2 teaspoons vanilla extract, whipped cream or chocolate ice cream.

Melt the chocolate in a double boiler. Add gradually the boiling water and sugar. Stir all the time and boil gently for five minutes. Add to this the scalded milk. Let it cook for 15 to 20 minutes. Beat well with an egg-beater. Chill. Flavor with vanilla. Serve in glasses with a little cream, plain or whipped, or add chocolate ice cream.

FRUIT SHERBET

One level tablespoon gelatine, 1½ cups sugar, 1 orange, 1 lemon, 2½ cups milk, pinch of salt.

Grate the rind of both orange and lemon. Squeeze out juice and add to it the sugar. Heat the half cup of milk and dissolve the gelatine in it. Stir this into the remaining two cups of cold milk and leave in cool place. When mixture begins to set stir in the fruit juices, the sugar and the grated rind. Additional diced fruit can be added if liked, such as pineapple. If possible turn the mixture into freezing tray of electric refrigerator and leave for 3 hours—if not, chill thoroughly in cool place before serving.

A New FASCINATING HOBBY for Boys and Girls

Collect FOUNTAIN SELF RAISING FLOUR Picture Cards

There is a Complete Set of 48 Cards of Famous

☆ Use FOUNTAIN TOMATO SAUCE Home Made Style

Every 2-lb. packet contains Three Cards. Every 4-lb. packet contains Six Cards

IMPORTANT. — Only packets which show the Packing Date in GREEN INK on side of packet contain Cards of famous 'Planes and Pilots.

EXCHANGE CARDS that you collect with your friends and get your Set in quick time.

This thrilling and fascinating new hobby will delight you; for you can quickly obtain the full set of 48 picture cards of Famous British 'Planes and Pilots—actual photos of the latest and swiftest machines that ensure the safety of the British Empire.

Mother will be delighted too, with **Fountain Self-Raising Flour,** because it makes the best scones and light fluffy cakes and pastry. **Fountain** costs no more than other flours, but it is proved the best of all. Used by experts everywhere.

Buy **Fountain Flour** and all other **Fountain Products. Remember, if it's Fountain, it's good!**

OBTAIN A **Handsome Album**

Call at your local Grocers and buy your Card Album for Sixpence.

If your Grocer cannot supply you, write direct to Captain Johns, C/o. W. C. Douglas Pty. Ltd., Box 218D, G.P.O., Sydney, and enclose Sixpence in stamps to cover cost and postage.

Write now, while you think of it!

FOUNTAIN SELF RAISING FLOUR

THE KITCHEN TESTED FLOUR

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STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE. Doesn't it look tempting? Serve it for supper or for afternoon tea, and even menfolk who ordinarily despise cream cakes will fall for this confection.

BEGIN making the strawberry shortcake by collecting ingredients and utensils around you. Then sift the self-raising flour and the salt through a fine wire sieve twice. Next rub in the shortening, add the sugar and mix with the beaten egg and milk to a soft dough.

ABOVE: Cut dough into two even pieces, roll each into a round and put a circle of greaseproof paper in between them. Place in a well-greased sandwich tin and bake in a hot oven for half an hour.

LEFT: Whip cream, sweeten and flavor with vanilla. Spread a layer of cream and strawberries on the lower cake, and cover with the other cake. Spread the rest of the cream on top and decorate with strawberries. Dust with castor sugar.

Here's the way to make . . .

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

THE cake that tastes like a dream—that dazzles the menfolk who marvel at the culinary ingenuity that could produce such a delight.

The shortest of cakes, lavishly filled and decorated with whipped cream, then decorated with succulent strawberries, makes this delicious teatime confection.

GATHER all ingredients and utensils around you on the table before you start making your strawberry shortcake.

Begin by sifting the self-raising flour and the salt, through a fine wire sieve, twice.

Next rub in the shortening thoroughly, add the sugar, and mix with the beaten egg and milk to a soft dough.

Now cut the dough into two even pieces and roll each into a round.

Put a circle of greaseproof paper between the rolls. Place in a well-greased sandwich tin and bake in a hot oven for half an hour.

While the cake is baking, whip your cream, sweeten with castor sugar, and flavor with vanilla.

Take shortcakes when ready from oven, separate, and allow to cool. Then take the cake you intend shall form the lower layer and spread with a thick layer of cream and one of strawberries. Sprinkle with castor sugar and top with the other cake.

Now spread the rest of the cream on top and finish by decorating all over with strawberries. Dust with castor sugar and your cake is ready to take pride of place on your teatable.

Some people like the strawberries slightly crushed and sweetened to taste.

Other fruits can be used in the same way. Peach or apricot shortcake is delicious. Sliced bananas sprinkled with sugar and lemon juice make a delightful change. Warm apple sauce sprinkled with cinnamon makes a novel cake, and, in season, raspberries can be used in place of strawberries.

Ingredients

8ozs. self-raising flour
½ teaspoonful salt
3 ozs. butter
2 ozs. castor sugar
1 small egg
¼ pint milk
¾ lb. strawberries
Cream, vanilla

YOU NEED ALL THESE MINERALS

• The human body is built mainly of the same elements nature gives the plant world to make plants grow. These elements are supplied by the foods we eat. They are:—

OXYGEN, Carbon, and Hydrogen.—Produce energy and heat and build tissue. Found in sugars, starches, grains, sweet fruits, and honey.

Nitrogen, Hydrogen, and Carbon.—Build tissue. Found in proteins—meat, milk, fish, peas, beans, egg-whites, cheese, lentils.

Iron.—The blood mineral, supplies energy and vitality. Nourishes tissues from bloodstream. Found in beet, spinach, tomatoes, lettuce, asparagus, raisins, dates, prunes, and raw egg-yolk.

Calcium.—For teeth and bones. Counteracts acidity, aids vitality. Found in asparagus, carrots, cabbage, onions, cauliflower.

Phosphorus.—For brain and bone. Nourishes nerves, aids growth of hair. Found in whole wheat, barley, peas, beans, milk, raw egg-yolk, nuts.

Iodine.—For glands and brain. Eliminates poisons, helps prevent goitre. Found in carrots, tomatoes, pineapple, pears, onions.

Sodium.—For glands, ligaments, and blood. Checks fermentation, aids digestion, purifies blood. Found in celery, asparagus, carrots, cucumbers, oatmeal, cheese, raw egg-yolk.

Manganese.—Tissue strengthener. Improves resistance. Found in mint, parsley, almonds, walnuts, raw egg-yolk, cress.

Potassium.—For tissues. Renders it elastic, stimulates liver, produces alkalinity. Found in cabbage, figs, prunes, peaches, almonds, cress, parsley.

Sulphur.—Purifies and tones the system, clears complexion. Found in carrots, asparagus, cabbage, onions, cauliflower.

Chlorine.—Cleans and purifies system, expels waste, destroys poisons. Found in radishes, cheese, milk, beet, coconut.

Silicon.—For nails, skin, teeth, and hair. Makes tissues lithe and supple. Found in spinach, asparagus, lettuce, tomatoes, cabbage, oats, barley, strawberries, figs.

Fluorine.—Preserves and knits bones, strengthens eyes, maintains tooth enamel. Found in cabbage, cauliflower, spinach, tomatoes, cheese, raw egg-yolk.

Magnesium.—Nature's laxative. Refreshes the system, relaxes and steadies nerves. Found in grapefruit, oranges, figs, whole wheat, raw egg-yolk, lemons, spinach, lettuce, asparagus, peaches, figs, almonds.

Know your VITAMINS
and where they are found

• Vitamins is the name given to vital substances found in all food and which are essential for the renewal and maintenance of the body. Keep this list for handy reference.

DIFFERENT vitamins are found in different foods, and are needed by the body for various reasons.

VITAMIN A

Prevents and relieves bone trouble, pellagra, anaemia and especially eye troubles. Fosters growth.

Found in apples, bananas, oranges, pineapple, beans, cabbage, cauliflower, carrots, lettuce, peas, potatoes, spinach, tomatoes, eggs, fish, milk, cheese, unhusked barley, whole wheat, whole rice, butter, cream, cod-liver oil and nuts.

VITAMIN B

Prevents and relieves nervous diseases, neuritis, paralysis, aids digestion and promotes well-being.

Found in apples, grapefruit, oranges, pears, pineapple, grapes, prunes, raisins, strawberries, asparagus, beans, beet, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, lettuce, onions, parsley, parsnips, peas, potatoes, pumpkin, radishes, spinach, tomatoes, egg-yolk, fish, milk, cheese, unhusked barley, whole wheat, whole rice, cream and nuts.

VITAMIN C

Prevents and relieves muscular disease, scurvy, loss of weight. Essential for growth. Favors bone and teeth development.

Found in apples, bananas, grapefruit, lemons, oranges, pineapple, strawberries, beans, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, lettuce, peas, potatoes, spinach, tomatoes, oysters, milk.

VITAMIN D

Prevents and relieves rickets, essential for bone and tooth development and necessary for growing children. Sunshine on the skin forms vitamin D within the body.

Found in cod-liver and halibut liver oil, butter, cream, egg-yolk.

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Steps to success in making . . .

Choice CAKES and PASTRY

[By FRANCES THOMPSON
famous Canadian home economist]

ALTHOUGH many experienced housewives will know the points which I stress in this article, don't forget that some of our readers are newly-weds. Besides it will do no harm to jog the memories of the others.

ACTUALLY all cake recipes are variations on two themes. In other words, they all fall into two classes, those made with butter or some other shortening, and those without any butter or shortening at all.

Measure Accurately: Whether you use the cup method or scales, be sure that the quantities are correct. No one can guess measurements and be sure of uniform success. On this page you will see the equivalent weights and measures for cups and tablespoons with ounces and pounds.

Always sift flour once before measuring.

Mixing: Step number one consists in blending the shortening and sugar. This is best done with a wooden spoon, and very thoroughly, so that the texture of the cake will not be grainy.

Next the eggs are added, and provided you know these are perfectly fresh they can be broken straight into the mixing bowl, thereby preventing the use of a second bowl. Sift the flour a second time with the salt, baking powder or any other dry ingredients. Never add the flour all at once, but add it alternately with the milk or any other liquid.

After each addition of flour, beat thoroughly and in one direction only, using a sweeping motion. When all ingredients have been added, beat very well again. Never stir a cake batter as a circular motion breaks up the air cells and the air you've beaten in so carefully is thereby lost.

When a cake is not beaten long enough you get a porous texture. On the other hand, too much beating makes a tough, close-grained texture. Use your common sense and average about 2 to 3 minutes for the total beating.

The method of mixing the other form of cakes—those without butter—simply consists of separating the yolks from the whites of eggs, adding the sugar to the yolks, then the dry ingredients, and lastly the stiffly beaten egg-whites are folded in.

Baking: Be sure you get the correct temperature. Most modern ranges now have an oven thermometer, but where an old-fashioned range is used, such as coal or wood, the experienced cook can use the hand test—the inexperienced should test the heat by the coloring of a piece of paper. Here's a warning to brides! Do not be continually looking in the oven. The oven door should not be opened until the cake has been in at least half its cooking time. Do not jar the oven while the cake is baking.

Test whether cooked

AGAIN, an experienced cook can tell by the feel of the cake when it's done, but the inexperienced can use a straw, or thin knitting needle, which should come out perfectly clean when inserted in the middle of the cake.

Speaking generally, the smaller the cake the hotter the oven. For example, scones and "cookies" need a much faster oven than a large cake. A cake will shrink slightly from the sides of the pan when done, but be sure to apply these tests for sufficient baking, even though the cake has been in the oven for the required length of time:

Cakes should be cooled on a wire cooler so that the air can circulate around them. If you turn them out on a board or any other solid surface, the moisture condenses and makes them sticky. Do not leave cakes in the air longer than is absolutely necessary. As soon as cool, keep them in a covered tin.

Here are a few questions on cake-making which we are most frequently asked. For your convenience let's list them in question and answer form:

Q.: How can you prevent fruit or nuts from sinking to the bottom of a cake?

A.: Save a little of the flour mixture and coat the fruit or nuts with it before adding to the batter. Do not have the cake mixture quite as soft as for a plain cake. Be sure to place in oven immediately after beating.

Q.: Sometimes eggs seem to curdle when added to the creamed butter and sugar. How can this be prevented?

A.: Add immediately a little flour to the egg mixture to keep it perfectly smooth.

Q.: Why does a cake run over the top of the pan?

A.: Because the pan has been overfilled. Never fill a cake pan more than two-thirds full and spread the batter well to the sides and corners of the pan, leaving a depression in the middle.

Q.: Why does a cake crack on top?

A.: Either because the oven was too hot or the cake batter too stiff. If the method described in the previous answer is adopted the cake should rise evenly and keep flat on top.

Q.: Why does a cake stick to the pan?

A.: For the ordinary type of cake made with some form of shortening I suggest the cake pan be both greased and floured. The quickest and most effective method is to blend two tablespoons of shortening with one tablespoon of flour and brush the cake pan thoroughly with this mixture. Sponge cakes should be placed in ungreased pans and after removal from the oven should be inverted and allowed to hang in the pan until cold.

PASTRY-MAKING

Many a time I have heard a young bride say that she can manage the joint, the vegetables, and the deserts, but when it comes to pastry making she's hopeless—and very often her pies prove her point.

Although there are many different kinds of pastry, they are all built on the same simple foundation of flour, shortening, water and salt. But they vary from the bride's first soggy pie to the experienced cook's melt-in-your-mouth puff paste.

There are two most important principles to be remembered in pastry making — "Keep the water out" and "get the air in."

In other words, too much water makes pastry tough and hard, and too much heavy handling with the rolling pin removes all the air that is so necessary for lightness. So remember: Use just sufficient water to hold the dry ingredients together and handle the paste quickly and very lightly. Air must be worked in so that the heat of the oven will expand the air cells and make a light air-filled crust.

Must be kept cool

ANOTHER important rule is that pastry must be kept cool. So have all the utensils and ingredients well chilled. If the shortening gets soft and oily it has the same effect as too much water and makes the pastry tough and rubbery. Use a steel-bladed knife for mixing in preference to a wooden spoon. Where possible use iced water for mixing.

Avoid the excessive use of flour on the board or rolling pin. It is possible to roll out pie paste without using any additional flour on the rolling pin if the latter is covered with the leg of a child's white cotton sock.

Speaking generally, there are two kinds of pastry—plain and puff. In the former type the shortening should be chopped in with a knife and then very lightly rubbed in with the extreme tips of the fingers until the mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs.

There are several variations of puff pastry, but in each case most of the shortening, instead of being cut into the dry ingredients, is rolled and folded in.

And now for a few "pointers" on the baking of pastry. The colder the pastry is when it goes into the oven, the lighter and flakier it will be. The oven should be very hot when the pastry first goes into it so that it starts to rise quickly. Then reduce the heat after the first ten minutes so that the filling may be thoroughly cooked.

The crust of covered pies should be well pricked to allow the steam to escape. The surface of open pies may be brushed over with the white of an egg, before putting in the filling, to prevent a soggy undercrust.

MY Dear Readers,

During my first visit to Australia last year I met, on my lecture tour, a great number of Australian women and made a special study of the conditions under which you do your cooking.

This year I am coming back, and hope, through The Australian Women's Weekly, to meet a great many more of you.

In Australia you have a wonderful variety of health-giving food, and it should not be difficult for you to enjoy the true happiness which only comes with health.

I'm busy preparing for you hosts of new ideas on the subject art of cookery. I'll divulge these on my forthcoming trip. Meanwhile I hope that the articles I have included in this cookery section will give you food for more than thought.

I'll be seeing you,

Frances Thompson

MISS FRANCES THOMPSON, director of the Canadian School of Home Science and famous authority on cooking, who will shortly visit Australia, sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly. Miss Thompson has helped compile this cookery supplement.

MEASUREMENTS TABLE

One cup flour equals 4 ounces.

One cup butter equals 8 ounces.

One cup castor sugar equals 6 ounces.

One cup granulated sugar equals 8 ounces.

One cup brown sugar equals 4 ounces.

One cup cornflour, ground rice, fine oatmeal equals 1/3rd pound.

Four level tablespoons flour equals 1 ounce.

By the term cup is meant a standard half-pint measuring cup.

NEW! this wonderful Copha CREAM-MAKER

to bring to YOUR home

LUXURY MEALS AT TRIFLING COST

HOUSEWIVES are wildly enthusiastic over this marvellous new machine! Imagine—right in your own home you can make the most tempting, rich Copha cream from Copha and milk . . . And so economically—a *whole pint* of rich, luscious Copha cream for a very few pence! Every home should have a Copha Cream-Maker. It's the cleverest and most essential household invention since the mincing machine!

MARVELLOUS OFFER TO THE READERS OF THE WOMEN'S WEEKLY

How to use the Copha Cream-Maker

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Folder of instructions and COPHA CREAM RECIPES and Magnificent Recipe Book—FREE!

5/- *THE LOT!*

This wonderful British-made invention couldn't possibly be sold in Australia in the ordinary way for this bargain price. But through this generous Copha offer you can get it for 5/—together with a Folder containing instructions for use and many delicious Copha Cream recipes, and the exciting new Copha Recipe Book. Only a *limited number of Copha Cream-Makers available.* So snap up this marvellous bargain to-day!

How to get your Copha Cream-Maker

Go along to the LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY, OR LINTAS GIFT DEPOT, CARRINGTON CHAMBERS, WATT STREET, NEWCASTLE, and for 5/- you will receive your Copha Cream-Maker, together with a wonderful new recipe book and instructional folder. If you cannot call or send someone for your Copha Cream-Maker, fill in the coupon below, enclose postal note for 5/4 (the extra 4d. for postage and packing) to: EDIBLE OIL INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD., BOX 2435 EE, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Please forward me a Copha Cream-Maker, together with the free recipe book and folder. I enclose a postal note for 5/4 (5/- for the machine and 4d. to cover cost of packing and freight).

Name _____
(IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Address _____

New!

COPHA RECIPE BOOK

A brand-new Copha Recipe Book—better than ever—given away with every Copha Cream-Maker! Chock-ful of the most delicious, mouth-watering recipes—the most *original* recipes you've ever met!

IMPORTANT ONLY COPHA MAKES THIS WONDERFUL SAVING POSSIBLE

To make ½ pint of rich, tempting Copha Cream you need only ¼ lb. Copha and ¼ pint of milk. Warm them together in a saucepan till the Copha is melted. Cool the mixture and beat with a fork to mix the Copha and milk well together. Now pour it into your machine and pump it through steadily with quick, firm strokes, raising the handle as high as possible. Copha Cream comes through beautifully thick and rich. It is so simple a child can make it!

The Copha Cream-Maker is made in England, of strong, long-wearing aluminium with bright metal fittings. All working parts are stainless. It is easy to work and clean. Get *your* Copha Cream-Maker right away!

GIVE YOUR KIDDIES PLENTY OF COPHA CREAM

What a treat for kiddies to have rich, nourishing Copha cream for meals every day. You'd never have any trouble getting them to eat their meals, then! Copha Cream is rich in nourishing oils and vitamins needful to growing children.

Make Thick or Thin COPHA CREAM with this wonderful New Machine

THICK To serve with baked apples, for cakes, to fill chocolate eclairs. (Make ½ pint of thick Copha cream with 4 ozs. Copha and ¼ pint of milk).

THIN To serve with strawberries, porridge and stewed fruit. (Make thin Copha cream with 2 ozs. of Copha and ¼ pint of milk).

A teaspoonful of thin Copha cream makes a plate of soup more nourishing and more delicious.

Rich, tasty Mayonnaise made from COPHA THICK CREAM

4 ozs. Copha, 1 teaspoonful Mustard, ½ cup Vinegar (3 ozs.), 3 tablespoonsful Condensed Milk, 2 Egg Yolks, 1 teaspoonful Salt. Mix mustard to thin paste with a little vinegar, add yolks, condensed milk, sugar, salt and remainder of vinegar, and mix well. Now add Copha (melted) and beat with a fork or whisk. Allow to cool to blood heat, then pump the mixture through the machine exactly as for Copha cream-making. Serve with cold salmon, lobster or potato salad.

NOTE! If unsweetened condensed milk is used, add a dessertspoonful of sugar.

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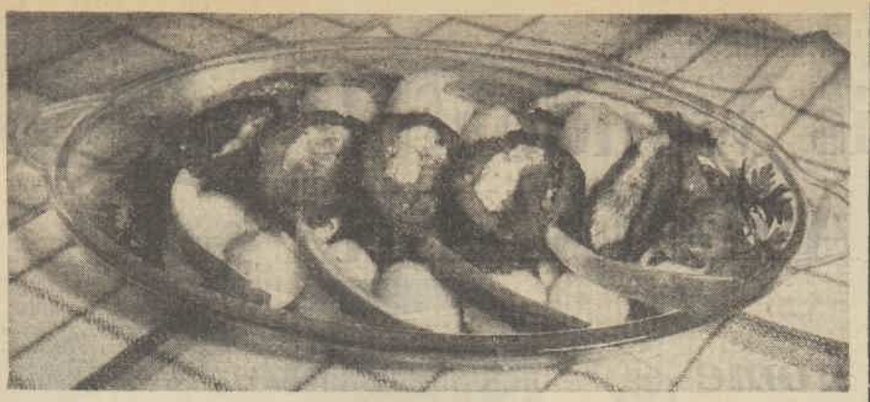
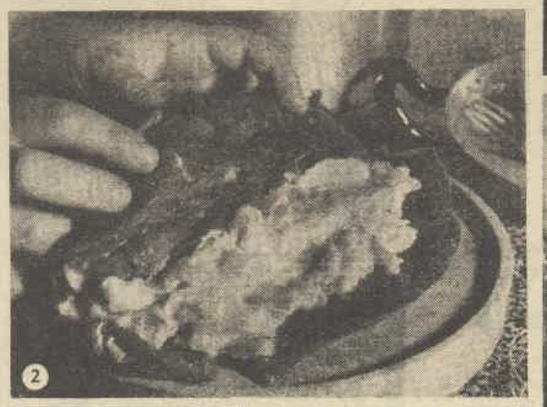


For the family of four

BEEF ROULARDE

Take About :

- 1¼lbs. of rump steak
- 1oz. dripping
- ¼lb. onions
- ¼lb. streaky bacon
- 3 eggs
- salt, red pepper
- water or beef stock



BEEF roularde, pictured at the top left of this page, is a delicious and novel dish. Served with fried or new potatoes and small gherkins, the family will love it and clamor for more. The recipe will provide four to five servings.

The smaller pictures show the various steps in making the beef roularde.

1. Beat and salt a large thin slice of rump steak. Cut the streaky bacon into small cubes and fry lightly in a frying pan, with a little fat. The dripping formed from the fatty bacon is drained off into a casserole. Over the bacon itself pour three beaten eggs, making a scrambled egg mixture. Add a little red pepper to taste.

2. Chop the onions up finely and drop into the casserole containing the dripping, leaving them to brown lightly. Meanwhile spread the now cooled scrambled eggs and bacon over the whole surface of the meat, roll it up tightly, and tie with a piece of string, preparatory to placing in the casserole.

3. The roll or roularde is then placed over the lightly-browned onions, and fried quickly all over. Then, after adding a little more red pepper and some water or beef stock, the roularde is left to simmer until soft. After removing the string from the roularde, cut the meat into slices about the thickness of a finger and arrange on serving dish with potato as shown at top of page. A garnish of sliced gherkins arranged over the potatoes and some bits of green parsley add an attractive finish to the dish.

Some Toasted SANDWICHES

HERE are some new recipes for the ever-popular toasted sandwiches which make such appetising luncheon and supper dishes.

GRILLED OPEN SANDWICH

Toast a slice of bread on one side. Spread the untoasted side with mayonnaise, cover with a thick slice of tomato, then with a thick slice of tasty cheese. Place two strips of partially-broiled bacon on the cheese and toast the sandwich until the cheese is melted. Serve immediately.

SAUTEED SANDWICH

One cup shredded cheese, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 8 thin slices bread.

Mix cheese, onion and Worcestershire sauce. Spread between slices of bread and saute on both sides in butter until golden brown. Serve hot, garnished with tomato and chopped pickle.

THE daily round of activities, whether in the home, or the office, takes a terrific toll in energy that cannot always be replaced by ordinary foods. For loss of weight or energy you can have no finer revitalizing food than Cornwell's Extract of Malt . . . rich in vitamins A and B. Cornwell's Extract of Malt, with Cod Liver Oil and pure Orange Juice, incorporates vitamins A, B, C and D, so essential for sound health and for building resistance against sickness.

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Children love the delicious rich, malty flavour of Cornwell's Extract of Malt, with Cod Liver Oil and Orange Juice. Obtainable at all Stores and Chemists.

GROWING CHILDREN SHOULD HAVE THIS GREAT BODY BUILDER

CORNWELL'S

Extract of

MALT

NATURE'S OWN TONIC FOOD FOR YOUNG AND OLD

ZING-O

THE NEW RADIO GAME

Play it at home. Young or old can join in the fun. Rich prizes for skill are awarded each game.

£50

MINIMUM PRIZES EACH WEEK

Charts are available from your chemist or local store, and will be published in the "Daily Telegraph" each Tuesday morning.

Commencing, Tuesday, August 8

Tuesdays 2GB 7.45 p.m.

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And now for a

STOCK OF PRESERVES...

GRANDMOTHER always kept a stock of preserves, and a very good habit it was. They're an excellent standby for sweets, and the work put in in their making is saved on later occasions.

PLUMS, fresh from orchard, for preserves. Wide-mouthed jars are a necessity in bottling preserved fruits.

BE sure to choose perfect specimens of fruit for preserving. They should be ripe and firm. Reject any which are overripe or blemished if you want real success.

Wide-mouthed jars should be used, and when filled should be airtight.

MELON PRESERVE

Four pounds melon, 11 cups water, 1 lemons, 9lb. sugar, ½lb. preserved ginger.

Cut melon into dice, add most of water. Cut lemons finely and add part of water to these. Let all stand overnight. Boil all together for 2 hours (gently). Add sugar and boil about 2 hours more, until it jells when tested. Add ginger cut small, ½ hour before it comes off fire.

Mrs. G. A. Webster, 264 Pakington St., Newtown, Geelong, Vic.

BOTTLED FRUIT SALAD

Sugar and water, cup for cup, firm apples (just ripe), firm bananas, passionfruit pulp, pineapple, papaws, if in season (or any other firm fruit available), orange and lemon juice.

Cut up fruit. (Bananas and apples should be covered immediately with lemon juice). Pack fruit into jars, shaking well down, and cover at once with syrup which has been made by boiling sugar and water, straining and cooling. Hot syrup should never be poured on fruit.

Place sacking on bottom of boiler. Stand jars in and wrap sacking around each one to prevent touching and breaking of bottles. Pour in cold water to cover bottles to necks. Bring water slowly to boil. Cook until all fruit is tender. Remove and add boiling syrup to fill bottles to brim. Cover at once. Roll each jar in paper and store in dry, cool cupboard.

Mrs. Dean, Vaux St., Cowra, N.S.W.

PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES

Six pounds of best strawberries, 6lb. sugar.

Hull strawberries. Put in large earthenware basin. Cover with half the sugar. Allow to stand until next day, when a good syrup will have formed. Put syrup and remainder of sugar in preserving pan and let it boil until clear, from ½ to ¾ hour. Do not stir. The strong syrup will keep strawberries from falling to the bottom of pan.

Miss Alma A. Laubsch, Franklin St., Kapunda, S.A.

BRANDIED FRUIT

Peaches, pears and apricots are usually selected for this form of preserve. Yellow peaches are the best for brandying.

To one pound of fruit allow one pound of sugar and half a teacup full of the best white brandy.

Put sugar into a preserving pan with just enough water to dissolve it. When it boils put in fruit. As soon as this is tender, take it out with a perforated slice, and put it carefully into glass jars. The fruit should be quite firm, so great care must be taken that it does not cook too rapidly or too long. Strain syrup and return it to the fire to thicken. When it is quite thick put in brandy, stir and remove from the fire, and pour it, while still hot, over the fruit. Fill jars to overflowing, and screw on lids at once.

Mrs. R. Jess, 61 Crown Rd., Queenscliff, Manly, N.S.W.

PRESERVED PINEAPPLE

To every 1lb. pineapple, weighed after peeling, allow 1lb. sugar and ½ pint water.

Stir sugar and water until it boils, and sugar is entirely dissolved. When it begins to boil up in the pan, pour in ½ cup of cold water. When it boils up the second time, take it off fire. Let it stand 10 minutes, then skim it well, return to fire, boil again for about ½ hour. Then put in slices of pineapple (there should be enough syrup to cover them) and boil for another half-hour. Take pineapple out carefully. Put them into wide-mouthed glass jars. Let the syrup cool and pour it over them.

Almost any kind of fruit may be preserved in the same way.

The fruit must be perfectly fresh and sound, and the jars must be absolutely airtight.

Mrs. J. A. Blake, 29 Bonanza St., Sth. Broken Hill, N.S.W.

CRYSTALLISED FIGS

Choose firm, not overripe, figs. For every 4lb figs, make a syrup of 1lb. sugar and 1 pint of water. When boiling, put in figs and simmer until transparent, about 1 hour. Lift out figs, spread on clean dishes or plates, and pour some syrup around them. Place in sun to dry, turning each day. In three days remove to clean dishes, and dry for three days more. Then roll in castor sugar and dry one more day. Pack in airtight jars. For sugar figs remove the skins and crystallise the same way.

Margaret M. Read, Box 17, Brite, S.A.

TO PRESERVE CITRON PEEL

Grate off the outer shiny part with a coarse grater. Cut citron in quarters. Remove pulp and put skins in a china or enamel vessel. Cover with cold water in which put a good handful of salt. Leave for two days. Put peel in fresh water for another two days. Then boil in a large saucepan of water until tender enough for the head of a pin to pierce easily. Drain peel. Take a pint of water to a pound of sugar and make a syrup by boiling ½ hour and skimming. Place peels in the syrup. Boil until nearly all syrup has gone. Take out peels and sprinkle well with fine sugar. Put in a dish and dry in a cool oven two or three days in succession.

Mrs. J. C. Page, 1 Frew St., Fullarton, S.A.

30 to 40 are difficult years

Many a man or woman who has enjoyed a vigorous, healthy youth seems to go "all to pieces" in the thirties. There may be a variety of reasons for it . . . responsibilities . . . unusual worries . . . anaemia . . . but there is ONE sure remedy. WINCARNIS . . . the no-waiting tonic. Unlike pain killing drugs which lower the whole system, Wincarnis is rich in natural, nourishing foods . . . which are more beneficial for being blended in a full bodied wine. Yet Wincarnis is quick! You actually feel better after the first glass . . . and before a bottle is used up you are well on the path back to vigorous health. That's the great advantage of Wincarnis . . . a long course is unnecessary. It's the no-waiting tonic!

Read this:—"My nerves were all to pieces. I was worried, couldn't sleep. Nothing did me any good until I tried Wincarnis. After the first glass I knew I was going to get well again. My confidence and spirits came back like magic, and in a short time I got healthy and cheerful again." These words are typical of thousands of letters received by Wincarnis.

Thirty or forty . . . there's no need to feel old because one's actual youth has passed. WINCARNIS will make you fit and happy again. From all Chemists.

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

Lovely Glassware Free FOR SIREN SOAP CROSSES

***GLASS MIXING BOWLS**
Set of 4. Handy sizes, delightful shade of green.
128 Blue Crosses
Send 1/3 to cover freight and packing (for set of 4).

*** WATER SET JUG AND 6 GOBLETS**
Made by Crown Crystal Glass; etched with attractive design.
96 Blue Crosses
Send 2/2 to cover freight and packing.

THESE LOVELY GIFTS ARE TYPICAL SIREN VALUES!

*** GLASS WATER JUG ONLY**
Good quality, well-shaped and etched with attractive design.
48 Blue Crosses
Send 1/4 to cover freight and packing.

***GLASS GOBLETS ONLY**
Set of 3. Useful size, gracefully shaped, attractively etched to match Water Jug.
24 Blue Crosses
Send 1/6 to cover freight and packing (for 3 or 6 goblets).

HOW TO GET YOUR GIFT

Take your crosses to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 York Street (Town Hall end), SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in particulars, enclose with crosses and stamps to cover freight and packing (on gifts marked *) and address to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, Box 4207 Y G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Save the crosses

MANY MORE GIFTS WAITING FOR YOU AT THE GIFT DEPOT—WRITE FOR LIST

DO NOT SEND A LETTER, BUT USE PRINTED FORM

Name _____ (IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Address _____

Enclosed _____ Crosses

State which gift you prefer _____

Freight and packing _____

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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NEW FREE GIFT OFFER

by VITA·BRITS

the morning noon & night cereal

Every day more and more women are using Vita-Brits for delicious dishes for morning, noon and night. In appreciation of this wonderful popularity, Vita-Brits now offer an amazing range of over 300 high-quality free gifts. As the examples shown below indicate, every one of these 300 gifts is thoroughly useful and of high quality. From now on big packets (24 oz.) of Vita-Brits will carry a large GIFT SEAL printed on the end flap of the package. Small packets (12oz.) will carry a small seal. In exchange value for gifts three small seals will equal one large seal.

Use Vita-Brits — delicious golden toasted "biscuits" of whole wheat flakes — for quick and healthy breakfasts or for any of the "morning, noon and night" recipes that Vita-Brits advertise regularly in this paper.

COLLECT AND CHOOSE GIFTS AT THESE MODERN SHOWROOMS:

In every State Vita-Brits have opened big Showrooms where every gift is clearly displayed and marked with its gift seal exchange value. At these Showrooms you can exchange your gift seals for immediate delivery of the gift you desire. The convenient addresses are:

SYDNEY: Vita-Brits Gift Showrooms, 263 Castlereagh St. (Opposite Mark Foys).

*

MELBOURNE: Cereal Gift Depot, 123 Swanston St., Melbourne (In Basement of Robur Tearooms).

PERTH: Cereal Gift Depot, 361 Murray St., Perth.

*

HOBART: Cereal Gift Depot, 1 Clebourne House, Murray St., Hobart.

*

LAUNCESTON: Cereal Gift Depot, 58 George St., Launceston.

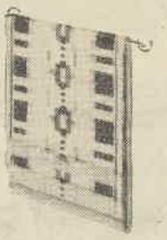
THIS IS THE GIFT SEAL. Shown below is the Gift Seal which you will find on the end flap of each Vita-Brit Packet.

300 FREE GIFTS INCLUDE SUCH USEFUL ARTICLES AS:—

Coloured Towel, save 20 large seals or 60 small; postage 6d. . . . Lemon Squeezer, save 4 large seals or 12 small; postage 6d. . . . Aluminium Flour Sifter, save 36 large seals or 108 small; postage 1/-. . . . Serrated Edge Bread Knife, save 18 large seals or 54 small; postage 3d. . . . "Grosvenor" Gravy Boat, save 40 large seals or 120 small; postage 1/-. . . . "Grosvenor" Fruit Bowl, save 48 large seals or 144 small; postage 1/-. . . . "Grosvenor" Fruit Nappies, save 8 large seals or 24 small; postage 3d. . . . "Grosvenor" Sandwich Tray, save 36 large seals or 108 small; postage 1/-. . . . "Grosvenor" Cup and Saucer, save 12 large seals or 36 small; postage 3d. . . . "Grosvenor" Bread and Butter Plate, save 8 large seals or 24 small; postage 4d. . . . "Grosvenor" Dessert Plate, save 10 large seals or 30 small; postage 4d. . . . "Grosvenor" Dinner Plate, save 12 large seals or 36 small; postage 4d. . . . "Grosvenor" Soup Coupe, save 10 large seals or 30 small; postage 3d. . . . "Grosvenor" Large Jug, save 48 large seals or 144 small; postage 1/6. . . . "Grosvenor" Meat Dish, save 36 large seals or 108 small; postage 1/6. . . . "Grosvenor" Teapot, save 54 large seals or 162 small; postage 1/3. . . . Scissors, save 20 large seals or 60 small; postage 4d. . . . Hemstitched Pillowslip, save 16 large seals or 48 small; postage 3d. . . . Plain Pillowslip, save 14 large seals or 42 small; postage 3d. . . . Oval coloured Pyrex Casserole, save 100 large seals or 300 small; postage 2/-. . . . Round coloured Pyrex Casserole, save 100 large seals or 300 small; postage 1/6. . . . Oblong coloured Pyrex Utility Dish, save 60 large seals or 180 small; postage 1/6. . . . Salad Bowl, save 140 large seals or 420 small; postage 1/6. . . . Crystal Vase, save 36 large seals or 108 small; postage 1/6. . . . Damask Tablecloth, save 60 large seals or 180 small; postage 9d. If unable to call personally to collect your gift, please send seals with postage shown to the above State address.

BATH TOWEL
Heavy quality Bath Towel, quick drying, coloured borders. Save 12 large seals or 36 small; postage 6d.

TEA TOWEL
All Irish Linen Tea Towel, 22½ in. x 34 in. Long wearing. Save 10 large seals or 30 small; postage 3d.



KETTLE
2 pint aluminium Kettle with heat-proof grip handle. Save 48 large seals or 144 small; postage 1/6.

HAIR BROOM HEAD
Extra strong quality, sturdy bristles. Save 48 large seals or 144 small, postage 1/-.

CASSEROLE
Modern pastel coloured "AGEE" Pyrex Oval Casserole, 2½ pint. Save 100 large seals or 300 small; postage 2/-.

STAINLESS TABLE KNIFE
Round grained xylonite handles and stainless mirror finished blade. Save 15 large seals or 45 small; postage 3d.

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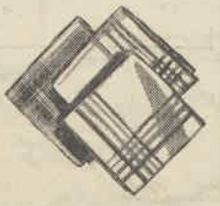
17½ in. square—For three, save 24 large seals or 72 small; postage 4d.



LINEN TABLECLOTH
Pure Irish Linen Table Cloth 52 in. x 52 in., smartly patterned, heavy quality. Save 60 large seals or 180 small; postage 9d.

WATER JUG
Diamond pattern crystal Water Jug, 2 pint capacity. Save 30 large seals or 90 small; postage 1/6.

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FRUIT . . . *in soups, salads, drinks, and* SWEETS

THOSE who want to be both slim and healthy cannot do better than include plenty of fruit in their diet.

Although most fruits are comparatively low in calorie value they are rich in vitamins, and most people who eat a generous quantity of them have clear skins and good complexions.

A BOWL of fruit makes an artistic finish to a dinner table, and should be served with small plates and fruit knives after the dessert.

SLICES of orange are a gay garnish for fruit drinks — and as for the strawberries — who doesn't like fresh strawberries and whipped cream?

EAT fruit at every meal —and between them if you like. Australia is particularly rich in varieties, and here are some novel suggestions for using them.

GINGER ALE FRUIT SALAD

One cup pineapple, 2 tablespoons gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 1 cup diced pears, ½ cup chopped maraschino cherries, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup ginger ale.

Bring pineapple to boil, and dissolve in it soaked gelatine. Add pears, cherries, lemon juice, and sugar. Cool. Add ginger ale. Place in mould and chill.

ORANGE AND GRAPEFRUIT SOUP

One cup orange juice, 1 cup grapefruit juice, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, ½ cup cold water.

Add sugar to strained fruit juices. Bring to boil to dissolve sugar. Add lemon juice. Mix arrowroot to smooth paste with the cold water and add to fruit mixture. Cook for a few minutes until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Chill and serve ice-cold in individual glasses. Decorate with finely-grated orange rind.

MARSHMALLOW SALAD RING

Two tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water or pineapple juice, 2 cups boiling water, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup vinegar, juice of 1 lemon, ½ teaspoon salt.

Soak gelatine in cold water or pineapple juice five minutes. Then dissolve in boiling water. Add remaining ingredients and cool. When jelly begins to thicken, add the following ingredients:

One and a half cups pineapple, cut in small pieces, 2 cups marshmallows, cut in small pieces, ½ cup chopped nuts, 1 cup mayonnaise, mixed with ½ package cream cheese.

Pour into ring mould, and chill until firm. Unmould on bed of lettuce, and garnish with stuffed olives and strips of pimento.

BERRY COCKTAIL

Two cups raspberries or other seasonable berries, juice of 1 lime or juice of half a lemon, 2 tablespoons sugar, mint leaves.

Pour the lime or lemon juice over the raspberries. Place fruit in individual glasses and chill thoroughly. Chop a few mint leaves finely and mix them with the sugar. Sprinkle this mixture over the fruit just before serving.

SUNDAY NIGHT DESSERT

Juice of 1 orange, 1lb. stoned dates (chopped), 2 bananas (sliced), 1 packet jelly crystals (strawberry), 1½ cups boiling water, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup nuts (chopped).

Add orange juice to dates and let stand for 30 minutes. Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water. Add sugar and salt, and pour on to the dates. Add vanilla and jelly. When partly chilled, add nuts, pour into moulds. Leave to set. Unmould, cut in slices, and garnish with whipped cream.

FRUIT JUICE SALAD-DRESSING

Quarter-cup orange juice, ½ cup pineapple juice, ¼ cup lemon juice, 2 eggs, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup cream.

Put fruit juices in top of a double boiler and heat. Beat eggs with sugar until a thin custard-like consistency is formed. Stand the top of double boiler in cold water, and gradually beat the egg mixture into fruit juices. When quite cool, fold in cream which has been whipped stiff. Chill thoroughly before using.

FRUIT PUNCH

One cup strong tea, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup orange juice, 1-3 cup lemon juice, 4 cups ginger ale, ½ orange, sliced thin.

Pour hot tea on sugar. Add fruit juices. Strain and chill. Just before pouring over ice in punch-bowl, add ginger ale and sliced orange.

FRESHEN YOUR FACE IN A FLASH!

Complete Facial From Your Purse Without Cream

Use to completely remove stale make-up at HOME OFFICE PARTIES THEATRE or ANYWHERE

Instantly Remove Stale Make-up Anytime . . . Anywhere!

Important date—your make-up stale and streaked . . . your face tired. What to do? No time for a beauty shop facial—naturally no cream with you—your charm in a desperate fix. But whip a QUICKIES Cleansing Pad out of your purse—and have a rousing, refreshing facial—cleansing and all in a minute or less!

QUICKIES are downy-soft circles of special cloth that come to you all ready saturated with a marvelous cleansing and refreshing lotion! One QUICKIES instantly wipes away powder and rouge . . . cleanses your skin *without drying it* . . . freshens your skin . . . smooths it and gives a base *that powder will really stick to.* Carry QUICKIES . . . for a quick facial anytime, anywhere!

Humidor Refill Jar of 100 . . 3/9
Air Tight Purse Vanity of 15 . 1/3

QUICKIES
Anti-Drying CLEANSING PADS

Wherever there's a *Cleaning* job . . .
REACH FOR OLD DUTCH

OLD DUTCH does all your house cleaning jobs quickly, easily and safely, saves your time and frees you from unnecessary hard work.

As modern as today

Smooth surfaces like porcelain and glass must be cleaned **safely.** Old Dutch is **safe** and slick — it chases dirt and polishes the surface in one operation. Old Dutch is kind to hands.

Made with SEISMOTITE

Old Dutch completely supersedes gritty, sandy cleaners. It is the **only** cleanser you need — it does **every job** in the home and saves money because **it goes further!**

Doesn't scratch!

SAVE TIME AND STEPS — BUY 3 TINS TO-DAY!

To protect porcelain and enamel, keep Old Dutch in the BATHROOM.

A tin in the garage keeps the car's metal and glass brilliantly sparkling.

Keep Old Dutch by the sink to cleanse in a jiffy pots, pans, aluminium, floors and all kitchen furniture.

REGULAR VINER & HALL SILVERWARE OFFER IS AVAILABLE TO 30th JUNE, 1940.

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TO CUDAHY & CO. PTY. LTD., ELGER ST., GLEBE, N.S.W.

I enclose _____ Old Dutch Windmill panels and P.N. for _____

Please send me _____ Wall Holders, colours _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

D77-30 WW

Send for these Colourful Holders

These holders for the Old Dutch tin are in polished plaster and shades of Blue, Ivory and Green. With the clean, bright tin in them they add a decorative colour note to any room. Send only one Old Dutch Windmill and 6d. for each Holder.

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thanks to
ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

which afford easy teething and restful nights, with best protection and comfort for Babies.

These Infants' powders are wonderful for relieving fevers and fretfulness, correcting stomach troubles, and promoting regular easy motions during the teething period.

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

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PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD.
P.O. Box 34, North Sydney, N.S.W.

ETIQUETTE

A GOOD HOSTESS ensures that everything necessary for the dishes on the menu is in the larder and checks silver, glass, china, and table linen several days beforehand.

How to make a success of a DINNER PARTY

There's an art in arranging a dinner party —but it's an art that can be cultivated.

Here is the advice of Mrs. Massey Lyon, noted British authority on social procedure. Her book, "Etiquette," is being published by The Australian Women's Weekly in serial form.

By MRS. MASSEY LYON
Published by Special Arrangement.

IN these days of less formal entertaining anyone who is attractive and interesting can entertain successfully in the smallest of houses with the most limited household staff or even with no staff at all.

But even if she has servants the hostess must be able to attend to every detail.

An important factor for success is to keep well within the limits of achievement.

A dinner party is the last occasion on which a cook, or the hostess-cook, should try out more "tricky" dishes than she is accustomed to. Menus should be planned within the capabilities of those who have to carry them out.

Nothing is more destructive of enjoyment than the worried hostess, preoccupied with what is happening in the kitchen, and how the next course will turn out.

The wise hostess, therefore, plans her menu several days beforehand, goes through silver, glass, china and table linen to make sure all is in readiness, and ensures that everything necessary for the dishes on the menu is in the larder.

Table covering is a matter of choice. It can be a large cloth of damask or individual mats on a polished table.

If the latter, make sure there is no blemish on the surface of the table. Table napkins can be large or small, but must be plainly folded.

Decorations for table

TABLE decorations offer a variety of flower arrangements—a central bowl, tiny individual vases, a special decoration of glass or china figures. Even bowls of fish are sometimes used.

But the table decorations should not be so elaborate as to crowd the guests' plates on to the edge of the table.

If decorations are tall they should be spaced so that the guests can see each other across the table.

Place cards, sometimes in special holders, and enough menus for the guests to be able to see what dishes they are to expect, are used for large dinner parties, but neither is necessary for a small, intimate party.

Gaily decorated menus frequently express the individuality of the host or hostess.

But whether decorated or a perfectly plain card, the menu for a private dinner party should be handwritten.

Printed menus are used for large official or semi-official dinners.

The private dinner menu states the succession of courses only by their names. Vegetables are not mentioned unless one, such as asparagus, forms a separate course. Neither are sauces, dessert, coffee or wines.

Menus with date, place, and full details of each course belong to hotels and public dinners.

Order of cutlery

CUTLERY is set out in the order in which the courses will be served, beginning with the soup spoon on the outside and spoon and fork for sweets on the inner side.

If a savory is served the small knife and fork are placed on the table only when it is served.

No small plate is provided for bread, which is placed on the cloth beside the forks, so that no small knife need be given.

Glasses—the number and sizes according to the wines to be served—are grouped at the right.

Sherry is served with the soup, and usually light white wine, if there is no champagne, accompanies the rest of the dinner, with perhaps port with the dessert.

The hostess should ensure that tumblers are near at hand in case any guest prefers to drink water.

By the time dessert is served the table should be bare except for the flowers—menu and place cards, cruets, etc., having been removed. The dessert plates, knives and forks, and finger bowls are then placed on the table.

The number of courses, even at the most formal dinners, is less formidable than it used to be.

The big dinner of to-day starts with melon, oysters or grapefruit. Then come soup, fish; one entree; roast meat, game or chicken, served with a salad; sweet or ice; and a savory followed by dessert.

For a small dinner party the entree and savory can be omitted.

The first course can be placed in readiness on the table before dinner is announced.

Where carving is necessary it can be done at a side table or in the kitchen beforehand.

When serving each course the first person to be served is the woman guest at the host's right, and from her the guests are served straight round the table, until the host himself is served. Otherwise, it is not necessary to serve "ladies first" on such occasions.

NEXT WEEK: Reception of guests at a dinner party, and placing at table.

CUTLERY is set out in the order in which the courses will be served, beginning with the soup spoon at the outside and spoon and fork for sweets on the inner side.

A PRIVATE DINNER menu states the succession of courses only by their names. Menus with date, place, and full details of each course belong to hotels and public dinners.

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There's the spice of variety in these

WAYS of SERVING MEAT

ALTHOUGH meat is served at least once a day in most households and twice or three times in many, there is no excuse for monotony in the meat course. The varied cuts of beef, veal, mutton, and pork offer plenty of scope for the competent housewife.

RIGHT: Casserole of mutton in preparation. (See recipe). A layer of potatoes covers this dish made from leg chops.

WHEN cooking meat the chief object in view is to preserve the red juices and make it tender. This is done by subjecting the meat to great heat at first, which seals the outside and preserves the juices and flavors. Afterwards proceed with the slower cooking according to the kind of meat.

Two kinds of heat are used—dry heat as in roasting, baking and grilling; moist heat as in stewing, boiling, frying and steaming.

Dry heat is suitable only for choice cuts; moist heat renders coarser cuts juicy and tender.

Cooking methods

TO **Roast or Bake:** Suitable beef joints are sirloin, wing rib, ribs rolled, topside and chuck steak (seasoned and rolled).

Mutton or lamb joints are leg, shoulder, saddle and loin.

Wipe joint with damp cloth. Remove wooden skewers and replace with steel. Tie joint into neat shape. Have hot oven ready. Make roasting fat very hot in baking dish. Place meat on a trivet. Baste well. Cook quickly for ten minutes to sear and seal outside, then reduce heat and cook slowly.

Grilling: For small and tender cuts only. Suitable beef cuts are rump, fillet, topside and porterhouse steak. Mutton cuts are short loin chops and cutlets. Sausages may also be grilled.

Have a clear bright fire or red-hot griller ready. Wipe meat. Thick and lean meat should be brushed with melted butter or olive oil. Grease bars of gridiron. Use great heat for two minutes on each side; then reduce heat. Turn with knife or spoon, never fork or skewer. Season with salt and pepper when cooked.

Stewing is cooking slowly in small quantity of liquid, and is the most economical method, as the cheapest cuts may be used.

Stews should be simmered, and may also be cooked in fireproof casserole dishes.

Suitable meats for brown stews (haricot) are (beef) skirt steak, bladebone steak, ox tail, ox kidney, neck, and sweetbreads; (mutton), neck chops, leg chops, shoulder chops, kidneys.

Suitable meats for white stews (fricassee) are tripe, brains and veal.

Boiling is suitable for leg, neck and corned breast of mutton and all salt meats. Fresh meat should be placed in rapidly boiling water, without salt, and boiled quickly for 5 or 10 minutes, then simmered.

Salt meats need long and gentle cooking, and should be washed beforehand to remove some of the salt. Large pieces of bacon should be soaked for several hours.

Place in tepid water and bring slowly to the boil. When cooked, cool in the same water.

Frying: Dry frying, with about two tablespoons of fat, is used for liver, pork chops and bacon.

Wet frying, using a frying saucepan, a basket and 3 or 4 lb. of fat, is used for rissoles, fritters, brains and croquettes.

In both methods the fat should be fuming-hot before placing in meat.

Time-table

THE following time-table is a guide to baking and boiling. Remember, however, that the shape and thickness of the joint must be considered. A long thin joint, weighing the same as a short thicker one, would not take so long to cook.

Beef, Mutton and Lamb: 15 minutes to the pound and 15 minutes over.

Beef or Mutton, with bone removed: 20 minutes to pound and 20 minutes over.

Veal: 20 minutes to pound and 20 minutes over.

Pork: 40 minutes to pound (should be very well cooked).

Ham (after soaking in cold water for several hours): 25 minutes to pound and 25 minutes over.

Corned Beef: 20 minutes to pound and 20 minutes over.

Pickled Pork: 40 minutes to pound.

Ox Tongue (after soaking in cold water): 2½ to 3½ hours.

STUFFED SAVORY MARROW — try it as a way of using up left-over cooked beef.

THE HOMELY SAUSAGE is not so homely served this way—covered with breadcrumbs and served on a mound of potatoes with a garnish of carrots and parsley.

CASSEROLE OF MUTTON

Four leg chops, 2 tomatoes, 2 bacon rashers, 1 small onion, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 medium-sized potatoes, 1 small cup stock or water.

Trim chops and cut each into 4 pieces. Thinly slice onion. Cut bacon into small pieces. Mix flour, salt and pepper together. Peel and thinly slice potatoes. Place in a casserole in alternate layers, sprinkle with the seasoned flour. Place sliced potatoes on top. Add stock. Place in moderate oven and simmer gently 1½-2 hours. Remove fat from gravy. Serve in the casserole.

STUFFED SAVORY MARROW

One small marrow, ½lb. chopped cooked beef, beaten egg to coat, 4oz. browned breadcrumbs, deep fat for frying, pinch of sweet herbs, tablespoon chopped parsley, squeeze of lemon juice, salt and pepper, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, ½ pint stock or milk.

Melt the butter in a saucepan and stir in the flour. Cook for a few minutes. Season and add the stock or milk, and simmer until the mixture thickens. Into the sauce mix chopped beef, more seasoning, lemon juice and herbs. Meanwhile, peel and core the marrow, cutting off one end in order to scoop out the pith and seeds. Cook in boiling salted water till fairly tender, then remove, drain and dry outside surface. Rub a little seasoned flour over the outside of the marrow, fill the inside with the beef stuffing, brush over with beaten egg, coat with breadcrumbs and fry until golden brown. Serve with creamy whorls of mashed potato, topped with chopped parsley.

CRUMBED SAUSAGES AND CARROTS

One pound sausages, 4 medium-sized potatoes, 1 bunch carrots, 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper to season, 1 egg, 6 tablespoons fine white breadcrumbs.

Boil sausages for 10 minutes. Remove skins. Dip in flour, pepper, and salt. Cover with beaten egg and toss in breadcrumbs until completely covered. Firm on the crumbs and fry in a large quantity of fuming hot fat until a golden brown. Drain on white paper and keep hot.

Scrape and cut carrots into even-sized cork-shaped pieces and boil until tender. Cook and mash potatoes.

Place mashed potatoes in a mound in middle of hot meat dish. Place sausages on top. Arrange carrots around and garnish with sprigs of fresh parsley.

KIDNEYS AND MACARONI

Half-dozen sheep kidneys or ½ ox kidney, 1oz. flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon mustard, 3 gills stock, 2oz. macaroni, some finely chopped parsley, small onion, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Wash macaroni. Cook in boiling salted water 20 minutes. Wash and skin kidneys. Remove core and soak about ½ hour in warm salt and water to cleanse. Dry well. Cut them into thin slices. Fry onion in butter, add kidney and dry ingredients. Brown well. Add stock. Stir until it boils. Simmer gently about 45 minutes. Place in the middle of hot meat dish. Garnish with mounds of cooked macaroni. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve very hot.

DRY CURRY

One pound round steak, 1 tablespoon butter or dripping, 1 apple, 2 sticks rhubarb, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 tomato, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon sultanas, 1 banana, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon curry powder.

Garnish: ½lb. boiled rice, yolk 1 hard-boiled egg, lemon and parsley to garnish.

Mince or cut steak into small pieces. Fry meat in butter or dripping until well browned. Remove meat. Fry onion and apple, finely chopped. Add banana, tomato and rhubarb, cut into small pieces, then dry ingredients. Add a breakfastcup of stock or milk. Stir well. Add meat. Simmer 1 hour, stirring frequently.

Serve on a hot dish with border of boiled rice and slices of lemon. Sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley and grated yolk of hard-boiled egg.

SHARP STEAK

Two pounds rump steak, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, grated nutmeg and salt, ½ teaspoon cayenne, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon each of vinegar, Worcestershire sauce and tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon capers, 3 gherkins, ½ pint water.

Trim steak. Rub well into it nutmeg, sugar, salt and cayenne. Add flour. Put into deep casserole dish. Add to it the water, vinegar and sauces. Put into rather hot oven for 5 minutes; reduce heat, and simmer ½ hour. Remove fat from gravy and garnish steak with capers and shreds of gherkin. Serve in the casserole.

VEAL AND HAM PIE

One pound fillet veal, 4oz. ham, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1½ gills stock or water, 1 dessertspoon flour, salt and pepper to taste, grated rind ½ lemon, ½lb. flaky or puff pastry.

Cut veal into thin slices 1½ inches square. Dip in flour, pepper and salt. Slice eggs thinly and cut ham into neat pieces. Arrange in a piedish in alternate layers—veal, ham and eggs, sprinkling over each chopped parsley. Add stock. Cover with puff pastry. Ornament top with a rose and leaves of pastry. Glaze with yolk of egg and milk. Bake in hot oven, 500 degrees F., for 20 minutes, then lessen the heat and cook 1 hour longer. Serve hot or cold.

MIXED GRILL

One loin chop, a sheep's kidney, 1 rasher of bacon, 1 sausage, small piece rump or fillet steak, tomato, 1oz. butter, salt and cayenne, parsley to garnish.

Trim chop, but do not remove fat. Soak kidney in warm salted water for ½ hour. Cut bacon in halves and make two loose rolls. Thread on skewer. Cut tomato in halves.

Wipe kidney and cut in halves lengthwise. Thread on skewer. Trim steak.

Arrange all on a hot grill dish. Place under a hot griller or over bed of red coals. Turn frequently, using a knife and large spoon. As each is cooked remove from griller and keep hot until all are done. Serve immediately with a little butter, pepper and salt on each.

ONION HAMBURGER

Six white onions, salt, cayenne, 2 tablespoons butter, 1lb. lean minced steak, ½ cup breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, 2 tablespoons suet, slices of bacon.

Cut onions into thick slices. Lay in flat fireproof dish. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne and dot with butter. Bake until soft in moderate oven. Mix steak, breadcrumbs, parsley, salt, cayenne, and suet. Shape into cakes. Wrap each in slice of bacon. Fasten with wooden cocktail picks. Place them on the onion slices and fry slowly, turning once, in small quantity of fat. Drain. Serve hot with gravy.

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A New Slant on Sandwiches!

1 cup Kraft Old English, shredded
2 eggs, 2 tomatoes
Dab of butter, salt, pepper
8 slices buttered toast

Slice tomatoes and fry in butter. Beat eggs and pour into frying tomatoes. Stir very quickly. Add cheese and seasonings. Mix together and pile on four rounds of buttered toast. Set a slice of toast on top of each and serve immediately while piping hot. Enough for four sandwiches.

Here's a tasty new Kraft sandwich that keen cold-weather appetites will welcome whenever you serve it. A sizzling hot toasted sandwich that looks exciting enough for special luncheons . . . yet easy enough to fix for the most casual Sunday night supper. And remember, every time you have Kraft on the menu, it adds all these important food elements to the meal—tissue-building proteins, energy units, vitamin A, calcium and phosphorus, the milk minerals which build strong bones, sound teeth. It takes a gallon of milk to make a pound of Kraft.

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THE STRAWBERRY CHARLOTTE is made from a prizewinning entry in our recent Recipe Contest. The recipe is published again on this page, together with recipes for the orange marshmallow and chiffon pie.

SURPRISES *from the* ICE-BOX

PERHAPS you are going to play bridge all the afternoon? But you're not one of those tin-opener wives. Oh, no! Tucked away in the ice-box is something extra special in the way of dessert, because, being a good organiser, you thought about dinner this morning.

DESSERT is the time for surprises. "What's mother going to produce to-night?" wonders your well-looked-after family.

When you try some of the cold sweets given here they'll marvel even more at your ingenuity.

The recipe for Strawberry Charlotte (illustrated), won £100 prize in our recent recipe competition. Here it is:

STRAWBERRY CHARLOTTE

Make a "greengage" jelly and pour into a wet mould. When nearly set, place strawberries round the edge, 8 pieces of angelica (in star shape) in the centre. Allow to set.

Take 1 box of strawberries and squash with a fork, adding ½ cup of sugar and mixing well.

Melt ½oz. leaf of gelatine in one gill of water over the fire, and add to the strawberry mixture, then stir in ½ pint of whipped cream.

Line the sides of the mould (on top of the yellow jelly) with sponge fingers, and fill the centre with the strawberry mixture.

Allow to set, turn on to a glass dish and decorate with whipped cream roses and strawberries.

If strawberries are not in season, use cooked pineapple, or slices of bananas, decorated with crystallised cherries.

Mrs. R. White, c/o Dr. J. G. Avery, Lake St., Yeronga, Brisbane. Won £100.

ORANGE MARSHMALLOW

Two large oranges, 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon sherry, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 gill cream, small piece angelica.

Cut orange rind carefully round the middle of orange to form petals. Carefully separate halves. Remove pulp and juice from oranges, strain juice and mix with the grated rind and juice of lemon, having ½ pint in all. Soak gelatine in 2 tablespoons cold water. Stir over boiling water to dissolve gelatine. Remove from heat, add fruit juices, sherry and sugar. Stir until sugar has dissolved. Pour into large basin and allow to cool. Beat with a whisk until a light marshmallow consistency. Fill oranges and decorate with angelica cut into diamonds and a large rose of whipped cream on top. Serve very cold.

Mrs. A. Harris, Beach Rd., Torrensville, S.A.

CHIFFON PIE

Pastry: One cup plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons ice water.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together three times. Add butter. Work until mixture formed of small lumps. Add ice water. Roll out thinly and bake on tart plate 7 to 10 minutes.

Filling: Three eggs (separated), 1 cup sugar, 1 lemon (if small use 1½ lemons), ½ tablespoon powdered gelatine, 1/3 cup cold water, cream, icing sugar, vanilla.

Soak gelatine in water. To the yolks of eggs add ½ cup of the sugar and beat well. Add juice of lemon and beat again. Put on stove in double boiler and stir until thick and smooth. Take off stove. Add gelatine and mix well. Now beat whites of eggs stiff and add slowly the other ½ cup of sugar. Fold into first mixture. Put into baked pie-crust and set in ice chest for at least 2 hours. Just before serving spread with whipped cream sweetened with icing sugar and a little vanilla.

S. C. Fisher, Nyowee, 4 Sussex Tce., Westbourne Park, S.A.

ICE PUDDING

Two dessertspoons gelatine, 2 cups (1 pint) milk, 2 eggs, 1 cup (½ pint) cream, ½ cup sugar, small teaspoon vanilla.

Separate egg-yolks from whites. Place whites in dry basin. Stand aside. Add sugar to yolks and essence. Put milk on to boil. Then add yolk of egg. After stirring allow to cool. Then add gelatine which has been dissolved in a little hot water. Stir, and place aside to cool. Beat whites of eggs very stiff, and when custard is setting mix together. Beat well. Add cream. Place in mould, and put away in crushed ice until next day. This pudding is ice-cold, but not actually frozen.

The mixture used as a cream makes a good filling for a sponge cake.

Mrs. Broad, 110 Thomas St., West Broken Hill, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE DELIGHT

One large tin pineapple, packet strawberry jelly crystals, 1½ cups milk, 2 eggs, sugar, whipped cream.

Make this pudding in the glass dish in which it will be served. Cut pineapple into small pieces, and for every cup of syrup allow a level dessertspoon of powdered gelatine. Dissolve gelatine in hot water and add to syrup and pineapple. Allow to set.

Dissolve strawberry jelly crystals in 1 pint hot water. When cool, pour over pineapple jelly and set.

Boil milk and sweeten. When cool, add two level dessertspoons of gelatine after dissolving in hot water. Pour this on strawberry jelly and set.

Beat whites of two eggs to stiff froth. Add 1 cup sugar and 1 teaspoon powdered gelatine, dissolved in hot water. Arrange quickly round top of pudding, leaving space in centre to be filled with whipped cream.

Miss I. E. Stratton, Fulton St., Ulverstone, Tas.

FIG TAPIOCA

Three tablespoons tapioca, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 cups water, ½lb. dried figs (chopped finely), 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, grated rind ½ lemon.

Cook tapioca, salt, butter, and 2 cups water in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Cook figs with sugar and 1 cup water 20 minutes until smooth and thick. Add to tapioca mixture. Add vanilla, lemon juice, and rind. Serve cold with whipped cream. Serves six.

Mrs. F. Hales, P.O. Box 22, Kalgoorlie, W.A.

ORANGE SOUFFLE

Three eggs, juice 1 lemon, juice 1 orange, ½ doz. passionfruit, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup boiling water.

Beat yolks of eggs well with sugar. Dissolve gelatine in boiling water. Add fruit juices to egg mixture, then the dissolved gelatine. Lastly stir in stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Place in a glass dish and ice. Before serving, cover with passionfruit and whipped cream.

Miss G. Elliot, Mary St., Gympie, Qld.

MARSHMALLOW FRUIT SALAD

Four eggs, ¾ breakfast-cup sugar, 1 heaped tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup boiling water, ½ cup passionfruit, ½ cup sliced peaches, ½ cup stoned cherries, cream, milk for custard.

(Any fruit may be used, cooked or raw.)

Beat whites of eggs until stiff. Add sugar gradually and beat until very stiff. Add dissolved gelatine and beat. Divide mixture into three equal parts. Add one kind of fruit to each. Place in layers in a wet dish. Place in ice-chest until set.

Make a thick custard using egg-yolks. When cold, pour over the fruit salad.

Serve with whipped cream. This serves at least six people.

Miss Una McMillan, Hyam St., Nowra, South Coast, N.S.W.

PASSIONFRUIT SPECIAL

Half-cup rice, 2 cups water, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter (level), 2 tablespoons sugar (level), 1 cup milk, ½ cup strained passionfruit juice, 1½ cups boiled custard, 1 tablespoon browned coconut.

Boil rice in water with salt until dry. Add butter, sugar and milk, and cook until thick again. Stir to keep from sticking. Take off fire, and put into glass dish. Mix in passionfruit juice. Stir well. Make 1½ cups boiled custard and pour over. Sprinkle with browned coconut, serve cold.

Mrs. B. A. Reinke, 28 Bristol St., Toowoomba, Qld.

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They are energising and appetising . . .

HOT DESSERT SUGGESTIONS

BR-R-R! . . . Winter winds! But who cares about the cold without when there's a hot dessert waiting at home to top off a satisfactory dinner? . . . Choose puddings to suit the weather and the winter need for greater calory value.

RIGHT: Black Top Pudding is an easy version of the popular steamed pudding. See recipe on this page.

FOLLOW these recipes for a delicious selection of steamed and baked sweets.

BLACK TOP PUDDING

Half cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ cup milk, plum or black currant jam.

Beat sugar with butter until creamed. Add egg and beat again. Stir in flour alternately with milk until mixture reaches cake consistency. Butter a pudding basin lightly and coat the bottom and half-way up the sides with dark plum or black currant jam. Pour in mixture, cover with greased paper and steam for 2 hours.

Mrs. A. Burke, New South Head Rd., Double Bay, Sydney.

APPLE CINNAMON PUDDING

Two large apples, ½lb. butter, ¾ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 3 level cups flour, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon salt, also ¼ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon blended.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add eggs one at a time, and beat well. Then add milk and flour alternately. Divide in 2 sandwich tins, and slice an apple over each dish. Sprinkle on top blended cinnamon and sugar. Bake 20 minutes in moderate oven and serve with cream. If liked, peaches may be sliced on top, and cinnamon omitted.

Mrs. G. C. Perry, Third Street, Merbein, Vic.

SAGO PLUM PUDDING

One cup stale breadcrumbs, 1 cup sago, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup raisins, ½ cup sultanas, ½ cup dates, 2 tablespoons butter, a little essence or brandy, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, a little water, milk.

Soak sago overnight in enough milk to cover. Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add sago. Mix well. Add breadcrumbs and fruit. Add soda, dissolved in a little water. Last of all add essence or brandy. Boil 4 hours.

Mrs. S. Roffey, Lowmead Hotel, Lowmead, N.C. Line, Qld.

APPLES CAN BE USED for a variety of sweets. Baked apples stuffed with dates are delicious. Other apple pudding recipes are given on this page.

SURPRISE DATE AND APPLE PUDDING

Six ounces flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 4oz. chopped suet, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2oz. sultanas, 12 dates, 1lb. cooking apples, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, milk, and water.

Mix together flour, baking powder, sugar, suet and sultanas, with sufficient milk and water (equal parts) to make a light paste. Line a pudding bowl with paste, reserving enough to make a lid. Fill with apples thinly sliced, and dates chopped finely.

Add a little sugar and moisten with golden syrup mixed with a little warm water. Cover with pastry and then a sheet of greased paper. Steam 3 hours.

Miss N. J. Stewart, Barnsdale, Oorindi, G.N.R., Qld.

LORRAINE PUDDING

Three-quarter cup butter, ¾ cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, juice of 1 orange (peel to be minced and added to fruit), ½ cup sour milk, ½ teaspoon essence lemon, 1 teaspoon spice, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, 2oz. currants, 1oz. chopped figs, 1 cup chopped dates, 2 tablespoons grated or minced apple, 1 tablespoon grated carrot, 1 cup flour, 1 cup brown breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, ½ teaspoon salt.

Have a saucepan of boiling water in readiness, also scalded floured pudding cloth.

Cream butter and sugar to a light cream. Add well-beaten eggs, then orange juice and sour milk; then essence and flavorings; then prepared fruits and carrot. Sift in flour, salt and soda. Add breadcrumbs (which must be very fine). Boil for 3 hours. Serve with sauce.

Sauce: Boil 3 cups milk, or 1½ cups milk and 1½ cups water. Add 1 dessertspoon sugar. Mix a good dessertspoon cornflour with a little milk. Add to boiling milk. Add ½ teaspoon essence vanilla for flavoring.

Mrs. J. Dernier, 44 Annie St., Wickham, Newcastle, N.S.W.

VIENNESE PUDDING

Five ounces bread (cut into dice), 4oz. castor sugar, 3oz. sultanas, 2oz. candied peel (cut into small pieces), rind of 1 lemon, 2 eggs, ½ pint milk, wineglass sherry, 1oz. loaf sugar.

Brown loaf sugar in saucepan. Add milk and stir until sugar is dissolved. Cool milk slightly. Beat eggs, and add to milk. Add sherry. Strain all over dry ingredients, which have been put in bowl. Allow mixture to stand for ½ hour. Put into a greased mould, cover with greased paper and steam 1½ to 2 hours. Turn out and serve with sauce.

Sauce: Yolks 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, 2 wineglasses sherry, or equal quantities sherry and brandy.

Put ingredients into small saucepan. Stand it in another of boiling water, and whisk mixture over fire until it froths well. Pour around pudding.

Mrs. T. P. Page, Cargen St., Dunedoo, N.S.W.

HOT AND COLD WATER PUDDING

One large cup plain flour, 1 small cup sugar, 1 small cup mixed fruit, 1 large teaspoon ground ginger, a little lemon peel and nutmeg, 1 level teaspoon baking soda, 1½ tablespoons butter, ½ cup cold water, ½ cup boiling water.

Dissolve baking soda in cold water. Melt butter in boiling water.

Put all dry ingredients together in bowl. Mix hot and cold water together and pour over contents of bowl. Mix well and leave to stand over night. Mixture should be fairly moist. Steam 4 hours.

Mrs. Ann Rayward, 8 Macartney Ave., Kew E4, Vic.

STEAMED COCONUT ICE PUDDING

One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ cup coconut, ½ teaspoon vanilla, cochineal.

Cream butter and sugar. Add milk, then add gradually flour, coconut, and vanilla. Divide mixture in halves. Place one half in a pudding steamer. Add cochineal to other half. Place on top of cream mixture. Steam for 1½ hours. Serve with custard or white sauce.

Mrs. Ivy Tucker, 29 Nelson St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

PLUM PUDDING AND BRANDY SAUCE

One pound brown sugar, 1lb. currants, 1lb. sultanas, ½lb. mixed peel, ½lb. raisins, 1lb. flour, 12 eggs, ½lb. chopped suet, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon carb. soda, ½lb. breadcrumbs, pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon allspice, 2 tablespoons brandy.

Sift flour, cream of tartar, carb. soda, breadcrumbs, salt, allspice and suet. Mix all together. Clean fruit and add to dry ingredients. Beat eggs and sugar to a cream and add gradually other ingredients, brandy last. Mix well. Tie in floured cloth and boil for 5 hours. Hang in cool place until required. Boil for one hour the day required, and serve with brandy sauce.

Recipe makes three puddings.

Brandy Sauce: One tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ glass brandy, 1½ cups water.

Melt butter in small saucepan. Mix in one teaspoon flour and mix smooth with wooden spoon. Then pour in water slowly. Add sugar and brandy. Boil for five minutes. Serve with plum pudding.

Mrs. T. Craddock, Lang St., Dutton Park, Brisbane.

READY TO SERVE

With Heinz you just *heat* and *eat*. And with what *appetite* you eat these delicious Heinz Soups! They contain the very *best* of everything, s-l-o-w-l-y simmered to bring out all the goodness. Try *all* the kinds.

CREAM SOUPS—Chicken, Tomato, Asparagus, Green Pea, Spinach, Celery, Toheroa, Mushroom, Onion . . . and the MEAT SOUPS — Ox Tail, Kidney, Vegetable, Mulligatawny—and the New Bean Soup—with Ham.

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RECIPES

COPHA CAKE

2 tablespoons cocoa.
1 lb. copha.
1 lb. icing sugar.
1 lb. Coffee Biscuits.

Melt copha (do not boil), take off fire — sift icing sugar three times and put into copha. Add cocoa. Spread mixture on both sides of biscuits and then stick together. Sprinkle nuts on top. Slice with bread knife.

DUNDEE SWEETS

Break in half down centre. Place dots of whipped cream and pineapple chunks alternately, sprinkle with nuts. Or spread with Strawberry or Blackberry jam and rosettes of cream round edge or criss-cross fashion.

Sweetened fresh strawberries crushed and dotted with whipped cream.

MOCK CREAM FINGERS

Place mock cream filling between two biscuits. Cover with chocolate icing, decorate with chopped walnuts and cut into long fingers.

Orange filling between Coffee or Arrowroot Biscuits. Finish with lemon icing and chopped ginger or fruits.

CURRY BUTTER

4 tablespoons butter.
½ teaspoon lemon.
1 teaspoon curry.
Salt and pepper.

Beat butter to a cream, then stir in curry powder, lemon, salt and pepper. Use with Arnott's Popso Cracker, Sao, Lawn Tennis Soda or Thin Captain Biscuits.

GREEN BUTTER

4 tablespoons butter.
1½ tablespoons chopped parsley.
1 tablespoon lemon juice.
Anchovy essence.
Arnott's Wee Pet Crackers or Cheese Biscuits.
Salt and cayenne.

Beat butter to a cream, add parsley, lemon juice and a little anchovy essence, season with salt and cayenne. When thoroughly mixed, use as required. Sprinkle with the finely chopped hard-boiled white of egg.

MADRAS SAVOURY

¼ lb. ham.
2 tablespoons cream.
Cayenne pepper.
Little chutney.
Arnott's Savoury Dainties.
1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Chop ham very fine, mix in cream, chutney, cheese, salt and cayenne. Fill Savoury Dainties, sprinkle with paprika, or chopped parsley. Place in oven few minutes to heat before serving.

ONE-MINUTE SWEET

For a one-minute sweet of very attractive quality just pour hot milk or cream over Spicy Fruit Roll Biscuits.

SAVOURY SAOS

Butter some Sao Biscuits, grate a little cheese over them, and sprinkle with cayenne pepper — one minute in a hot oven and serve hot.

SARDINE SAVOURY

6 sardines.
1 teaspoon butter.
Lemon juice.
1 cooked beetroot.
8 to 10 Arnott's Thin Captain Biscuits.
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.
½ doz. olives.

Skin and flake sardines with fork, mix with butter, sauce, lemon juice, adding salt to taste. Spread biscuits with mixture. In centre of each place neat round of beetroot with stoned olive in the centre. Garnish with thin slices of lemon.

CHEESE FLOWERS

Take an Arnott's large Cheese Biscuit, place on it butter shape of a flower. Roll piece of ham and put in the centre of the biscuit, sprinkle with paprika. Garnish each corner with gherkin.

SAVOURY SPECIAL

Butter an Arnott's Popso Cracker Biscuit, place a lettuce leaf and a ring of hard-boiled egg in centre. Garnish with pieces of tomato and rings of gherkin. Add paprika if desired.

EGG CAPTAIN

Butter an Arnott's Thin Captain Biscuit, place in centre lettuce leaves, hard-boiled egg with a ring of stuffed olive and pieces of tomato on top. Garnish with pieces of gherkin.

SIMPLICITY

Take an Arnott's Savorette Biscuit, lightly spread with butter, place on it shredded cheese in strips. Garnish with stuffed olive.

CHEESE OLIVES

Butter an Arnott's small Cheese Biscuit, place ring of stuffed olive in centre, add a little mayonnaise. Garnish with strips of gherkin.

SAVOURY DAINTY

On an Arnott's Savoury Dainty Biscuit place a little grated cheese with ring of stuffed olive on top. Garnish with rings of gherkin and strips of tomato.

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Such delicious . . .

JAMS and JELLIES

BY watching the market carefully for times when fruits are cheap it is possible to have the pantry shelves always stocked with home-made jams and jellies. They are delicious and economical.

FEW branches of cookery give greater satisfaction than jam-making, and most housewives know that feeling of pride which ensues when the job is finished and the rows of jars are neatly labelled.

CAPE GOOSEBERRY JELLY

Remove shells from gooseberries. Wash thoroughly. Cover with water. Boil until well broken down. Strain through a tea towel. Measure liquid. Add 1 cup sugar to each cup of liquid. Boil until it reaches "jell" point. Pour into hot jars. Cover and label when cold.

Mrs. A. C. Ferguson, Brisbane St., Dubbo, N.S.W.

STRAWBERRY JAM

To each 1lb. fruit allow ¾lb. sugar.

Wash strawberries and leave overnight in an earthenware dish covered with all the sugar. Next day put juice in a preserving pan and boil for 20 minutes. Then add the strawberries and boil for half an hour. Be careful not to break the fruit when stirring.

Mrs. Alice Prentice, 4 Edith St., Caulfield, Vic.

ROSELLA JAM AND JELLY

Rosellas, sugar.

For Jelly: Wash rosellas. Remove leaves from seeds. Cover leaves with water. Boil until tender. Strain. Measure the liquid and add one cup of sugar to every cup of juice. Boil rapidly for 10 to 20 minutes, until it jells. Bottle.

For Jam: Cover seeds with water and boil for 20 minutes. Strain and add the liquor to the strained leaves (which were used for jelly). Boil together for a few minutes. Measure and add ¾ cup of sugar to every cup of pulp. Boil 20 minutes. Bottle when cool.

Mrs. A. Williamson, 32 Liverpool St., North Ipswich, Qld.

ORANGE RINGS

Six large oranges, 9 breakfast cups boiling water, 9 breakfast cups sugar.

Cut oranges into thick rings. Cover with boiling water and leave all night. Next morning boil oranges in same water until soft. Then add sugar. Boil quickly and stir as little as possible. Continue boiling until mixture jellies when tested in a saucer.

Mrs. E. J. Kelaher, 368 Burwood Rd., Belmore, N.S.W.

GOLDEN SHRED MARMALADE

Six Seville oranges, juice of 5 lemons, sugar and water.

Cut the outside of peel of oranges into tiny shreds. Place in basin and cover with water.

Cut up roughly remainder of oranges. Keep seeds in separate basin and cover with water. Place orange in enamel preserving pan and cover with water, using twice as much water as fruit. Add lemon juice. Stand overnight.

Next day bring to boil slowly and allow to boil gently about 3 hours. Add water and jelly from seeds as soon as jam is hot. Boil shreds in separate saucepan until tender.

Strain contents of pan through muslin and add shreds. Stand overnight. Measure and return to clean preserving pan. When hot add 1 cup of sugar for every cup of juice. Stir till sugar is dissolved. Boil rapidly for 20 minutes or until a little will jell on a saucer. Place while hot in heated jars and while cooling stir occasionally with a knife to keep shreds distributed through the jelly.

Mrs. K. V. McDonnell, Box 4, P.O., Goomeri, Qld.

LEMON JAM

Six large lemons, 5 pints water, 5lb. sugar.

Slice lemons very finely. Put into an earthenware bowl and cover with the water. Stand for at least 36 hours, longer if possible.

Boil 1 hour. Then add sugar and boil until jam jells when tested on spoon or plate (about ½ or ¾ hour).

Pearl Woolcock, 17 Gisborne St., Elsternwick S4, Melbourne.

PINEAPPLE JAM AND HONEY

For Jam: To every 1lb. of fruit allow ¾lb. sugar, and to every 10lb. of fruit allow the juice of 3 lemons.

Wash, peel and grate pineapples. Add sugar and lemon. Boil quickly until jam sets, about 2 hours.

For Honey: Use the pineapple skins and cores. Cover with water and boil slowly until tender. Strain and add 1 cup sugar to 1 cup of liquid. Boil until the consistency of honey.

Mrs. J. F. Moffat, Kin Kin, via Cooran, North Coast Line, Qld.

ORANGE AND APPLE JELLY

Four pounds Seville oranges, 4lb. sweet oranges, 3lb. apples, sugar.

Wash fruit; slice without peeling. Put all into pan and cover with cold water. Boil steadily 1½ hours. Then strain through jellybag. Measure juice and allow 1lb. loaf sugar to each pint of juice. Put into clean pan. Stir until sugar is melted. Then boil quickly until a little dropped on a cold plate jells. Put into small pots. Cover when cold, and store in a dry, dark cupboard.

Miss D. Stagatich, 15 Duke St., Alberton, S.A.

ABOVE: Jam jars may be sealed with cellophane paper secured by a rubber ring.

TOP: A variety of jams and jellies may be made from oranges, including the ever-popular marmalade. Picture shows preserving pan, oranges partly prepared, and also jam jars neatly labelled. Some orange recipes are given on this page.

Never a dull moment for the "Smile-a-Minute" Girl

Her popularity started with those two cups of "Old Gold" Cocoa a day . . . .

"Do I enjoy life or do I? These last few months have been heaven! I haven't always been a 'smile-a-minute' girl. Not by any means. I used to have poor breakfasts, couldn't touch them. And I used to sleep fitfully and restlessly. But not any more! NOW, I have a cup of 'Old Gold' Cocoa with my breakfast, and does that breakfast taste good! And what a flying start it gives the day! And I have another cup of 'Old Gold' Cocoa at bedtime and sleep like a top. Nourishing food — sound sleep — THERE you have the recipe for really happy energy and a day-full of smiles! YOU TRY IT, and see how your popularity starts going up!"

ONE AT BREAKFAST ONE AT NIGHT FOR ALL DAY FITNESS AND ALL NIGHT SLEEP

MacRobertson's OLD GOLD QUALITY COCOA

ONLY 6D ¼LB. TIN

—BUT WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

In ¼ lb., ½ lb. and 1 lb Tins

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Tomato Soup

A triumph in the art of soup-making —such flavor and goodness. A delicious *double-strength* Tomato Soup, prepared as only Rosella Chefs can. You'll instantly respond to the delights of Rosella Tomato Soup.

For a change try Rosella

Vegetable . Celery
Oxtail . Pea . Oyster

14 Soups
Double-Strength
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FARMER'S

IT'S HOME FURNISHING MONTH AT FARMER'S . . . the most vital news of the year for housewives and young marrieds! On every side of the great First Floor you'll find amazing bargains . . . beginning on Friday, August 4th! Be early . . . lay-by . . . and save!

Home Furnishing Month

65/- Luncheon Set 32/6

Value-marvel at half price! Bisso linen luncheon sets with finely traced embroidery . . . entirely hand-made. Cloth, 54 x 54 ins., complete with six serviettes, 32/6

5/6 TOWELS, 2/11

In cheerful pastels.

Nearly half-price! Super-value in highly absorbent bathroom towels in modern pastel tonings . . . dusty pink, green, blue, primrose. Size 22 x 44. Stocks for mails and 'phones.

25/6 pr. SHEETS 19/11

By famous Horrockses.

Bargain opportunity for canny housewives! Guaranteed quality in Horrockses linen-finished sheets, famous for hard wear. Large double bed size, 90 x 100 ins., usually 25/6, **19/11**

40/- CLOTHS, 15/11

Hand-embroidered supper cloth of Irish linen, finished lavishly with hand-made cluny lace. Size 50 x 50 ins., usually 40/- now less than half price, 15/11. Matching serviettes, ea., **1/9**

49/6 MATTRESS 45/-

Stripe ticking mattresses filled with downy-soft kapok. Size 2 ft. 6 ins., usually 49/6, now **45/-.** 3ft., 55/-, now **49/6.** 3 ft. 6 ins., 65/-, now **57/6.** 4 ft. 6 ins., 84/-, now only **72/6.**

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Ladder mending is easy for even beginners with this ingenious "Picquic" set. Simple as ABC. Will save you loads of money, yet it costs less than one pair of stockings at only **1/-**

Haberdashery, Ground Floor

New favourites in printed cambric for

DIRNDL CHARM

They're back for Spring . . . the printed cambric dirndls you loved so much . . . but these have a new sophistication. Just as innocent-looking, just as country-fresh and crisp. But less bulky, better cut. In hosts of multi-coloured patterns. **10/10**

ABOVE LEFT: Dirndl in sage, navy, green. Latex waist, basket-weave bodice. SSW, SW, W. **10/10**

LOWER RIGHT: Floral House-frock dirndl in sage, navy, green. Latex waist. SSW, W. **10/10**

HOUSE FROCKS, FOURTH FLOOR.

USUALLY 8/6. Boys' and youths' pyjamas in a range of cheerful colours. Seams doubly sewn for longer wear, capacious pockets. In sizes 22 to 32 ins., 5-15 yrs **5/11**

Boys' Wear, Fourth Floor.

Gaiety for you in greens, golds, blues, red, or lively navy.

HAREM SCARF, we call it, because any black-eyed Eastern lady would love its passionate colours, dim designs. Fine silk georgette, 32" square, hand-rolled hem. **2/11**

Neckwear, Ground Floor. Mail orders.

It's so easy to be

SLIM IN ELASTIC

Slim smooth contours for you beneath your new Spring frocks—with this washable corselette of two-way stretch elastic, bra-topped with dull-pink lace. 32-36 busts. At **6/11**

Department, Fourth Floor. Mail orders.

Wintry weather is weather for 'Rain-togs'

August rains don't daunt fashionables who wear our Canadian "Raintogs." In black or brown grained rubber, they pull over pumps in a jiffy. All sizes.

A. 2-way collar rainboot, 3 heights, **8/11**
B. Adjustable rainshoe, 2 heights, **9/6**

Footwear, Third Floor. Mail orders.

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WHY I USE NEW VEET

1 New 'VEET' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.
2 New 'VEET' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without trace of ugly stubble.
3 New 'VEET' is a dainty white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.
4 New 'VEET' avoids coarse regrowth — unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists & Stores.

Michel
The King of Lipsticks

Change of Heart

"ID iss de best table in de howss, Mr. Larsen."

Larsen laughed. "Good!"

"I beg pardon, sir, but do I mistake von of de ladies for Miss Rena Gorman, vot vass a werry vine actress on Proadway——?"

Larsen's smile, cool, shimmering, cut him short. "I think you are mistaken, Adolph."

Adolph, bowing, flushed ever so slightly; said, "Axcuse it, sir," and moved away.

"Rena doesn't," Larsen explained, "like to take a bow. You can't blame her."

"Of course not."

It was evident, Maddox knew, that the two cocktails which Rena had drunk at the house just before leaving had not only gone to work suddenly but remained with her on the ride down. Her eyes, as she came from the dressing-room with Monica Wilson, sparkled with an unnatural brilliance, and her whole air of marked ebullience seemed borrowed from another personality. She looked most arresting. Her gown, very decollete, was pure white and clung to her slender, undulant body like some kind of cool, magical liquid. Her dark hair was drawn up snugly about her head and encircled by a simple braid.

"She's beautiful!" muttered Larsen, his voice charged with enthusiasm.

And as they entered the large, circular room, led by Adolph, Rena said gaily, "This is perfectly wonderful, Dick! I ought to get down this way oftener—and see things. Isn't it wonderful, Monica?"

"Depend on Dick. He probably brings all his women friends here—to get them into a sympathetic frame of mind."

"The thing I dislike about you, Monica," Larsen laughed, "is that you see through my deceit. We have, by the way, the best table in the house. There are about two hundred here, and they're all the best tables. Ask Adolph."

It was early, about nine. The dance floor was not too crowded and everybody really danced and was polite. It was still early enough for them to enjoy dancing, to dance because they wished to dance. Later the crowd would grow, it would become boisterous, a little rowdy, not so polite, and people would dance not because they wished to, all of them, but because they were restless and there was music; and then they would not really dance, but shuffle, or walk, or reel.

"What have you done to Rena?" Monica asked, arching her back and looking up at Maddox as they danced.

"Nothing. What would I have done?"

"She's a little too gay."

"The cocktails."

"Perhaps. Her limit's usually two. I'm terribly fond of Rena, you know."

He didn't doubt that. She had that turned-up nose and rather disconcerting candor that went hand in hand with loyalty. "I'm sure," he said, "Rena would have confided in you."

"You presume. She's close-mouthed."

He smiled. "You dance awfully well."

They circled the floor without saying anything and over her head—she was very small—Maddox saw Rena tasting another cocktail. Larsen's elbows were on the table and he was leaning toward her, his big blond head weaving as he talked, one side of his face wrinkling and unwrinkling as he smiled. Maddox liked him and yet resented him, for Larsen's vivacity, as much a part of him as his blonde hair, seemed to mingle eloquently with the high, unnatural crest which Rena was riding tonight.

MONICA said, "How is Johnny?" And this time she did not look up into his face but at one of the studs in his shirt.

"He's very well. Very busy."

"Too busy to fly down for a week?"

"He's really very busy." Which was a lie.

"Some men are fools," Monica said, "the way they leave their wives down here." She glanced at the table. "Most men down here, you know, consider January and February an open season for hunting the unattached female."

"Of course, you all hate being hunted."

"Do I detect a note of sarcasm?"

"I haven't said a thing."

"Do you manage to evade all issues as deftly as that?"

"Was I deft?"

"By reputation you're supposed to be very deft. Do you think you could possibly, in a very deft way, suggest to Rena that she's risking getting very drunk?"

"Let her get drunk!"

"So you can tell Johnny, when you return to New York?"

"Please!" he grinned.

Embarrassment colored her throat, but Maddox eased it a bit by saying in a confidential voice, "Maybe you ought to tell her, Monica. After all, you're pretty close to her."

"I hate being big-sisterly . . . It's Dick. I don't trust him. Oh, I don't mean exactly that. But he's a handsome beast, he's chock-full of vitality and has personality. Johnny ought to realise what he's doing. A woman's only human . . . Oh, I must sound frightfully involved!"

It was a lively dinner party, with Larsen, tireless, playing the part of a dynamo. Rena had refused another cocktail and decided not to take any wine, but she still rode the crest. She sparkled, and across the table she and Larsen played up to each other. Maddox seemed amused. He showed no discomfiture, and whenever, occasionally, Monica shot him a troubled look, he only winked.

After eleven the Casa Marina began to jam up. They left and drove to a place on Collins Avenue, which was more crowded and twice as noisy. They tried two more places and then arrived into a dingy cabaret on a dead-end street near the water. A one-time musical comedy star, grown stout and pouchy-eyed, sang "The Road to Mandalay" in a false baritone, and afterwards a girl, very young and awkward, did a pitiful bubble dance.

"Well," said Monica, "now that we've reached the depths, let us, in a body, and in a word, depart."

Continued from Page 14

"You sit beside me," Maddox told her as they headed for the phaeton, "and direct. I don't know the roads."

Rena, relaxing in the back seat, letting her head lie against the leather cushion, thought, "I have made a mess of it, a mess of it. To spite him, to see what I could do to his long, bony, ugly, handsome, Scotch face. Why doesn't Johnny come to me? Why doesn't he? I won't go to him. I won't. I've gone to him too many times in this very short, this very long, time we've been married. I've always gone to him . . . Oh, Johnny, come to me, come to me! I'm alone, so terribly alone and unhappy! Why did you send him? . . ."

Dick's arm was around her. She closed her eyes and didn't bother to remove it. The night air, blowing, felt cool and very good and she wished the car would never stop moving. She could feel more of Dick's arm around her, his hard strong muscle against the back of her neck. Then in sudden irritability, she dislodged him abruptly, petulantly, with a twist of her shoulder; though she was less impatient with him than with herself. He shrugged and lay back, away from her.

MADDOX took a cigarette out to the wrought-iron balcony in front of his bedroom and, leaning back against the house wall, lit up. He was in pyjamas and robe, ready for bed, but in no mood for sleeping.

He had waged a small war with himself on the first half of the ride home, wondering at the silence in the seat behind him, but determined not to look round. The last half of the ride home had been better, for Rena had remarked, "Well, Dick's dead to the world."

He was jealous of Larsen and not because of Johnny. That hurt. He supposed that in a vague way he had always been jealous of Johnny, too, but his loyalty had been stronger. Once in a lifetime, he reflected, you met a woman, just stood next to her—you didn't even have to speak—and right away you knew her a long time.

It was that way the first time he met Rena. And because of Johnny, because Johnny loved her and she was his wife, Maddox had cut her, ignored her, been actually rude to her, from the first. He felt that he never could be friendly with her in a matter-of-fact way: the simple nearness of her disturbed him too too much for that. He had avoided seeing her as well as he could.

She loved Johnny. There was no doubting that, and Maddox found it difficult to believe that Johnny's love for her was dead.

At ten, his room bright with sunlight, he breakfasted and read a newspaper which the Japanese had brought in with the tray. Then he put on a pair of slacks and a polo shirt and went down to the terrace, arriving there as Larsen pulled up at the landing stage in a long, trim runabout, its exhaust clattering on the flat surface of the river.

"They up?" he called out.

"I don't think so," Maddox said, and helped him tie up the runabout.

Larsen was in shorts and sweater, with a white-topped cap on the side of his head. He was buoyant and jolly, his grin very white and good-natured in his tawny, muscular face.

He said: "I thought we might all take a spin out to the Beach Club—grab some luncheon there, too, and laze around or maybe have a go at some badminton. Do you play?"

"Yes, a little."

Larsen sat down on the stone bench, pulled up his legs and locked his arms comfortably about his knees. His eyes twinkled when he said, "We had a gay time last night, eh? You know, for a while there, I thought Rena was going to get merry. But she pulled up." He nodded his head in vigorous approval. "Smart girl." He put his teeth into his lower lip for a moment and then said, "What's the matter with her husband?"

Maddox pretended that he was very busy studying the lines of the runabout and after a moment said, "It's very trim. What will it do?"

"Oh, about thirty—but they keep you down on the river to a snail's pace, because of the wash, mainly. I'll take you out in the channel for a spin—open her up. I don't mean to be rude, you know, but I'm terribly interested in Rena and I don't mind telling you so." He was bland, straightforward. "A blind man could tell there's something wrong there."

Maddox, looking at the river, said dryly, "You ought to tell Rena that, not me."

"I wish you wouldn't misunderstand me."

"I don't misunderstand you." Maddox gave him a brief, side-long grin. "I understand you perfectly." He pressed his heel hard into the turf.

"I mean, after all," Larsen went on candidly, reasonably, "if he doesn't think enough of her to come down, or even write a letter, he dashed well ought to have her taken away from him. I overheard one of the servants telling my houseboy that he doesn't write any more. They even suspect that you, being a lawyer and Johnny's friend, are down here for a reason." Smiling, half grave and half amused, he cut his words precisely with his large white teeth.

MADDOX said gloomily, "You deal right off the top of the deck, don't you?"

"I'd take Rena away from him in a minute—if I could." He put his feet down and stood up and jerked at the belt of his shorts. He laughed, saying, "She's a rare idiot!"

Maddox was on his way to get his pipe when he met Rena in the arched cavern of the lower hall and said, "Good-morning, Rena."

"Philip——" She paused, her lips pursed; then she said, "Philip, come—I want to talk with you."

They went into the living-room and she led him across it and into a small library, and now, in the better light, he saw that her face was drawn, as though she had not slept well. She was dressed in light blue culottes, sandals, and a white blouse.

"I've decided to go to New York—see Johnny," she said. She picked up a book, put it down again, and said, "I can't give up—without a fight."

Please turn to Page 57

RHEUMATISM

To put an end to that awful agony you must

Get to the Cause— WEAK KIDNEYS

So much hard-earned money is wasted on incorrect treatment of rheumatism simply because most sufferers do not know the true cause of this serious trouble. The acute pain of rheumatism is directly due to sluggish kidney action and consequently you need a specially prepared kidney remedy to wake these vital organs to healthy action. That remedy is De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Let us explain why these famous kidney pills overcome the most difficult long-standing cases of rheumatism.

When kidneys are weak or sluggish they allow pain-causing impurities and poisons (especially excess uric acid) to accumulate in the system. These pain-causers lodge in the joints and muscles, irritate sensitive nerves and thus you have pain day and night.

THIS REMEDY GIVES RESULTS

The only way to end your pain is to strengthen the kidneys and enable these vital organs to carry out their natural work of driving pain-causing poisons from the system. That is exactly what De Witt's Pills will do. The special medicaments from which these pills are made pass, unchanged in the stomach, to the kidneys. In 24 hours from the first dose you have proof that these pills are acting through the kidneys. Take two to-night and get relief in the morning. Persevere with this finest of all kidney remedies and the cause of your intense rheumatic pain will be removed. People who have been crippled, even bed-ridden, with this cruel ailment bless the day they started with De Witt's Pills, as you will, too.

DE WITT'S KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter ounce box of Orlex Compound, and ½ ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."***

Cure CRACKED LIPS

COLD winter winds often cause lips to become dry and painfully cracked. At the first signs of cracking, apply Rexona Ointment. Rexona soothes the soreness instantly, and over-night its healing medications effect a complete cure. Rexona Soap contains the same healing medications as the Ointment and its continued use keeps the skin supple and protects it against the unpleasant troubles that winter weather can cause.

OINTMENT 1/6 per tin. Also extra large tins, three times the quantity for 3/-. REXONA MEDICATED SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs).

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Change of Heart

Continued from Page 56

HER voice, her attitude, showed no sudden surge of pride, no glow of martyrdom. If anything, she had a beaten, cornered look; and her voice, though she clipped it in an apparent effort to lend it conviction and purpose, was unsteady.

He sat on the bronze smooth arm of a chair and swung his foot backwards and forwards. "When will you go?"

"I thought the ten o'clock plane from Miami to-morrow morning. I don't like to fly at night. And I want to be sure cook is all right. They said they'd know definitely to-night. Don't wire Johnny."

He squinted at the sunlit windows. "I'll fly with you, of course."

"It's probably futile, but I won't give up," she said, fingering the book abstractedly. "I love him and I won't give up!" She closed her lips tightly for a moment and then said in a low, chopped voice, "Of course, you'll try to get him free anyhow."

Maddox walked slowly to the window and stared into the garden and beyond it to where the sunlight spangled the river. He could feel her eyes on his back and knew that he should never have come down here; he should never have let himself be swayed by Johnny's tempestuous pleading. The trouble was, he had never suspected that she was so much in love with Johnny. And way in the back of his head—it was a bitter truth, but he had to admit it—he had played with the idea that with Johnny free, out of the way, unhurt, he might awaken Rena's heart to his own desire, long held in abeyance. A foolish, rather tawdry idea. He turned and said:

"You're sure you love him?"

"Yes," she said thickly, her head lowered, her body sunk, in a strange humiliation.

He was composed again. "All right," he said laconically. "We'll catch that ten o'clock plane. You may be able to snap Johnny out of it. As a matter of fact," he added, brushing his hands together and then looking down at them, "I'm out of it."

She said, "I don't want to alienate your friendship for Johnny——"

He raised his palms. "I'm out of it. If I'd any sense, I'd not have come into it." He picked up the book she had been worrying, flipped the pages, and tossed it back to the table.

"Honestly, Philip——"

He turned on her, blurting, "Will you shut up!"

It was she who was composed now. There was a quiet, rueful smile working at the corners of her mouth. She said coolly into his humid confusion, "How long have you wanted me, Philip?"

He scowled at the sunlit window and muttered, "Longer than Larsen has."

"You always seemed so cynical, as if you found me wanting—as if Johnny were some special kind of god . . . The trouble is, he is, for me, a very special kind of god."

Maddox said grimly, "He's a splendid fellow."

"He's unreliable, slightly mad, temperamental, faithless—but with me, all that doesn't matter." She felt, now, very peaceful and tranquil without knowing exactly why she should. She touched his arm. "Let's be human beings. I'll get Monica out of bed and we'll go to the Beach Club. Don't be angry with me, Philip." She knew, somehow, he wouldn't be, and without waiting for a reply she turned and left the library. Her legs felt strong, supple, and the singing in her blood was as incomprehensible to her as it was delicious.

. . . . . .

The wind, blowing fresh from the south-east, sent tattered cottony clouds hurrying across the sky, and every once in a while, for a minute or so, the sun was dimmed a little. You could see it shining elsewhere up the beach, hard and bright, and you could see the shadow the clouds made moving swiftly across the sea.

Maddox was lying face downwards and Monica was rubbing some kind of suntan oil on his back. "You've got to watch out for this sun," she said. "It'll raise blisters in half an hour."

His chin was in his hands and he was watching Larsen and Rena in the surf. The surf was heavy; it crashed loud and hard on the beach, and they jumped with the waves, holding hands and laughing. Sometimes they would misjudge a big one and it would send them sprawling and they would come up, water streaming from them, and cling to each other, stumbling round in the trough and giggling.

"Now do mine," Monica said, and Maddox sat up, poured some of the stuff in his hand and smeared it over her back.

"You really think this stuff works?" he said.

"Absolutely. And don't forget the back of my neck and up on my shoulder blades. I'll miss Rena dreadfully, but I'm glad she's going . . . You don't have to massage it, Philip; just rub it on, spread it . . . Did you finally talk her into doing it?"

"Maybe I did."

"Do you know what I thought all along? I thought you came down here to try to talk her into giving Johnny a divorce."

"Am I doing it right, now?"

"Yes, that's right; just spread it. I wonder if Dick knows."

"You're pretty sure he's in the running, aren't you?"

"Well, he's been a fixture at the place for weeks."

Rena was fagged by the force of the rollers and Larsen carried her out of the water. He carried her easily, as if she were a child, and once or twice bounced her sportively.

"Put my feet down on the blanket," she said, "and then I won't get all sandy."

Monica tossed her a towel and Larsen picked up another and raked it backwards and forwards across his body. "I have an idea for to-morrow," he said. "Let's drive to Palm Beach and take a whirl at the Beach and Tennis Club."

"What do you mean—whirl?" Monica jibed.

"We can't!" put in Rena, still breathless from the surf, "I forgot to tell you, Dick—I'm leaving for New York in the morning."

"Really?" he said, stopping his rubbing for an instant and staring incredulously at her. But you could tell by his eyes that his brain was working fast. Then he chuckled and began towelling vigorously again. "Extraordinary. I've been wanting to take a trip up for weeks."

"We're flying."

"Oh . . . Oh, you mean you and Philip." He chuckled again. "Then you'll definitely need a chaperon. I must then by all means fly to-morrow."

Rena was a little confused. "Yes," she smiled weakly, "by all means."

MADDOX was staring sourly down at the sand. Later, in the locker-room bar, while he and Larsen were having a gin rickey, he said:

"What prompted you to suddenly decide to fly to New York, Dick?"

Both had towels wrapped around their waists and stood with sandaled feet propped on the stainless steel bar-rail.

Larsen said, "Rena," and gobbled ice with a draught of his rickey. He crackled the ice between his teeth, grinning. "I'd like to get a look at her husband, too."

"Perhaps you don't realise that she loves him."

"Don't realise? My dear fellow, do you think I'm blind? Of course she loves him. But something ought to be done about it."

"I'd walk carefully, Dick, if I were you."

Larsen said offhand: "I'm not afraid of him."

"I wasn't thinking of him, Rena."

"Yes, of course," Larsen agreed affably. "Rena. I'm thinking of her, too." He saluted with his glass. "And myself."

Maddox, irritated, said, "Principally yourself, I imagine," and putting down his empty glass strolled away and proceeded to dress.

Larsen came round in a few minutes, good-natured and unabashed. He said, amusedly: "You're the sensitive type, old man," beginning to dress also.

MADDOX'S face looked dour. "I believe that's my sock you're putting on."

. . . . . .

Her maid was packing when Rena came in at four and said: "Of course, I'll just take the overnight bag on the plane—that one. You can check the trunks through on your train ticket."

"I'm just too afraid to fly."

"Well, it'll work out better this way. You'll be with the trunks. I'll pack the overnight bag myself."

"I'm even scared of you flying."

"Oh, there's no danger."

Rena packed the overnight bag, then a leather toilet case built like a miniature bureau, with four drawers and a mirror a foot square. She had showered at the club, but her skin still felt salty, so she ran a hot tub and lay in it, soaking.

Rena felt puzzled and bewildered, except about the one fact, that she was going back. She had gone back on other occasions and going back was the thing she did best. On this point she was very clear, though it had not become really clear until those minutes in the library this morning. The quick hot rush of Maddox's personality had done something to her. Her realisation that he wanted her had bolstered up something that had been floundering inside her in a muggy hopelessness. It was a pity that he had, in that moment, so completely disarmed himself. That, too, had done something to her.

It was odd, the way she felt so confident. Cook's holding her hand had given her a taste of the same feeling. She mattered. She mattered to Maddox. This fact had grown all day until now she was full with it. It filled her like a warm, strong-flowing river. She felt a great tenderness towards Maddox. She would walk right over Letitia and bring Johnny to his senses. For a few moments, thinking of what she would say and do to Letitia, Rena felt, in a slightly spiteful way, a little sorry for her.

Please turn to Page 58

Animal Antics

AGITATOR: When we strike, gentlemen, civilisation will collapse.

Zing-o . . . it's a new radio game

Can you identify these sounds in novel 2GB session?

Listeners are showing keen interest in a new radio game called Zing-o, which is being broadcast by 2GB each Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.

Already the rage in U.S.A., the game is played with charts containing pictures of various sound-making devices, such as alarm clocks, trains, telephones, trams, bells and buzzers, and the listener-in is asked to identify them when he hears them over the air.

ALTOGETHER 64 sounds are represented on each chart, and special stories introducing a number of them are presented over the air in the form of dialogue or a play.

With the chart in front of him, the listener marks off the sound effects as the story continues.

But the game is not as simple as it sounds.

For instance, in one sequence of Zing-o, listeners have to identify certain birds. Six types are given on the chart, and the listener's mind has to work quickly as he decides which of the six to cross out.

Meanwhile, the play continues, so that there is a good chance that he will miss a number of important "sound-clues."

Can you distinguish between the crackling of a fire and the crackling of paper heard over the air?

The two sounds are so much alike when registered by a microphone that paper is quite often crumpled in the sound-effects man's hands to imitate the sound of flames. If done with care, it sounds so much like the real thing that it possible to deceive the keenest ear.

Many listeners will find it difficult to identify even such everyday sounds as the rattle of a doorknob, the scratch of a pen on paper and the tapping of a hammer on a nail-head.

Apart from entertainment, Zing-o has considerable scientific interest.

It has frequently been said that the noise of a modern city destroys the sensitivity of the ear. Others have advanced the view that the present generation is developing auditory nerves capable of selecting any particular sound while ignoring others.

Zing-o will provide an interesting test.

MISS IRIS MOORE, who will play one of the leading roles in the 2GB Radio Theatre production of "The Broken Wing," to be broadcast on Sunday, August 6.

WEIGHT REDUCTION

Mr. LEN O. SIGGS, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Collie, Western Australia, has made a careful study of fat-reducing properties over many years, and, in his opinion, the seaweed treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases. Having only health-giving and tonic properties, no derangement of the system can result. The treatment will not affect the heart, and can have no ill-effects; and on getting down to the normal weight desired one does not put on flesh again immediately as in the case of reduction by exercise.

The Special Reducing Tablets are 4/6, plus 3d. post, for three weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about these. The formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream, an easy running massage, delightful to use, and acts by absorption, is 4/6 jar, post 6d.; and the Sweet Slimming Bath Salts (for drastic reduction) are 2/- each, or 10/6 for six packets, freight 1/6. A diet chart for meals day by day is supplied free.***

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/6

Gain IMMEDIATE RELIEF with BAYER'S ASPIRIN

BAYER

No woman should suffer continual pain. Headache, neuralgia, even periodic pain, is unnecessary . . . more, it is dangerous. Pain, bad enough in itself, is usually an indication of ill-health to come. Get relief from pain and gain security from ill-health this simple way.

BAYER'S ASPIRIN . . . . SPEEDY . . . SAFE

BAYER ORIGINATED ASPIRIN AS THE SAFEST, SUREST RELIEF FROM ALL KINDS OF PAIN. ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT BAYER. He will tell you that Bayer's Aspirin may be taken — should be taken, in fact, at the first indication of pain or ache. Bayer's Aspirin works speedily, yet is quite safe; it will not affect the heart or upset the stomach. Remember, BAYER'S COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY ASPIRIN.

BAYER'S ASPIRIN GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF FROM: HEADACHES; RHEUMATISM; NEURALGIA; SCIATICA; LUMBAGO; INSOMNIA; SORE THROATS; 'FLU; COLDS; PERIODIC PAIN; AND ALL NERVE & MUSCLE PAINS & ACHES

The Original and Genuine BAYER'S ASPIRIN

IN HANDY TINS OF 12 - 9d.
BOTTLES OF 24 - 1/-
BOTTLES OF 100 - 4/-

Bayer means Better

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Change of Heart

Continued from Page 57

WHEN she went downstairs, looking very young and fresh in a flowered tea gown, she saw Maddox in the garden. He was lounging in a fan-backed wicker chair, his legs thrust out and his chin rooted on clasped hands. She sat down on a wicker bench beside him and said:

"Will there be space on the plane?"

He said, "I could get only two seats."

"Dick will have to take another plane."

"I thought perhaps you might like him to fly with you. I could follow on another."

She looked at the side of his bony, angular face. "It really makes no difference to me whether Dick flies or not. It's his own idea."

He sat up and dropped her a brief smile and said casually, "You might have discouraged that idea."

"And make an issue of something which to me is not an issue at all?"

He shrugged and leaned back again. "Perhaps you're right."

"Both you and Monica," she said in a small, mutinous voice, "seem to think that I've deliberately spread a net about Dick. I haven't! Is it a crime to enjoy his company? Must I stay cloistered in this overdressed palazzo?"

"I don't think anything of the kind," he said idly. "I just said I thought you were right."

"Grudgingly, yes."

He turned his hands over, palms upward. "If you will have your way, Rena . . ."

She leaned forward and laid her hand on his wrist, saying gently, "You don't have to be kind to me, Philip."

He doubled his hand back and taking hold of hers held it in a firm, hard grip, without turning to look at her.

"Don't pay any attention to anything I say," he told her. "The sun's probably gone to my head."

She looked down at the hand which he had pressed so hard that only now was the blood flowing back into it. The wistful look in her eyes spread down across her face and took hold of her lips also.

"You've changed, you've changed so, Philip."

"I haven't changed."

"Then you've been pretending."

He said quietly, "We needn't go into that," and stood up, briskly, chafing the back of his neck and feeling like a man picking his way through a dark room littered with exasperating obstacles. "Dick said we were going to Captain Dan's for a seafood dinner. I was there three years ago. The conch chowder is excellent."

. . . . . .

A wooden sign, weatherbeaten, with "Captain Dan's" scrawled on it, was nailed to a tree alongside the Federal Highway. A narrow, dusty road roamed through a stand of scrawny trees and ended in a clearing where a low board-and-batten structure stood among half a dozen palms. There was a parking lot and the neat footpaths were of crushed shell and limestone. A broad verandah overlooked the beach and the sea. Captain Dan, a large man in a white suit that made him look larger, said:

"How do you, good evening. Yes, yes, come right in."

"We're actually famished," cried Larsen.

"Ha, ha! Well, well!" laughed Captain Dan expansively.

They sat down at a big round table on the verandah. There was hardly any breeze and twilight was deepening fast, falling on the sea; but a thin pale streak still lay along the horizon. The air was very mild.

Larsen, despite his good-natured volubility, carried an unmistakable glint in his eyes. On the ride up, just outside Pompano, something had been said about the plane trip, and then Maddox had remarked about the two seats.

Larsen had said, "Well, this is a fine time to tell me about it." There had been laughter in his voice but not sufficient to disguise his irritation.

"I'm sorry," Maddox had said, "but telling you sooner wouldn't have added a seat in the plane."

Larsen had caught himself up in an instant; had slapped his knee and, chuckling, said, "Well, we'll have to toss for who flies with Rena." After that, everybody had laughed and Maddox had considered the incident closed.

But, now, he was not unaware of the peculiar glint in Larsen's eyes. Everybody ordered conch chowder and pompano and Captain Dan brought out a bottle of Chablis, after they had finished with the chowder. Everybody said how good the chowder was, and then how good the pompano was, and though the talk was lively, with Larsen doing most of it, the glint never quite left his eyes. It was when the coffee was on the table, black coffee in big heavy cups, with brandy on the side, that he suddenly leaned forward with a fifty-cent piece in his hand and said:

"All right, Philip; let's toss."

"Toss?

"To see who flies north with Rena."

Maddox shrugged, "I'd be a fool. I never win."

"Go ahead; call."

"If we had dice," Monica said, "you could roll. Two out of three—or something. Maybe Captain Dan has a pair."

Larsen was grinning straight at Maddox. "Come on, Philip, be a sport. Call."

Maddox stole a glance at Rena and saw that a flush was growing high on her cheeks. Her lips were pursed.

"Call," said Larsen, his short laugh ringing off his teeth, and spun the coin upward.

Rena's hand flashed out, struck the coin midway in its descent and sent it spinning and whistling across the verandah. It rang off the corner of another table, fell to the floor, rolled a few feet, and flopped over.

RENA said tautly, "I seem to be a Coney Island prize-package."

"All right, Philip," Larsen said, forcing a grin through a white, angry look. "You fly north with Rena."

"Suddenly," Rena said in the same taut, dark voice, "you're very vulgar." She was so angry that her vision blurred.

Larsen's voice came out lightly, but there was a twist in it. "I beg your pardon, Rena. I thought you had a sense of humor."

Her dark eyes slashed at him.

His chuckle struck the back of his teeth like pebbles on porcelain. "I really did."

Her throat filled and she stood up.

"Oh, confound it all——" Larsen began.

"Be quiet," Maddox said sharply. He kicked back his chair and rose in one motion and went after Rena as she pushed open the screened door.

"Well, Dick, you asked for it," Monica said.

He looked very upset. "I'm sorry as ——"

"Stay where you are."

"I was only kidding."

"Yes, you were!"

Rena strode along by the water's edge, pressing a handkerchief to her face and muffling short, strangled sobs. It was difficult to stride in high-heeled slippers, so she kicked off one, then the other, and went on in her stockinged feet. Maddox, coming along behind, picked up the slippers. In a minute he caught up with her, and strode along with her, in step, saying nothing, joining her in a walk that for a few minutes seemed to have some far, desperate purpose. At last she stopped, sat down on the sand, and blew her nose.

Maddox stood a few feet away, knocking her slippers together, ridding them of sand. The darkness, lit faintly by the stars, was all around them in a soft hush.

"I should have," she said in a breathless, uneven voice, "chased him long ago."

"Yes," said Maddox, "you should have."

"I didn't think I ever encouraged him. I don't remember ever doing anything, saying anything, that could have—" She broke off, shaking her head, choking a little.

He kept knocking the slippers together, making a great business of getting the sand out, of pretending he was getting the sand out.

"Nothing," she cried, "nothing I did—ever—should have made him think I—Oh, why did Johnny have to be such a—such a—fool? Why did he make me come down here?"

"Do you want to put your slippers on?"

She didn't hear him. She was blowing her nose again.

He said, "Well, you'd better not until you get out of the sand." He reached out his hand. "Come on, Rena, we'd better go back."

He pulled her to her feet and it seemed that he could feel her confusion and unhappiness. She held on to his hand and he felt how tense hers was and how it shook.

"Yes, come on, Philip." There was a note of fear, of apprehension, in her voice.

They walked back swiftly, in silence. When they reached the beach in front of Captain Dan's, Larsen and Monica were waiting. Larsen had his hat on and held Maddox's in his hand and Monica carried Rena's wrap over her arm.

"Are we all ready?" Maddox asked.

Nobody said anything as they walked round to the car. It was Larsen who helped Rena in, saying:

"Forgive me, Rena."

"We've been silly," she said in a deflated voice, her face melting away into the darkness of the tonneau.

Larsen drove the phaeton south on the cement highway. He kept the speedometer needle at sixty and the twelve cylinders beneath the hood made no more than a minor hum. The wind crackled and slapped the canvas top and created small shrill whistlings on the front and rear windshields. So there was no sense in talking; you couldn't be heard without yelling and no one felt like yelling. It gave everyone a chance to cool off, to calm down.

"Well, well," said Monica, as they climbed out at the villa, "I've got a windblown bob, whether I wanted it or not."

"I'll run," said Larsen, looking towards his roadster, which was parked far back in the darkness. He was turning, his grin hard and white, to give Maddox his hand. "Good-bye. Glad to have met you, Philip . . . Rena, good-bye. Monica . . ." He saluted lightly, gave a low mocking laugh and ran to his roadster. He clashed the gears, boomed down the driveway and skidded into the street. They heard the angry roar of his motor go away into the darkness.

Twin wrought-iron lanterns alongside the broad, arched entry-way lit up and Rena turned and saw Johnny standing there. She caught her breath in a sudden gasp, and a cold blast seemed to strike at the hollows behind her ears.

Monica blurted, "Will you look who's here!"

FOR some reason or other Rena could not bring herself to rush into his arms. Something was wrong; her mind, hair-triggered, told her that instantly. And her voice was almost amused when she said, "Why, Johnny! . . ."

"Hello," he said. He jangled the ice in his highball glass. "Hello, Monica. Hello, Philip."

Maddox said, "Hello, Johnny," briskly, but an odd melancholy lay inside him like a summer fog.

. . . . . .

A short, burly man was lying on one of the divans in the living-room. He was snoring. His baggy tweed suit was wrinkled all over his thick body, one fat, heavy hand hung toward the floor, and his collar and tie were undone. He wore brown shoes. On the low table in front of the divan were bottles and glasses and a silver bucket of melted ice.

Monica's eyes were wary, and she said, "My head's about bursting. Do you all mind if I go up?"

"You'll find aspirin on my dresser," Rena said.

Johnny was down at the other end of the room, standing in front of the big fireplace, a blue effervescent sparkle in his eyes. His thin lips were nimble against his teeth. "Grand flight down. Non-stop. From Newark Airport, all the way. Gus has a splendid new monocoupe." He nodded to the divan. "That's Gus. He's not really drunk, but very tired. He was at the controls all the way down."

"But why didn't you give the poor man a bed?" Rena said.

"Said he wasn't tired. But then all at once he lay back and went to sleep. You couldn't possibly waken him now. Not possibly."

His words were light, bouncing. Rena was reminded of those small white balls that jiggle up and down on streams of water in shooting galleries. He was flexing his legs, making incomplete little gestures, darting his eyes everywhere but at herself or Maddox. He was very straight, his figure slender and youthful and his clipped chestnut hair very neat and snug on his head.

"We must have got in just after you left," he said. "Reilly didn't know where you'd gone."

She said, "We went to Captain Dan's for dinner."

"Oh, did you? How is Dan?" He put his hands on his stomach and said, "Does he still do this when he laughs?"

"Yes," she said.

He took a drink. "Jolly fellow." He stepped from the hearth and moved swiftly, lithely, to a table, where he set down his glass. She had always liked the way he walked, the way he held his fine, lean head, as though he were always expecting something new and exhilarating to occur. She had always liked his expression when you walked into a room unexpectedly, and he turned and looked at you over his shoulder. There were so many fine things about him—his laughter, his enthusiasm. Her heart was big, but it was not happy.

Maddox turned and strolled out into the garden, knowing that his place was not in that room. He knew that Johnny had come back to her and that that was what she wanted.

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Lyric of Life

Out of the Past

How strange that we should
meet like that,
By accident, as people do;
How strange that after all
these years,
I blushed when catching
sight of you.

You talked about your game
of golf,
Your business and the car
you drive,
The you that was an artist
once,
To me, who'd kept that
dream alive.
I turned away without a sigh,
The dream was dead, and
better so.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

Two Friends the same age!

YOU CAN TELL AT A GLANCE WHICH ONE TAKES HARSH LAXATIVES EVERY DAY!

Every time you pour harsh purges and laxatives down your throat you shock your intestinal muscles into unnatural action. It's like punching them into action with a fist! Every dose makes those delicate muscles weaker. Your head aches . . you feel sluggish . . you look *old!*

Here is the natural and safe way to relieve constipation.

Kellogg's All-Bran supplies natural "bulk" needed to furnish regular elimination. All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently, but effectively, aids elimination.

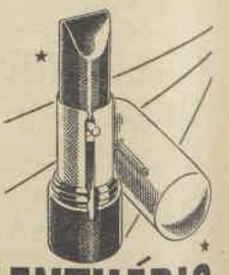
This housewife thought nothing of taking harsh laxatives every day. She didn't realise that they were stealing away her youth and beauty.

Just a little All-Bran every morning with milk and sugar keeps this woman regular, young and attractive.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning . . . with milk and sugar, or sprinkled over your favourite cereal. Within a week you should be well again. Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer TO-DAY!

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

THIS LIPSTICK LASTS!



LENTHÉRIC

THE WORLD'S MASTER PERFUMER

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, in the temporary absence of
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, has been accused of the theft of ten thousand dollars' worth of bonds. The bonds were planted in Mandrake's home by
NICK BLOZZ: International sports champion, who wants to get Mandrake out of the way so that he may marry
BETTY: The daughter of a wealthy man from whom Blozz stole the bonds, hoping to ruin Mandrake. Having found the bonds, the police are about to arrest Mandrake when they disappear and Mandrake becomes invisible.

In the meantime Blozz and his accomplice are gloating over the result of their plot, when suddenly queer things happen to the furniture of their room. Blozz receives a thrashing from a canoe paddle and then hears Mandrake's voice addressing them. NOW READ ON.

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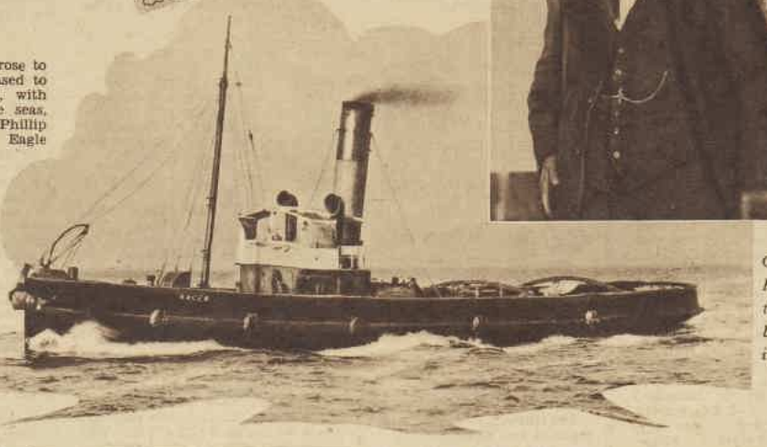
Real Life Stories

How superb seamanship saved tug and crew

Heroic fight in gale against terrible odds

• An epic of the sea showing the risks a newspapermen took to secure "hot news" of a ship in distress.



CAPTAIN DAN FEARON and the tug Racer, both well known in Port Phillip in the 'nineties.

IN the early 'nineties the Sobraon, Carlisle Castle, Hesperus, Macquarie, and other beautiful clipper ships carried passengers to Australian ports, and wrecks, particularly on the stormy Victorian coast, were of frequent occurrence.

In May, 1891, news reached Melbourne that the American ship, Joseph H. Scammell, was on the rocks at Torquay, on the Queenscliff side of Port Phillip Heads, and the tugs Racer and Eagle were sent to her assistance. As shipping reporter on "The Age," I was on board the Racer, which was in charge of Captain Dan Fearon, an adept at towing sailing ships through the dangerous Rip at Port Phillip Heads.

When the tugs were abreast of Queenscliff Lighthouse signal flags were hoisted by the lighthouse-keeper, that the big four-masted barque, Craigburn, was anchored in a perilous position off the ocean beach at Sorrento, and required immediate assistance.

The Craigburn had discharged a general cargo at Melbourne from London, and had left Hobson's Bay in ballast the previous day, in tow of the paddle tug Rescue, bound for New Zealand.

In the turbulent waters of the Rip, the tow-rope broke, and although sail was set the barque, being in light trim, could not beat to windward and clear the shore. The Rescue attempted to get another tow-line aboard, but the sea was too rough, so the Craigburn was forced to drop both anchors.

When the tugs reached the vessel she was plunging heavily, showing half her keel every time she rose to a sea. The wind had increased to gale force and the Rescue, with paddle boxes broken by the seas, sought the shelter of Port Phillip Bay, while the Racer and Eagle manoeuvred to get tow-lines aboard the clipper.

The Eagle eventually got a line on board, but when she pulled the plunging vessel up to her anchors the strain was so great that the wire rope broke, and the Eagle steamed out to sea to prevent the line fouling the propeller.

The skipper of the Racer then manoeuvred his powerful little vessel alongside the barque and got a new 12-inch coir hawser on board. So close did he take the Racer to the Craigburn to accomplish this feat of daring seamanship that the sailer's great foreyard struck the Racer's funnel as the vessels rolled and plunged towards each other.

Heart-breaking task

FOR some never-explained reason, the crew of the Craigburn did not make the hawser fast, and as the Racer went ahead the end slipped overboard. To prevent the slack of the rope fouling the screw, Fearon went astern.

And then the accident happened that cast us into the jaws of death, from which only the superb seamanship of the skipper extricated us.

As the Racer backed away from the Craigburn the rudder was exposed to the full force of the seas which broke the screws connecting the chains with the steam steering-gear, so that the vessel could not be controlled.

The tug turned broadside to the seas and drifted towards the rocks. The skipper, engineers, and all hands rushed aft and set to work to ship the tiller on the kicking rudder head. But it was a heart-breaking task.

The rolling and pitching of the tug made it almost impossible to get the tiller into its place, and the work was rendered more difficult by the increasing darkness.

The Craigburn, which was now to seaward of us, was dragging her anchors and firing rockets as signals of distress. On the deck of the Racer the only light visible was that from a lantern which I, crouched in the companion way, was holding to enable the men to see what they were doing.

The deck was constantly swept by seas, endangering the men's lives, but, encouraged by their indomitable skipper, they stuck to their task.

At last—but only when the tug was on the edge of the surf—the repairs were effected, and the Racer steered an erratic course to the open sea, and reached the shelter of Port Phillip Heads just after daylight.

I landed at Portsea, and, going to the cliffs at Sorrento, saw the Craigburn on the rocks, being smashed to pieces by the seas. Several of her crew were drowned.

£1/1/- to E. R. Frost, Ellinvah Ave., Panar Vale, Vic.

Short and Snappy

TOO MUCH FOR HIM

TWO little girls, aged three and five, daughters of a friend of mine, were enjoying breakfast with us, one having an egg and the other a kipper.

When their father came in he "Cock-a-doodle-doed" to the one having the egg.

Without the slightest hesitation the other child said: "Now make a noise like a kipper, Daddy!"

10/6 to Miss Melva Barnett, First St., Teralba, N.S.W.

FORGOT THE RING

THE day of my marriage in Kalgoorlie all went well until the clergyman asked for the ring.

"I haven't got it," the bridegroom gasped.

Rushing out of the church he ran to the nearest jewellery store, which was just being closed, and secured a ring.

He returned to the church all smiles, though I was in tears.

2/6 to Mrs. M. Hassett, Roleystone, W.A.

OVER-GENEROUS

WHEN Father was called from his work to help a motorist whose car had broken down, he procured tools and wire, and after about an hour had the machine ready for the road again.

Before leaving, the motorist thanked Dad, adding, "Had we been near an hotel I'd have bought you a drink, so I'll leave this."

And on a chair he carefully placed two threepenny bits!

2/6 to Mrs. Ken Crawford, Victoria Valley, via Dunkeld, Vic.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. If possible send photographs to illustrate stories.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

FEAR CAME TRUE

BEFORE I was married I had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning to get my brother, who was a miner, off to work.

He had to ride nine miles to the pit, and shortly after leaving one morning he returned because the roads were impassable, and decided to travel by train.

"Don't go to work to-day," my mother asked him. "It's unlucky to turn back."

My brother only laughed, but early in the afternoon we received news that he had been killed at the mine.

2/6 to Mrs. H. Gould, Duke St., Dunedin, N.Z.

FEATHERS FLEW

MOTHER had given me an old hat trimmed with trailing ostrich feathers, and, while playing "ladies," I wandered down to the fowlyard.

Suddenly our big game rooster caught sight of me. For a few seconds he stood with head cocked on one side; then, with a throaty squawk, he flew at me, spurs first.

In my hurry to escape from the infuriated bird, I tripped and fell, and with a triumphant yell he pounced on me.

Fortunately mother heard my cries, for his beak was snapping round my head when she rescued me.

2/6 to Miss Robin Douglas, 95 Park Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.

CUT TO THE BONE

THE woman I was working for never seemed satisfied with the goods the tradespeople sent, and when the butcher sold me a nice, large beef-bone for soup, I was severely reprimanded for bringing home "that dirty big bone."

On taking it back, the butcher calmly chopped it into four pieces, wrapped it up in the same piece of paper, and handed it over.

"They do look nice and clean," my mistress declared on seeing them. "You surely didn't expect me to make soup with that other dirty bone."

2/6 to Mrs. A. T. Clapp, Main St., Peterborough, S.A.

Everybody Knew . . .
—what she meant by "Headache"

NEW FACTS ABOUT PERIOD PAIN

Specialist Tells about Amazing New —*Relaxing*—Way to Relieve Pain— You Can't "Explain" . . .

"I wish that every woman in this country could realise just how much they cheat themselves when they allow unnecessary, weakening Pain and sickening headache to rob them of that calm poise which is so essential to charm!

When your poor back feels it is being drawn in—when you want to sit down and cry with the Pain, and that terrible feeling of weakness and "blues" . . . let Myzone bring you wonderful comfort —better than anything you've ever known!

New Freedom for Women

Scientists have discovered new facts about Pain and with them has been found a new—safe—way to relieve Pain, by *relaxing* nervous and muscular tension—(instead of by "doping").

Already five out of every nine women are blessing this marvellous new relief. For Myzone's special *actevin* (anti-spasm) *compound* brings instant ease from most severe period pain, headache or sick-feeling.

TWO Tablets

Yes!—Just two tiny Myzone tablets, with drink of water, or cup of tea, at the first sign of pain. . . . How comforting! And in a few minutes you feel Pain fading away —you look brighter—and feel better.

The Myzone box is neat and inconspicuous. The price is 2/- for three months' supply at your chemist or pharmacy counter.

Let Myzone help you to look your best at all times.

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Change of Heart

Continued from Page 58

JOHNNY crossed the room, took hold of Rena's hand and said, "Come." Her eyes were round and large on his face, and expressionless. She did not move.

He suddenly picked her up in his arms and carried her upstairs, and as he started to swing her down towards the blue-and-yellow covered lounge she twisted and landed on her feet. He laughed softly as he murmured "Darling" and took hold of her with swift, lithe arms. Her hands came up between them, flat against his chest. Her eyes were hot, startled, angry. Suddenly anger went through her like a torrent. He saw it, knew it, and released her.

"Well . . ." he said, his voice unevenly jocular. He was midway between a sense of guilt and one of resentment, and continued to balance himself there, precariously, while a confused half smile quirked at one corner of his mouth.

She sat down, feeling neither proud nor brave, and certain that he didn't know what to say. It was something new to him. He didn't know how to break down, give in, surrender. He had never in his life surrendered to anything. He didn't, she thought pityingly, know the meaning of humility. There were so many wonderful things about him and yet there was a stratum of life he had never touched, a deep river he didn't know about. He didn't like scenes, except when he himself created them.

He brightened warmly. "Rena, please, darling, don't be a little fool . . ." He made a gesture with his hands of trying to round out something, smooth it; he really tried hard. "You know me—I do the damnedest things sometimes. I—I didn't mean to send Philip down. I was in a frightful dither. Forget it. Please forget it!"

He came towards her, his arms outstretched, and when she stopped him in his tracks with a look, he closed his fingers tightly in his palms. His eyes flashed and he cried:

"What's the matter with you?"

She smiled at him commiseratingly and shook her head. "You shouldn't have lied to me, Johnny."

"Lied to you! What do you mean?"

"You rebounded once, Johnny." She paused. "Now twice."

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, and held his hands to his temples as he paced to the other end of the room. He was on the point of going off into a tantrum. But he did not. His face tightened abruptly, as though he realised, all at once, that he was in this room with a crisis. He turned and snapped, "That's all a lot of nonsense!" He should have taken time to think it out.

She said, "You came to me once, Johnny, the first time Letitia turned you down. All the other times, since then, I went to you. Now you've come to me. From Letitia to me, Letitia turned you down again, Johnny."

His face had colored, except around his lips, where it was white. "It's a lie!"

None of this was pleasant for her. She felt a little sick at the base of her throat. "It's a shame, Johnny, that so much of you is splendid and so little of you despicable — and that this little bit should mean so much to me tonight. Johnny, you're a liar—and something of a cheat. Not in everything, you understand—but in this one that perhaps means nothing to you and everything to me. I can't help it, Johnny!"

He felt himself disarmed and stared at the floor with a dismal irritability. He muttered, "You've changed. Something about you has changed." He shook his head, frowning, biting his lip.

She nodded slowly, and despite herself felt a warm flush of shame sweep over her body. She could never, she knew, have fought him alone, and that was why no pride sang in her veins or glowed in her eyes.

He was about to say something again, but instead he clamped his jaw, made a small impatient sound behind his teeth, and left the room.

Downstairs, in the living-room, the pilot was still asleep, snoring, and Maddox was mixing himself a drink. Johnny blew out a breath. It was a relief to be out of that emotional vortex. To-morrow was another day and he believed that people were more rational by daylight, anyhow.

He said, offhandedly: "I hope I didn't upset you, changing my mind that way."

"I ought to have expected almost anything, Johnny." Maddox raised his drink and looked over it at Johnny with a crinkling round his eyes that was easily mistaken for good humor. "You being you."

"Rena's upset, though." He poured out some brandy and then said, blandly: "I'll have to go to work on this to-morrow."

There was a time when Johnny's inconsistencies used to amuse Maddox. He wasn't amused to-night.

Johnny said: "What did Rena say when you mentioned the divorce?"

"She seemed disinclined to humor you."

"Well, I'm certainly glad to hear that!" Johnny cried. He tasted the brandy and found it very good. He sat down and said, "Of course, you can't blame her for being upset the way I barged down here—after that. She'll be more reasonable in the morning. You might talk to her a little yourself, Philip."

MADDOX looked at his drink and then took a long swallow. He looked at Johnny for a minute, sighed, shook his head and then took another long swallow.

"What about Letitia?" he said.

"That girl! You never know where you are with her."

"Did she turn you down again?"

Johnny looked uneasy. "Well, in a way—oh, good lord, I shouldn't have gone off my head about her. I shouldn't have sent you down here, Philip. In fact, you shouldn't have let me send you down. Why didn't you tell me I was a fool?"

"I've always thought you were a fool, Johnny. But you don't like a fellow less because he's a fool. Perhaps, at the time, I didn't think in those terms. You wanted something. I was in a position to try to get it for you. It's only recently, in the past couple of days, since I've been here, that I realised what a complete fool you were." He laughed, his eyes wandering. "But what a lucky fool!"

"I'll take Rena on a trip. Rio or somewhere. A long ocean voyage. Don't you think that would be great?"

Maddox looked into his drink. "Great!" It was excellent liquor but suddenly he did not like the taste of it.

"One thing about Rena," Johnny said, "she will listen to reason after a while. You can make anything sound reasonable, Philip. Just drop a few words to-morrow, here and there——"

Maddox put his glass down and got up. "I'm tired, for no reason. Besides, I'm catching the morning plane. I'll be out before any of you are up. Say good-bye to Rena and Monica for me——"

"Unthinkable! Gus can fly you north. And anyhow, you can't leave me in the lurch, Rena——"

Maddox slapped him affectionately on the arm. "You'll manage, Johnny. You always have."

"I think you're being inconsiderate, old man."

"Ask Reilly to drive me to the airport, will you?"

Maddox was on his way out of the room, and he added, "Some time between eight and nine," and went up to bed.

JOHNNY sighed. Then he yawned and drew his fingers across his eyes. He was dead tired. And when, a few minutes later, he found the door to Rena's room locked he did not knock, but went to another room and began undressing. The bed felt good and soft, and he gave himself up to it. It was better than arguing with Rena. In the morning, she'd be clear-headed. He would, too.

. . . . .

In the morning, Rena felt reborn, for it was not just another day. It was a very special day.

She had risen earlier than was her custom, breakfasted in her room, and now, standing in the arched, cavelike foyer, with its morning shadows under the ceiling and its stone floor cut with sunlight, she heard the footfalls, firm but light, descending the staircase. She shook a little, not much. She wondered if she ought to step out into the sunlight where it poured in under the lancet arch. But in an instant this flurry passed and she was tranquil.

The first thing Maddox noticed was that she wore a hat; then, that she wore a suit. The sunlight sparked whitely off a slipper buckle, but higher up she was in shadow, her features were not clear to him. She moved her hand.

"I have the two tickets," she said. "Reilly picked them up at the local office last night. The bags are already in the car."

He came towards her with his fingers folded against his palms and a certain woodenness in his neck. Questions began to start in his brain like the crackle of a string of firecrackers. But seeing her face, the eyes which were tranquil and yet struck with a deep urgency, and the white uncertain smile at her lips, those questions dissolved. He knew what her lips promised and what her eyes implored. He knew he didn't have to say that he loved her; he had already been disarmed of any pretence about that. She was only imploring him to do what he felt in his heart he ought to do.

He took hold of her hand in one of his own and rubbed the palm of the other across her knuckles. It was too bad about Johnny. It was too bad that Johnny had flown down here. For if he had remained north another day, everything might be different now; he would not have said, as he had said last night, certain things, small things, which made him out a fool who wasn't funny, and something of a cad. It was too bad for Johnny.

For Maddox, now, knew what to do. Still holding Rena's hand, caressing it, he nodded his head slowly.

"I left a note," she said.

Gazing down along his nose, he pressed her hand against his lips, keeping it there while she said:

"It's right, it's right. There's nothing wrong about it."

"You think there is," he muttered. "You mustn't."

"You were so fair about it . . . you gave me strength."

"But you must think it's right."

"I do, Philip. I honestly do. It wasn't Letitia only, but the other ones—I couldn't bear it—There's a reason now. You're the reason, Philip. I love you."

"I love you, Rena."

"Yes, I know. Otherwise all this wouldn't be happening. It almost happened last night on the beach . . . but the reason wasn't complete. We'd better go."

"Yes," he said. "Everything's changed this morning."

"Everything, my darling."

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WEDNESDAY, August 2: Dorothea Vautier in Hollywood.

THURSDAY, August 3: June Marsden—Astrology for children.

FRIDAY, August 4: June Marsden—General astrology.

SATURDAY, August 5: Music in the News.

SUNDAY, August 6: June Marsden—Astrology for business folk.

MONDAY, August 7: June Marsden—General astrology.

TUESDAY, August 8: June Marsden — Astrology for women.

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Lonely and Unlovely

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Don't neglect stomach trouble. Don't refuse your favourite dishes for fear of pain after meals. De Witt's Antacid Powder will restore your appetite and make you happier and healthier in every way.

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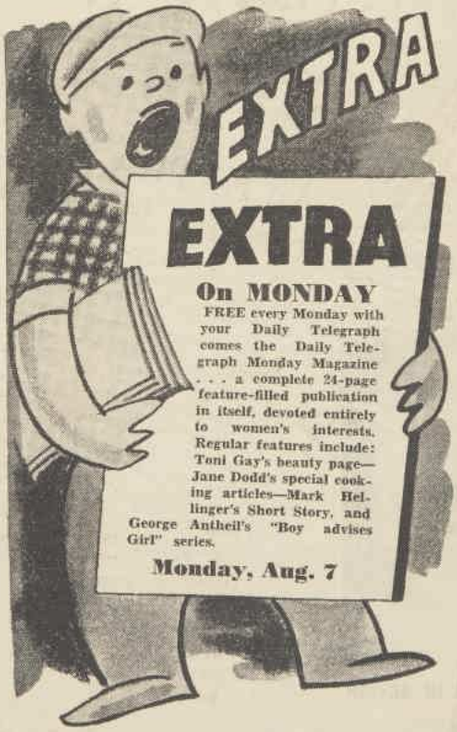

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You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new *Biological Remedy*, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality *and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing.* Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

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★ Cheer up! Forget that beastly burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of **Frozol-Ice**—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anaesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with magic **Frozol-Ice**—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free happy feet. Chemists and stores everywhere sell **Frozol-Ice** for 1/6.

The White Hen

Continued from Page 5

IN return, she told him all about herself (omitting all mention of Toby), ending with an account of her new job with the editor of "Poultry News."

"That's a fine paper!" exclaimed Bob. "They run some great competitions. Have you met Lady Garton?"

"You mean the owner of the paper? No; she never comes into the office."

"She must be awfully rich. Poultry-breeding is her hobby, and she gives all the prizes for those competitions herself. I went in for the last one, but I don't expect to win anything. It would be a big thing for me if I did. The patents alone would fetch . . . But I mustn't worry you with my affairs. Tell me, do you feel any better?"

They brought Mr. Dibdins into the kitchen and dried him, and that reminded them about the hen, so that Janice found herself promising to bring the *money* herself to-morrow, which would be Sunday.

After that, it seemed as though there were only one bike in Essex—the one that led across fields from the bus terminus to the short stretch of road that ran into Lullingdon-with-Roseley.

"What are the people like in your office?" asked Bob on the third Sunday.

"Oh, Mr. Rhodes, the boss, is rather a dear. And then there's . . . What's the matter?"

Bob's eyes had clouded and there were signs of an approaching storm.

"How old is he?"

"Who? Mr. Rhodes? Oh, about sixty."

"Then that's all right."

"Why, of course it is! Surely you didn't think . . . I don't see that it would have mattered, anyway."

"No, of course it wouldn't. It's no concern of mine. Who else is there?"

"Only Dorothy Marshall, Mr. Rhodes' secretary. She's very slangy and all that, but I like her."

"I think you'd like anyone."

"Oh, no! I'm very particular whom I choose for my friends."

"Indeed! Do you think I might manage to qualify for the distinction—in time?"

"Don't be absurd, Bob! You know quite well . . ."

She paused in embarrassment, which did not diminish when he laid a large, capable hand over hers.

"I wish I did know quite well," he said seriously. "If only I could be certain . . . But a girl like you would never consent to bury herself in an out-of-the-way hole like this."

"It's the loveliest place I've ever seen!" she exclaimed, and blushed hotly at the joy in his eyes.

The next Sunday Dib leaped upon the No. 10 bus almost before it stopped.

"I believe you're learning to read the number!" laughed Janice as she followed him up the stairs.

They were early to-day, because Bob had invited them to dinner.

"I'm a splendid cook," he had said.

She almost ran from the inn where the bus put them down, oblivious of the frenzied protests of Mr. Dibdins, who found his rabbiting expeditions cut short.

Reaching the village street, she put the dog on the lead and slowed down into a decorous walk. The door of Bob's cottage stood open invitingly, and she walked into the little sitting-room—and right into tragedy.

There in the kitchen, with his back to her, stood Bob; and by his side was a girl dressed in what Janice recognised at once as the most expensive of tweeds, with felt hat and brogues to match. They were very close together, bending over something on the table, and as Janice stood rooted to the spot, the girl laid a hand on Bob's arm and smiled.

Blinded by tears Janice groped her way down the steps and dragged the mystified dog up the hill at an alarming rate and set off for home.

Reaching the sanctuary of her little flat, she flung herself face downwards on the bed and sobbed her heart out.

Dorothy Marshall found her silent and absentminded the next day and for the rest of the week.

On the Friday, when typing "copy" for the printer, Janice discovered that Bob Paget had won first prize in the last competition. She seemed to hear him saying, as he had at their first meeting:

"It would be a big thing for me if I won it."

"Well," thought Janice, "now he'll be able to marry that girl in the expensive costume. She looks as though she'll need a rich husband."

Feeling thoroughly miserable, she finished her work and went out to lunch. When she returned, the door of Mr. Rhodes' room stood open, and from it came the sound of voices and of a man's laugh. It struck a responsive chord in the girl's unhappy heart.

"What a tragic laugh that man has!" she exclaimed—almost her first voluntary remark for the week. "He sounds as if he had lost everything he valued in the world."

"You've got another guess coming to you," said Dorothy. "He's just cleaned up a cool two thousand."

"Has he? Then it doesn't seem to have done him any good."

"Perhaps it hasn't quite dawned on him yet," continued Dorothy, busily sketching her lips in vivid red. "That's the man who won first prize in the incubator competition last week."

JANICE gasped, but the other seemed not to hear it. Bob here! In this office! He must not see her on any account. What could she do!

"Well, I'm off!" said Dorothy breezily. "I'll see you later!"

"Bye-bye! Have a good lunch," said Janice mechanically.

"You bet! It's a roast chicken and green peas for this baby to-day—someone's paying!"

Pausing to adjust her ridiculous eye-veil she swished out of the office.

With a faint sigh at the recollection of her own slender meal of fish-cakes (the usual before-pay-envelope dish), Janice slipped the paper into her machine and typed the date. But there were worse things, she reflected, than being reduced to fishcakes on Friday, and Bob Paget being in Mr. Rhodes' room was one of them. Where, oh where should she hide when he came out?

The buzzer rang impatiently—Mr. Rhodes wanted her. Janice clutched her notebook and stared about her wildly. She couldn't go in there—She couldn't face him. The bell went again, more insistently.

Choking back a sob, she straightened her shoulders, and, with her small head held very high, hurried to the editor's room. He was seated at his desk, and standing by the window was Bob Paget.

"Oh, Miss Holme, just take this down, please. 'Agreement made this day between . . .'"

Bob, who had been staring out at the opposite wall, swung round suddenly.

"Janice"

She looked up with a start.

"So you two know one another?" said Mr. Rhodes. "I had no idea. Why didn't you tell me, Paget?"

"There must be some mistake?" said Janice quietly. "Mr. Paget must have taken me for someone else."

But a glance had told Mr. Rhodes something of the situation, and Bob's next remark revealed still more.

"Why didn't you come on Sunday?" he asked urgently. "I waited for you till . . ."

Janice looked at him steadily.

"I don't think you waited for me, Mr. Paget," she said coldly. "'Agreement made this day between . . .' What comes after that, Mr. Rhodes?"

"I—I'm not quite sure," said the editor. "Excuse me a moment—I must look something up."

He hurried into the outer office, and Bob leane over Janice.

"What's the matter, dear? Why didn't you come?"

"I did come," she whispered.

"I don't understand."

She sprang to her feet, and her eyes blazed into his.

"You do understand. You know perfectly well what I mean. I arrived at twelve o'clock, as I'd promised, and the door was open, and I walked in—like a fool—and . ."

Enlightenment shone in his features.

"Twelve o'clock. That was when . . . Oh, that was nothing. It was only . . ."

"I don't care who it was. And you calmly stand there and tell me it was nothing. And I suppose I was nothing? And so are you. You're nothing at all to me—absolutely nothing."

SHE wrenched open the door, ran to her desk and collapsed into a storm of sobs with her head upon the keyboard of the typewriter. A moment later Bob Paget passed through the office like a whirlwind and slammed the door as he went out into the street.

"Dear me," murmured Mr. Rhodes, busy at a filing-cabinet. "How very distressing."

He retired discreetly, and rang for Dorothy as soon as she came in from lunch. When he had told her everything, she pursed her lips and nodded wisely.

"So that's it" she commented. "I didn't know she knew him—she's as close as an oyster. But she did say she'd been hiking on the week-ends, and she seemed much brighter than when she first came—until this week."

And she told Mr. Rhodes how unhappy Janice had seemed for the last few days.

"Well, I have a plan," he said presently, "and I want you to help me."

The result of their conference was that the editor rang for Janice as soon as she arrived the following morning.

"Miss Holme," he said pleasantly, taking in at a glance the pale face and eyes red with weeping. "I've invited Miss Marshall and her—er—her friend to come for a little spin in the country to-morrow, and I'd be delighted if you'd come along, too."

His wistful tone appealed to her, lonely as she was, and she smiled wanly.

"I'd just love it!" she said as brightly as she could. "Thank you so much!"

Sunday was beautiful, and the car took them through some of the loveliest lowland scenery in England. Janice and Dib sat in front with Mr. Rhodes, while Dorothy and the admirer of the moment quarrelled loudly and slangily in the back seat. They had dinner at a good wayside inn, and then Mr. Rhodes turned the car towards the south.

"We'll just take in my favorite corner of Essex," he explained, "and then home. I know of a delightful little place for tea."

Suddenly Janice began to imagine that the scenery was becoming familiar.

"How silly of me!" she told herself. "All this forest country is alike.. Mr. Rhodes would never find it—it's right off the main highway."

But Mr. Rhodes, in accordance with the plans he and Dorothy had made, had found it; and Janice gripped her bag so tightly that it hurt her hands, as the car slid down the little hill into Lullingdon-with-Roseley.

"What a cock-eyed little place!" cried Dorothy mischievously, and Janice faced round and stared at her out of angry, tear-filled eyes.

"HOW dare you say that!" she exclaimed. "It's the loveliest place in all the world!"

Dorothy smiled gleefully at the first sign of animation which Janice had shown for a week. It looked, she thought, as though their plot would succeed after all.

"If you don't mind, Miss Holme, I want to see someone here," said Mr. Rhodes, bringing the car to a halt outside the door of Bob Paget's cottage.

"I'd like you to come in with me," continued her employer. "I'm combining business with pleasure, and shall want a witness to my client's signature."

He held the door open, and, since she could not make a scene in the middle of the road, the girl had no choice but to follow him.

Bob opened the door and invited them into the cottage after the briefest of greetings. Mr. Rhodes opened fire at once.

"I don't know what's the matter with you young people," he said, "but it had better be cleared up. I'm taking the others on to a place that has a sort of pleasure-ground rigged up—I rather think they'll like it. I'll call back for Miss Holme in about an hour."

Before either of them could protest, he had gone, shutting the front door firmly. A moment later they heard the car start up and move away.

"Janice darling—how I've missed you! Give me a chance to explain."

"Explain! Yes—you're very good at that, aren't you? All men are—they need to be!"

"Janice! Listen to me!"

Roughly he seized her in his arms, pressing her cheek against his shoulder. In spite of her anger and misery she was acutely aware of the warmth and safety of his embrace. For one brief second she gave herself up to the old, beautiful dream—dreams of living here always, in this sweet cottage at Lullingdon-with-Roseley, as the wife of Bob Paget. Then, thrusting such foolishness aside, she struggled to free herself or to put her hands over her ears. But it was useless.

"You've got to listen!" cried Bob, holding her tightly. "I know exactly what happened last Sunday. The door was open, and you looked in and saw me in the kitchen with Lady Garton, and you thought . . ."

"Who?"

"Lady Garton! She came here to tell me I'd won the prize. She lives at Garton Hall just along the road, you know. We were looking at the sketch of my design . . ."

"Oh, Bob! And I imagined . . ."

"I know just what you imagined, you poor little darling! And now that my patents are going to bring in quite a nice little income. I wonder if . . ."

He had not to wonder long, for she lifted her face to his and their lips met in a long kiss.

When conversation was again possible, Bob embarked on his plans for the future.

"What do you say to a little house down Surrey way?" he asked. "I know of a place with plenty of land for a chicken-run where I can install all the latest improvements. Of course, there would have been room for them here, but you wouldn't want to live in a corner of the world like this."

"But that's just what I do want! I've always wanted to live here—with you!"

"You precious darling!"

Later, when she was once more free to talk, Janice said:

"It's lucky that Mr. Dibdins did chase your hen, isn't it?"

"He's a blessed dog!" exclaimed Bob enthusiastically. "Where is he, by the way?"

"Oh! I'd forgotten all about him! He's gone off in the car. I do hope they won't take him on the merry-go-round—it will make him so very ill!"

But Bob was not interested in Dib at that moment. Taking a much-folded ten-shilling note from his pocket-book, he said:

"I've been keeping this as a souvenir, darling. What shall we do with it?"

"Let's buy Dib a new basket—he's chewed all the edges of his old one."

Bob laughed and swept her into his arms again.

"Just as you please, sweetheart! A reward for chasing a white hen—it's not often a dog gets that!"

"But he does deserve it!" murmured Janice, snuggling happily against Bob's shoulder.

(Copyright)

Don't let unpleasant laxatives cause tears and tantrums.

Use this Child's Laxative—PLEASANT, MILD IN ACTION

When your youngster is out-of-sorts — obviously in need of a thorough intestinal cleansing—and still "fights" taking a laxative, don't set it down as stubbornness. Maybe you are guilty — of thoughtlessness. For when a child objects to such medicine, there's often good cause. The taste may be offensive, or the action harsh and unpleasant.

So is it ever fair, or even kind, to force such remedies on your youngster, thus taxing an upset condition still further?

Fortunately, there's no need to resort to such measures. You can get a real child's laxative — "California Syrup of Figs" — 'Califig' — thoroughly pleasant both in taste and action. Youngsters really *like* it.

In flavour, "California Syrup of Figs" is as delicious as pure fruit syrup. And, because of its gentle vegetable ingredients, is mild and agreeable in effect. Doctors recommend it. And in thousands of homes where it is used, "California Syrup of Figs" has proved an equally suitable laxative for others in the family — young or old, especially for women — with whom it is important to avoid the shock of stronger, harsher drugs.

"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say '*California*' and look for '*Califig*' on the package.

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Why French girls look so smart

Madame Marcel Dupre talks about her countrywomen

By our SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

There is still something "different" about a Frenchwoman. Despite the competition of her English and American sisters, she has a charm, a distinction all her own.

That is the outstanding impression Australians are receiving when they meet Madame Dupre, who has come to Australia with her famous husband, M. Marcel Dupre, who is recognised as being the greatest living organist.

WHEN you meet Madame Dupre you are immediately attracted by her voice. There is a lilt about it, a musical cadence, which is strange but delightful to Australian ears.

And then you think of the musical atmosphere in which she spends her life—the big music-room with its grand organ, in their Paris home, their musician friends, the innumerable public recitals such as those being given here by her husband under the auspices of the A.B.C.

I tried to find out in conversation with Madame Dupre just what it is that gives the cultured Frenchwoman her rare feminine charm. Is it the result of careful training?

"In France," Madame Dupre said, "we work much harder than you do—than any other people do. Children study harder. They work long hours and then they come home and do their homework.

"We have kindergartens there now, and all the little children go. Then, when they are seven, they go to the secondary schools—not mixed schools as you have here. The boys go to one school, the girls to another. Then, when the time comes for them to go out into the world, they are still a little of a mystery to one another.

"If a man wishes to take a girl to a concert or a party, he must first ask her parents' permission. Then he must call for her.

"Since the war, however, when women had to take over men's jobs, and children had so much more freedom, the old idea of chaperons has rather died out.

"In the same way, the idea of the dot or dowry has died out, too, although many people still make a private gift to the bridegroom when their daughter marries.

"French girls do not have any more social life than English or American—perhaps not so much, because everyone works so hard. There is not always the time to go to one party after another.

"Girls 'come out' when they are 18, or sometimes they leave it until they are 21. Their parents give a little dinner for them, and an evening reception—all very nicely done, with no great pomp or publicity.

"In the streets, or when they go out to a function, girls nearly always wear black or black-and-white. But do not think of it as a uniform. No, the frocks are always different—and very chic.

"Why does the French girl look so smart? She has a little time to talk over her clothes with her friends, but she does not talk about them all the time. No. But she is interested in them. She plans them well.

"She would never dream of lounging before the fire in a coat and skirt, which would make the skirt shapeless.

Careful of clothes

"AS soon as she comes into the house, off go her street clothes, and she slips into something neat and tidy that will not spoil by sitting. She takes care of her things. She is economical. She is the good housewife.

"All the girls, or nearly all of them, take courses in domestic subjects, even if they are studying for a profession.

"I was born at Biarritz, in the South of France. We girls worked so hard that we never thought of going to a dance. I had been through my secondary education, through my college and University course at Bordeaux, and arrived at Oxford before I attended my first dance.

"In France now most of the girls play tennis, and it is through this sport that they often first come to know boys of their own age.

"But work always comes first. My daughter, Marguerite, at the age of about four, showed an inclination for music. She is very clever, like her father, and at 28 is giving musical recitals in France and America.

"We have a big music room at our home just out of Paris.

"Here many famous musicians come to play—Rachmaninoff, Medtner, Glazounow.

"Frenchwomen go in for professions, I think, far more than those of other nationalities. And when they are married they continue just the same. Nobody minds. There are no regulations in teaching or any of the other professions to prevent married women continuing their careers.

"But women always run their own homes. I always spend my mornings running my home, and my afternoons I devote to my husband's secretarial work. After I married, I was on the University staff while my daughter was a student there . . . It was quite natural."

M. DUPRE, world-famous organist, and Madame Dupre.

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What's the ANSWER?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1. The late Queen Alexandra was the Duchess of Kent's—
   Grandmother, second cousin, great-aunt, no relation.
2. When you flavor a dish with paprika you are using—
   Ground betel nut, mixed spices, ground capsicums, a powdered root.
3. Your new leghorn hat came from—
   France, Italy, China, an English poultry farm.
4. One of these famous dress designers is a man—
   Alix, Lelong, Lanvin, Chanel, Vionnet.
5. The famous Australian novel "Boomerang" was written by—
   Katherine Prichard, G. B. Lancaster, Helen Simpson, Miles Franklin, Henry Handel Richardson.
6. If your husband tells you he is going mining at Coober-Pedy, he intends to dig for—
   Gold, coal, opals, osmiridium, tantalite.
7. If someone promises you a piece of majolica you know it is—
   Something to eat, music to play on the piano, an ornament for the drawing-room, a cutting to plant in the garden.
8. The basis for most perfumes is—
   Methylated spirit, camphor, ambergris, witch-hazel.
9. Marcasite is—
   A British aristocrat, a referendum, a metal used in jewellery, a liqueur.
10. Which one of these is said to have visited Britain—
    St. Peter, Joseph of Arimathea, St. John, Nicodemus, Pilate.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 66

NOW IT'S *Twice* AS EASY To Dress the Children Smartly, too

Now FASHION'S new "Junior" Section simplifies the problem of dressing the children economically—with clothes that fit naturally and look smart always! Here are just a few examples typical of the widely varied and up-to-date range of patterns in every issue. FASHION will help you dress yourself and the children in better style, at less cost!

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31 Designs and patterns for Day Frocks—17 Evening Frocks—6 Original Models—11 Underwear Patterns—5 Sports Patterns—2 Knitwear Designs—1 Needlework Design with full directions—and Pages of Beauty, Fashion and Cooking Hints. 4 Free Patterns selected by Margaret Vyner.

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CONCEAL *Skin* **BLEMISHES** IN A FEW SECONDS

Thousands now rely upon COVERSPOT to conceal all such skin blemishes as pimples, spots, scars, freckles, birthmarks, etc. You will be surprised how simple and effective it is. Get a jar of COVERSPOT from your Chemist and simply rub the COVERSPOT over the blemish like a face cream. The result is an unmarred complexion. COVERSPOT cannot be felt after application nor can it be detected in the strongest light. It remains pliant all day long and does not fade or easily rub off.

COVERSPOT is also ideal as an all-over make-up. Hides uneven sunburn on face, neck, shoulders and arms. It prevents windburn too.

Get some COVERSPOT from your Chemist to-day. Purse size costs only 1/6, Economy jar 4/6, or write to British Harold F. Ritchie Co., Ltd., 55 York St., Sydney.

Coverspot
CONCEALS ALL SKIN BLEMISHES

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

IT is only on this basis that true accord can be obtained by Leonians (those with birthdays between July 23 and August 24).

They are too strong and individualistic in character to be taken lightly, and only when there is mutual understanding and mutual respect one for the other can they be both successful and happy, and their associates express that degree of confidence which natives of this sign expect.

It can be seen that self-knowledge is of primary importance in the life of those born at this time of the year. Hence they should psycho-analyse themselves frequently and strive, by cutting out weaknesses and non-essentials, to increase and strengthen their more desirable characteristics.

Most of the troubles in the lives of Leonians can be traced to their intense pride and self-assurance. They sometimes fail to realise that pride must not be egotism, that self-assurance must not lead to self-destruction.

The motto for all Leonians should be "Know thyself"; for those who live or associate with them "Know thy Leonian."

Not that all Leonians can be classed under this heading. There are the few who are genuinely humble and seemingly lacking in all the "bossy" or leadership qualities which their fellows express.

But never make a mistake about this type. He may be fooling everybody, himself included. Or he may not yet have found himself. When he does, he will come to the fore as confidently as the more aggressive type, perhaps even surpassing him.

Also there is the Leonian whose battles are bloodless. This Leo native usually earns quite a name for his (or her) charm, kindliness, and modesty, and it is by the wise use of these attributes that such people gain their ends. These are the people whose strength lies in "knowing themselves."

And lastly, there are those who are as putty in the hands of people who please them or earn their love, but who can be hard, cruel, dogmatic and selfish if aroused by injustice, distrust, or humiliation.

To get the best out of your Leo-born associates, therefore, try to understand these strong and weak points in their character, and utilise your knowledge wisely in order to bring harmony and success.

The Daily Diary

Utilise the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Many Arians can utilise August 5, 6 and 7 to put themselves on top of the world. Plans should be ready for operation and opportunities turned into achievements. Hard work, consolidation, and optimism should be the order of the day.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): There's trouble ahead for those who are neither cautious nor wise. Routine tasks advised. Avoid changes and take no risks, argumentative or otherwise.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Quite fair on August 10 and 11.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Mildly poor for you on August 5, 6 and 7.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Go for your lives on August 5, and follow up by well-planned activities on August 6 and 7. Enterprise, diligence and common sense can attract opportunities and help you to achieve some of your ambitions or desires.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Unspectacular. Routine tasks advised.

INTRIGUING ruchings on a Lindo Lawrence ensemble—the dusky-purple of grapes with spirited touches of claret.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 23): Fair on August 10 and 11. Poor on August 5, 6 and 7.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Rash and unwise Scorpions will find trouble at their elbows at this time. Caution is specially advised on August 7 (p.m.), 8 and 9. Avoid risks.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Many Sagittarians will catch up with opportunity if they show how really good they are on August 5, 6 and 7 (to dusk). Important matters or changes can be started then with good chances of proving successful. Book advancement.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): August 7 (evening), 8 and 9 just fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Your sins will find you out at this time, particularly if you are irrational and impatient or unconventional. Play for safety. Be very cautious on August 7 (after 1 p.m.), 8 and 9, and try to avoid upsets, arguments, opposition, losses and other troubles then.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Not spectacular. August 12 just fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

A LEVER PRODUCT
J.432.154

They tell others . . . but not the offender—about "B.O." *(Body Odour)*

It would take a very good friend indeed to tell you if you suffered from "B.O." But Lifebuoy Soap is the very best friend of all because it does *more*—it prevents any chance of you offending this way. Lifebuoy's lather, containing the special health element, cleanses the pores thoroughly and gently. So mild is Lifebuoy's action that a leading skin specialist, after making 6,000 tests, proved it *milder* than many soaps recommended for babies and women. *Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse, but its protection remains.*

Manners maketh happy marriages

By air mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

IF newlyweds want to live happily ever after, they must observe some manners, according to a leading psychologist, who has prepared the following list of rules:—

Manners for Mrs.

1. Don't fail to be fragrant and cheerful.
2. Don't let your voice get shrill or sound complaining.
3. Don't hum while your husband is talking.
4. Don't ask him for favors before dinner.
5. Don't interrupt his evening newspaper reading. It may be the only relaxation he's had during the whole day.
6. Don't embarrass him in public with smotheringly affectionate terms.
7. Don't be jealous just because he has enjoyed himself talking to another woman.
8. **Don't let anyone touch his possessions. Lack of privacy is about the hardest part of family life for a man.**
9. Don't speak too much of other men's good points in his presence.
10. Don't fail to admire his accomplishments extravagantly.
11. Don't nag. To nag is to repeat a correction more than twice in the same conversation.

Manners for Mr.

1. Never turn to your wife in company and explain something to her with pseudo patience as though she were a halfwit you had in tow.
2. Don't correct her generalities of measuring distances and amounts. Women understand each other in these matters.
3. Don't look so resigned as you wait for her to pass ahead of you.
4. Don't teach her to drive a car or play bridge or golf. Engage someone else.
5. Don't tell her you can't stand red fingernail polish and then admire other women who wear it.
6. Don't be jealous of her men friends and then ask one of yours to take her to a theatre when you're too busy.
7. Don't fail to have an understanding about expenditures BEFORE marriage. It's hard for any woman to realise that she has no rights.
8. Don't forget to tell her often that you love her.
9. Don't overlook anniversaries for they're important in marital romance.

The answer is—

1. **Great-aunt.**
2. **Ground capsicums.**
3. **Italy.**
4. **Lelong.**
5. **Helen Simpson.**
6. **Opals.**
7. **An ornament.**
8. **Ambergris.**
9. **A metal used in jewellery.**
10. **Joseph of Arimathea.**

Questions on Page 65

Backache Banished

★ Your digestion, upset by modern diet, fails to extract blood-purifying minerals from food. Starved of this nourishment, your kidneys lose power. Crippling backache results. Dietitians suggest COLOSEPTIC to end this condition. COLOSEPTIC cleanses the system by removing poisons from the colon; then feeds your blood-stream with vitalising minerals which tone up the kidneys. COLOSEPTIC, 2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.★★★

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Do You Cry?

The minute things go wrong

"I can't explain it," writes G.J.H., of Tamworth, N.S.W., *"I cry at the least thing, sometimes even in public. I believe I am anaemic."*

Anaemia means poor blood. Poor blood means starved nerves. Starved nerves mean lack of nervous control—hence emotional fears, listlessness, loss of sleep and all kinds of ills. Here's a test worth trying—the famous

"8 day" Wonder Test

which physicians find charges nerve cells with strong reserve energy, and often increases vitality and endurance of weak, nervous, anaemic, run-down men and women 100 per cent.

First see how far you can walk—or how long you can work—before becoming tired, achy and nervous. Next take two tablets of Phosphorated Iron after each meal for 8 days. Then test your strength, energy and staying power again, and see for yourself how much you have gained. Note the startling difference in the way you look, feel and act.

Phosphorated Iron tablets seem to go right to the spot, send a rich flood of iron-laden blood surging through your veins to feed the famished nerve cells. Then you brighten up, put on a smile, get back the old time deep relaxed sleep every night.

Phosphorated Iron is a scientific combination of organic elements—and the cost of a 60-tablet flask is small for the wonderful relief you gain. Get some from your chemist to-day.

Gas in the Stomach is Dangerous

Daily Use of Salix Magnesia Overcomes Troubles Caused by Acid Indigestion.

Gas in the stomach accompanied by a full, bloated feeling after eating is almost certain evidence of too much hydrochloric acid in the stomach, causing so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous. Too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leads to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to try to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralising effect on the stomach acids. Instead get a little Salix Magnesia from your nearest chemist or store and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This will drive out the gas, wind, and bloat, sweeten the stomach, neutralise the excess acid, and prevent its formation, and stop sourness, gas or pain. Salix Magnesia is harmless, inexpensive, and a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.***

Varicose Veins Rapidly Reduced

Simple Home Treatment that is Giving Amazing Results.

The world progresses. To-day ailments that took weeks to cure can now be ended in a few days. If you have varicose veins or bunches you can start to-day to bring them back to normal size, and if you are wise you will do so.

Just get an original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil at any chemist's and apply it night and morning to the enlarged veins. It is very powerful and penetrating, and only a little is required.

After a few days' treatment the veins will begin to grow smaller, and by regular use will soon reduce to normal.

People who want to reduce varicose veins should not hesitate to get a bottle at once. It is so powerful that a small bottle lasts a long time. The leading chemists sell lots of it.***

What Women are Doing

Has worked as kennel maid to pedigree dogs

THE care of pedigree dogs was studied by Miss Ruth Alabaster during two years in England, when she worked in breeding kennels and as a canine nurse.

The dogs, which were mainly wire-haired terriers, were worth between £30 and £500 each.

In the Bowes Kennel, Essex, where Miss Alabaster worked, there were about 60 dogs. Her duties began at 6.45 a.m., when the dogs were all barking while they waited for their morning run.

The kennel maids were amused when during the daylight saving the clocks were put forward an hour and the dogs did not start barking till 7.45 a.m.

Every kennel was washed out with disinfectant daily, young puppies were given their morning meal, and after breakfast the kennel maids took the dogs out for exercise.

Dogs which were to be exhibited during the next months were taken on a lead each day, then the puppies of six to seven months were trained to walk with a lead.

Preparation for a show took two months, and the dogs required constant attention during that time.

Two dogs which were in Miss Alabaster's care were valued at £500 each.

After six months at the kennels

MISS RUTH ALABASTER
—Dickinson-Monfeath

she went to a veterinary surgery for dogs and cats. She accompanied the surgeon on his calls and helped to attend the animal patients brought to the consulting-room.

Miss Alabaster intends to start breeding-kennels in Melbourne, and she brought with her from England a wire-haired terrier and three puppies which she hopes to exhibit at the Melbourne Show.

TESTS DAIRY PRODUCTS

BACTERIOLOGY is the branch of science in which Miss Margaret Mackay, M.Sc., of Adelaide, is most keenly interested.

She is in charge of the laboratory of the Farmers' Co-operative Union.

Formerly research assistant in the Physiology Department at the Adelaide University, Miss Mackay changed to her present job twelve months ago.

Her work is to test milk for bacteria, check the pasteurised milk and in season take bacterial counts of egg pulp.

MISS MACKAY weighing a sample of butter on the scales which she uses for her bacteria testing work.

She also has to make a bacterial count of butter and test cheese. In her department are seven girls who do test work under her supervision.

On August 19 Miss Mackay will leave for London to do a post-graduate science course and further scientific research work.

Scientist experiments in photo-chemistry

IN her laboratory at Cambridge University, Mrs. C. H. Bamford, formerly Miss Daphne Stephan, of Sydney, has been experimenting in photo-chemistry, the action of light on chemical bodies.

One of Australia's most brilliant women graduates, Mrs. Bamford is a Bachelor of Science, a Doctor of Philosophy, and a chemical research worker. With her husband she is visiting Australia for a few weeks to see her parents.

After an outstanding scholastic career at the Sydney University she went to Cambridge and graduated as Doctor of Philosophy.

She was married last December, and her husband, also a Doctor of Philosophy, is engaged in specialised research work at Cambridge, but of a different type from that of his wife. They both will engage in their respective jobs when they return to England in October.

When she was an Australian University student, Mrs. Bamford was keenly interested in swimming, and she was captain of the Sydney University team for inter-University contests in Adelaide.

Squash racquets is her favorite game now that she lives in England, and she has been to Austria for the snow sports.

Awarded degree for work on fossils

MISS KATHLEEN PRENDERGAST, daughter of Mrs. Mary Prendergast, of Melbourne, has gained another scholastic degree, that of Doctor of Philosophy.

This clever student, who is at Cambridge, is a granddaughter of the late Mr. G. M. Prendergast, M.L.A., of Victoria. She was an honors graduate of the University of West Australia, and went to England in 1936 under a Hackett Scholarship to continue her geological research.

A short time after entering Cambridge she was awarded a three-year scholarship, established in 1851 for overseas students. This enabled her to carry on her paleontology research work at the University.

Her latest achievement, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, was awarded for a thesis dealing with certain groups of brachipods which she has been studying.

Miss Prendergast worked on brachipods, or fossilised shellfish, from the Australian permian period, which was one of the most famous prehistoric eras, when amphibians began to decline and reptiles made their appearance. These are regarded by paleontologists as valuable geological time-markers.

Indexing early information on South Australia

SIX South Australian women are devoting part of each week to a most unusual and—for the State—valuable task. In an honorary capacity, they are working at the Archives, studying early documents of the State, and filing all sorts of references, under the supervision of the archivist, Mr. G. Pitt.

Miss Dorothy Paynter and Mrs. Frank Goss have been going through the correspondence of the early Colonial Secretaries, when these were the medium of communication between the Governor and various heads of departments. They have found that people had to write to the Governor through the Secretary even to request admission to the public hospital or for authority to dismiss an employee.

Miss Lucy Ayres has just completed a copy of an early and much-tattered shipping document which came originally from the Customs Department at Port Adelaide.

This was a big undertaking, as many of the long lists of names were badly written and all had to be checked from various sources.

Miss Penelope Mayo (author of a volume on Colonel Light) has been indexing an amazing variety of subjects from the early Almanacs (the forerunners of the modern directories) of the State. These include information about the founding of new industries, the time when fences were first erected and when tobacco was first grown.

Miss E. Jean Morrison and Mrs. Harry Aldersey have indexed the very early newspapers.

❖ ❖ ❖

Designs modern furniture and collects antiques

NOTED for the charming decor of her home in Melbourne, Mrs. Edward Dyson, who recently moved to Sydney, has decided to open a picture and furniture gallery.

Mrs. E. Dyson

She has been collecting pictures and antiques for some months, and her gallery will contain Norman Lindsay pictures, as well as those of Will Ashton, Margaret Preston, Fred Leist and others.

Mrs. Dyson designs modern furniture, and many of her latest designs have been registered and cannot be copied.

She considers that there can be as much interest in planning a modern "sun room" as there is in the designing of a "period" room.

As a hobby she planned the interior decoration of the homes of many of her friends, and she has made a close study of art and period furniture.

Her gallery has three reception-rooms, furnished with period pieces, and two of her most interesting exhibits are meditation chairs, which are sometimes called "kneeling chairs," as they were used for family prayers during the Victorian era.

Mrs. Dyson is the widow of Edward Dyson, the well-known Australian writer, who was a brother of Will Dyson, the cartoonist.

I will say! "THIS BIOCEL CREAM IS MARVELLOUS!"

It nourishes the skin

My doctor told me that Biocel in this particular cream is obtained from carefully selected young animals. It goes down deep into the skin and supplies it with the very nourishment it needs to make it firm, fresh and young. It was discovered by a great Vienna University Professor. It is now combined with Crème Tokalon Biocel in just the right proportions to nourish the skin tissues. Use this crème at night and use Crème Tokalon (Vanishing), in the morning. In three days it will put you on the road to get rid of your complexion blemishes and flabby sagging facial muscles. In tests made at the University of Vienna Hospital by Prof. Dr. Stejskal on women from 55 to 72 years of age, lines disappeared in six weeks' time. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

Over 2,000,000 women have REDUCED this way

What countless other women have done, you can do, without dieting, purging or strenuous exercise.

Four times a day take a little Marmola Prescription Tablet, containing in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning to useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer.

Marmola has been used for 30 years—millions of packages. Today more and more women are keeping slender in this easy, pleasant way. And they are gaining new health and vitality as the weight goes down.

The Marmola booklet enclosed with every package, gives a complete explanation as to why the pounds go. You know exactly what you are taking, and why.

Go get a package today. It is folly to stay fat in these scientific days. Simply take Marmola until weight comes down to normal. It is the *easiest way of all to regain an attractively slim figure.*

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/3 per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3879SS, Sydney, N.S.W.

Star Wheel DESIGN...

. . . crochet motif making a delightful glass mat. Four joined and you have a plate mat and so on. Leaflet on sale at all good needlework shops, price 2d. or 3d., post free from Central Agency (Australia) Ltd., Box 2573E, G.P.O., Sydney.

MCI-89

COATS' Mercer-Crochet

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ARS GRATIA ARTIS

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

THE 10 BEST PICTURES OF 1939

A Prediction

I saw *"GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS."*

* * *

I saw a picture which is assured of a top spot among this year's *Ten Best.*

* * *

I saw *Robert Donat's* performance as "Mr. Chips," destined to be a leading contender for this year's *Academy Award.*

I saw a new star born to the world, *Miss Greer Garson,* whose beauty shines from the screen with tenderness and truth, stirring hearts that seek emotional thrill.

* * *

I saw an entertainment that will take its place among the immortal works of the screen, a picture for humanity's masses, to be beloved by people in every walk of life, to be sensationally received now and to be revived in years to come.

* * *

I am proud of *"GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS,"* for it is typical of the attractions which have made *M-G-M* a symbol to picture-goers of the *finest* in films.

LEO, of M-G-M.

STOP BACKACHE

This easy way!

No matter how severely you suffer from ageing aches, pains and consequent weak, worn-out spells, a few doses of HARRISON'S PILLS will make a wonderful improvement in your health, and one bottle will convince you there is nothing to equal them for renewing healthy, comfortable activity in men and women who are beginning to feel their years. Take Harrison's Pills for Backache, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Pains in Joints, Knuckles, Shoulders and Limbs, Scalding Pains, Night Worry, Bladder Troubles, etc. Remember! If YOU want to feel years younger quickly and safely, without a single ache or pain—this is the signed remedy of a London Doctor. Try it! From any chemist, three sizes, 2/-, 3/- and 5/-

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For A Strictly Limited Season, Nightly at 8. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2.

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Miss Charlotte Greenwood

America's First Lady of Comedy in "LEANING ON LETTY"

With her own American cast.

PLANS AT PALINGS AND THEATRE ROYAL. Balcony Sales at Hillers (Next Theatre).

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS

(Week's Best Release.)

Robert Donat, Greer Garson, Terry Kilburn. (MGM.)

THAT brilliant young actor, Robert Donat, brings you here, with another MGM film made in England, an entertainment as great as "The Citadel."

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips" is the story of a young schoolmaster, sensitive and shy, who grows into the life and affections of a big English public school.

I am not exaggerating when I promise that "Mr. Chips" himself will grow as deeply into your affections. For Robert Donat sinks his own personality to create an endearing and tenderly humorous figure.

The most appealing part of a lovely film is the love story of "Mr. Chips," who, when he goes on a holiday to the Tyrol, meets a young Englishwoman, and, in almost middle age, finds the happiness of his life.

Greer Garson, a new actress who plays "Mrs. Chips," is a sensation. She has beauty, wit, and infinite charm.

There are other delightful people in the story—young Terry Kilburn, for instance, who plays a triple role, that of three generations of Colleys. For you go with "Mr. Chips" from youth to old age. And the film has been skilfully made, with a careful eye against sentimentality, and a vivid background of school life.

But at the end it is "Mr. Chips" himself who wins your applause, as most certainly he should. And, if you can remain dry-eyed, well, you are made of tougher stuff than I am! —St. James; showing.

★★ UNION PACIFIC

Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea. (Paramount.)

OUT of the building of one of America's great railway lines Cecil B. DeMille has produced a grand, sweeping action drama of truly epic proportions.

It runs for two and a quarter hours, and into that time packs tumultuous adventure, superb spectacle, and backgrounds of dramatic beauty.

It is a massive cinematic monument to human endeavor.

"Union Pacific" depicts the herculean struggles of railway builders of the 'sixties, their mastery over primitive elements as well as human obstacles, savage Red Indians, and crooked racketeers.

It is also a heady, exhilarating race against time. The Union Pacific Railway from the east is racing the Central Pacific from the west to the town of Ogden.

The human beings are less important than the theme.

But Joel McCrea gives a sturdy portrayal of rugged virtue and strong, silent courage.

Not so impressive is Barbara Stanwyck, saddled with an Irish accent. She plays the postmistress who loves McCrea but marries villain Robert Preston to save McCrea's life.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ THE RETURN OF THE CISCO KID

Warner Baxter, Lynn Bari. (Fox.)

AN ageing and heavily made-up Warner Baxter once again dons the black curly wig and Mexican uniform of a chivalrous bandit to help an American beauty win back her ranch—and foil the tyranny of Robert Barret.

To compensate for Baxter's waning appeal, 20th Century-Fox has laden this galloping action piece with humor—boisterous, but funny.

The laughter is won by Cesar Romero, unrecognisable in greasy sombrero and comic role; and by fat Chris-Pin Martin, as Baxter's second henchman. Henry Hull's posturing old colonel is good, and the Arizona scenery lovely. But Baxter should remember his age.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ SILVER ON THE SAGE

William Boyd, George Hayes. (Paramount.)

I MUST admit to being in a state of slight confusion all through this latest Hopalong Cassidy "Western."

The story doesn't run as smoothly as is usual in this polished series.

But waywardness of plot does not mar enjoyment of thrilling gunplay, pounding hoofs, and the continuous grandeur of desert country background.

Bill Boyd has a little mystery to solve. It is this—how can the ace villain, Stanley Ridges, be in two places at once?

Mr. Boyd will have to watch George Hayes, delightful here as the foolhardy old boaster, "Windy." George is getting to be quite a picture-stealer.—Capitol; showing.

★ KING OF CHINATOWN

Anna May Wong, Akim Tamiroff. (Paramount.)

THE story is ordinary routine melodrama about a bad man's regeneration through the influence of a good woman.

But the Chinatown background and the two main characters give the film a touch of originality which makes fresh, moderately interesting entertainment.

The "King of Chinatown" is Akim Tamiroff, white, suave, ruthless owner of a gambling house—and leader of a gang which browbeats quietly-living Chinese merchants into buying "protection."

Anna May Wong is a surgeon, daughter of a leading citizen of Chinatown. She performs an operation to save Tamiroff's life, and through her worthy example causes his reform.

Add a little comedy on the sidelines, and you have your entertainment.—Capitol; showing.

★ WATERFRONT

Dennis Morgan, Gloria Dickson. (Warners.)

PLENTY of tough fighting and a couple of murders enliven a suspiciously uplift melodrama about a hot-tempered longshoreman.

Dennis Morgan, newcomer, is the man who cannot stop fighting in spite of the pleas of sweetheart Gloria Dickson and the influence of the parish priest.

Temporary reform is forgotten when Dennis' brother is accidentally killed by Ward Bond—and Dennis goes gunning through the city in revenge.

Those long speeches made by everybody concerned become very boring—so does the hangdog expression of young Mr. Morgan.

But I cast my vote for Gloria Dickson, fresh, sincere, and suitably harassed in the role of Dennis' guardian. This girl should be in better films.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Watch Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Dark Victory.** Bette Davis, George Brent, in poignant tragedy. Century, 2nd week.

★★ **Confessions of a Nazi Spy.** Edward G. Robinson, Paul Lukas, in sensationally frank and thrilling spy drama. Mayfair, 5th week.

★★ **Carnet de Bal.** Marie Bell, Louise Jouvet in haunting French drama. Savoy, 4th week.

★★ **Dodge City.** Errol Flynn, Olivia De Havilland in grand epic Western. Plaza, 4th week.

★★ **Stagecoach.** John Wayne, Claire Trevor in human and exhilarating drama of epic journey. Regent, 2nd week.

★★ **Four Just Men.** Anna Lee in exciting spy thriller. Lyceum, 2nd week.

SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

GREER GARSON has caused more excitement in Hollywood than any newcomer of the past several months. Her next picture will be "Susan and God," a comedy in which Gertrude Lawrence played on Broadway for a couple of seasons. The screen rights were originally bought for Norma Shearer.

❖ ❖ ❖

VIVIEN LEIGH will play opposite her very good friend, Laurence Olivier, in "Rebecca," the dramatic mystery novel by Daphne Du-Maurier. That means the sacrifice of her plans to return to London for a stage play.

Olivier's signing-up for 'Rebecca' means that he must step out of the Katherine Cornell Broadway play, "No Time for Comedy," at once. Miss Cornell is getting Francis Lederer to come east as her new leading man.

THE great success of MGM's British-made pictures has inspired the Warner brothers to plan an impressive production schedule for their Teddington studios in England.

A story of the Cunard Line, a picture based on the famous Reuter's News Agency, and a film version of the Somerset Maugham novel, "Caesar's Wife," will all be made by Warners in England during the coming season.

❖ ❖ ❖

HEDY LAMARR falls heir to Jean Harlow's dressing-room as well as Jean's maid, Blanche.

There were great doings on the set when her latest film, "Lady of the Tropics," was completed. Everyone exchanged gifts. The crew sent Hedy an immense box of gorgeous flowers, and Hedy handed out presents lavishly.

After nine weeks of hard work Hedy is now free to take her first holiday with her husband, Gene Markey.

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Eno contains no sugar to overheat the blood and can safely be taken in cases of diabetes.

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Eno costs 2/3 and double quantity 3/9

2.30 and 8 p.m. TIVOLI 2.30 and 8 p.m.

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ANNA MAY WONG

● In HIGHLIGHTS of HOLLYWOOD, with Betty Burgess and Sunny Lamont, Andriot Bros., Joaquin Garay, Bugs Wilson, Evers & Dolores, Jack Lane, and Alfredo & Dolores, and the 6 Danwells.

Plan at Paling's, Nicholson's, Tivoli (MB138)

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The Movie World

August 5, 1939 | The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement | First Page

My famous daughters...

ROSEMARY AND PRISCILLA LANE AS THEY APPEAR BEFORE THEIR BEST AUDIENCE—THEIR MOTHER

By MRS. CORA B. LANE

● Film studio portrait presents Priscilla and Rosemary Lane as the glamorous beauties of the screen.

● Informal home study of Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, snapped by one of their sisters as they were looking over their theatrical scrap-books.

At home with tomboy and bookworm sister

I AM going to surprise you straight away by telling you that my daughters, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, are the exact opposites of their film selves when they are at home.

It is Rosemary who is laughing and gay and responsible for all the liveliness around our house.

It is Priscilla who spends her days—when she is allowed to—lying on the floor reading.

Rosemary is always the one who gets the girls started riding horses in the morning when they do not work: or is the first one in her swim suit, and urging Priscilla to take a dip with her in the swimming-pool.

Now, isn't that odd how the girls change characteristics when they get inside the studio?

I was amazed to visit the set of "Daughters Courageous"—three of my girls are in the film—and find Rosemary sitting quietly in a chair.

I couldn't believe the director, Michael Curtiz, when he told me that my bookworm youngest, Priscilla, was always laughing and teasing the other players and the crew, and the soul of high spirits the whole time.

Lola on the set

OF course, Lola is herself always. There was the time when she slipped a few pieces of wood on Rosemary's chair just as Rosemary was to sit down in a scene for Mr. Curtiz—and Rosemary shrieked enough to deafen me.

I have a lively household, with Leota, my other daughter, and the dogs and cats underfoot, and the practical jokes. But luckily I have a comfortable and sensible home.

The girls and I live in a big, white, rambling bungalow with a big garden, big windows and verandahs, venetian blinds to keep out the Californian sun—and comfortable, chintz-covered furniture inside. Neither the girls nor I like the modernistic furnishing.

And Priscilla's books are all over the place.

I lead the life of any normal mother who has a houseful of girls going to business.

I get up at 5 o'clock every morning when they are working, and supervise getting them a hot breakfast—then call them at 5.30.

I always try to see that the girls have plenty of time to eat and enjoy their breakfasts.

Start day well

I FIGURE that if I can send them to the studio in the morning with their appetites satisfied and feeling comfortable and happy they are likely to have "a good day at the studio."

Far more than somebody else who rushes into her clothes, speeds to the studio full of worries about being late, and then tries to gulp a cup of scalding coffee while having her make-up applied.

And, fortunately, my girls do not have to worry about their figures. The can eat what they please.

I also serve hot dinners to the girls when they come home from the studio between 7.30 and 8.30.

Although it sometimes becomes necessary to keep a meal waiting for one or two hours, I never permit them to see that anyone has been disturbed when their studio work keeps them later than we had expected.

We always try to sit down to dinner together, to discuss the doings of the day. We manage to do it usually—unless one of the girls is rushing out for the evening.

Nor do I mind how many people they bring to the house. Assistant director Oren Haglund is interested in Priscilla: and Rosemary goes out a lot with Dick Mayberry—who is also an assistant director. But the girls have plenty of other friends—and I enjoy, as much as they do, open house at the week-ends.

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Two travelling stars...

ENGLISH LOAN to Hollywood

HEROINE MARGARET LOCKWOOD AND COMEDIAN WILL FYFFE BORROWED FOR SEA PICTURE

By JOAN McLEOD from Hollywood

I HAVE just met two of England's biggest stars—here in Hollywood strictly on loan; and charming people they both are.

One is demure little brunette Margaret Lockwood. The other is sturdy and twinkling Scottish actor Will Fyffe.

They are playing at Paramount in "Rulers of the Sea"—and loving it.

Only one thing worries Margaret—Paramount's make-up men have determined to style her as "a glamor girl."

"She looks rather like Hedy Lamarr, though perhaps not so exotic," they say, "but just wait until we polish her!"

Margaret, who is shy and sweet off the screen, terribly thrilled with the sight of Hollywood stars—and just slightly homesick for London—is wondering if she will be able to recognise herself in the mirror.

She is amazed, too, by the number of people in Hollywood who liked "The Lady Vanishes"—British film in which Margaret played the leading role opposite Michael Redgrave.

No strangers

WHEN Margaret arrived here, the picture had not been shown in the theatres—but had been seen by lots of the stars in their own homes; the luxury of having motion pictures in your own living-room appealed to Margaret immensely.

Will Fyffe, too, found that his work in "Owd Bob"—called "To the Victor" throughout the United States—had made him lots of friends in advance. Not that Will is a stranger to America. He has toured this country in vaudeville three times.

There is a sad story about Will's first appearance on the American stage.

One night in New York, the late and famous Ziegfeld tried to talk to Will about a musical show he was planning.

"I wasna' interested," said Will regretfully, "and d'you know what the r-r-r-role was! Just that of Captain Andy in 'Showboat.'"

If Will had listened to Mr. Ziegfeld he would have been playing for years and years on the New York stage, and in London, too—in the company of such people as Irene Dunne and Paul Robeson.

Worked aboard ship

HOWEVER, Will is very pleased to be in Hollywood, and very interested in his role for "Rulers of the Sea." The story is about the establishment of the Cunard steamship line, a century ago, and shows the first crossing of the Atlantic by a steamship—it took just 18 days!

The director is Frank Lloyd, who was responsible for such great sea films as "Mutiny on the Bounty." Will and Margaret and Douglas Fairbanks, jun., have been spending a lot of time on location—literally at sea, off San Miguel Island.

Margaret was very ashamed on her first day out, when she was seasick, and had to be rushed ashore by speed-boat. But now she is quite a seasoned salt, treading the decks of the old paddle-wheel vessel with smiling confidence.

By the way, Margaret has the romantic role opposite Douglas Fairbanks, jun.—who had to shave off his renowned moustache for the film! This is the first time Doug has been clean-shaven in seven years—and it took a lot of getting used to.

Will's role is that of a fictitious Scottish engineer, who is in the engine-room of the steamer during her maiden voyage.

When a British Navy cruiser paid a call to Los Angeles a week ago, Margaret and Will acted as host and hostess to the officers at a studio luncheon, then took them over the old steamer built for "Rulers of the Sea."

One of the officers was puzzled by the accents of the studio technicians. Director Frank Lloyd laughed.

"That's right!" he explained. "Mr. Fyffe has such a strong Scottish accent that the rest of the company are catching the infection!"

• Lovely Margaret Lockwood, who makes her first appearance on the Hollywood screen in Paramount's "Rulers of the Sea," now in production.

• In circle: England's Will Fyffe, lovable Scottish comedian, on loan to Hollywood for "Rulers of the Sea," plays a ship's engineer.

• Below: Doug Fairbanks, jun., in costume of a hundred years ago for the film which is based on the establishment of the Cunard steamship line.

DISCIPLINE *for the* FAIR SEX...

PROFESSOR'S FOUR SIMPLE RULES FOR DIRECTING WOMEN STARS EN MASSE

WHAT would you do if you had to keep the peace among one hundred and thirty-five women, several of them very important women, and by the nature of their profession mutually hostile?

That is the problem which faces George Cukor, who is directing "The Women."

To help the hapless director meet the situation, a professor of a women's college in America has outlined a plan of action.

She has put forth four simple rules for the director to consider.

Here they are:—

The first: "Insist that all women be ready to begin work at least fifteen minutes before you intend to start."

This is a good general rule to follow on any set, the professor says—and allows reasonable grace for the woman who must always be late.

Bridge taboo

THE second piece of fitting advice is: "Don't permit bridge games during luncheon hours.

"Cards are second only to dogs as the instigators of feuds and arguments."

The third rule for handling members of the fair sex is for the director's own protection.

"Refrain from complimenting any one of them individually. Make all your remarks general. Otherwise you're likely to find yourself the centre of argument—and getting the worst of it."

Last rule on the professor's list concerns cliques.

"Under no circumstances must the girls be allowed to form into antagonistic little groups.

"Have the chairs for all arranged in a large circle where conversation between working hours can include everyone.

"For when women get their heads together in quiet corners they begin to gossip about each other. That's the surest way of starting trouble!"

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Anita Loos selects America's

Ten glamor queens for 1939...

NOVELIST REJECTS BLONDES IN FAVOR OF BRUNETTES AND REDHEADS, TOO

From Barbara Bourchier in Hollywood

GENTLEMEN prefer blondes, they say, but writer Anita Loos, who years ago coined the phrase, to-day chooses the ten most glamorous glamor girls of Hollywood, with a nine to ten bias against blondes.

Of the ten starlets whom Miss Loos considers to have the most beauty and sex-appeal in Hollywood to-day, seven are brunettes, two are redheads, and only one is a blonde.

People are always having fun picking out the most beautiful, the most glamorous, or the most photogenic types in Hollywood.

With so much loveliness concentrated in one city, it's an irresistible game to play.

But Anita Loos, who writes books about glamor, and knows personally most of Hollywood's exponents of it, has authority to judge.

Here are the ten little glamor girls. Attach no significance to the order in which their names are placed.

Lana Turner	**Lucille Ball**
Laraine Day	**Patricia Morison**
Ann Sheridan	**Marjorie Weaver**
Rita Johnson	**Virginia Grey**
Jo Ann Sayers	**Arleen Whelan**

These are the youngsters whom Anita thinks will be future Crawfords, Loys, and Lombards.

All types have a place in her selection—the languorous, the exotic, the fiery, the tall and willowy brand of beauty. Note: All are Americans, born and bred.

Lana Turner is a chunky little redhead, with hazel eyes, and a ravishing little figure.

She is the baby of the group, and was pulled out of high school to play in Warner Brothers' "They Won't Forget."

She was also the fetching little vamp who concentrated on Mickey Rooney in "Love Finds Andy Hardy."

Ann Sheridan, the other redhead, is the best known of the group.

Hollywood has already recognised Ann's charms, and coined a word to describe her special form of glamor.

The word—you've been hearing it for the past few months—is "oomph," and it means that Ann has everything a modern girl needs to win the susceptible man's heart.

Ann is from Texas, and came to the film city as a beauty contest winner. She is one of Warner Brothers' most important young players.

Can act, too

GIRLISHLY appealing, with big eyes and heart-shaped face, is Laraine Day.

She is a brunette born in Salt Lake City. She began her career in a community theatre in Long Beach, California.

She appeared in Western pictures before MGM signed her to her present contract.

Patricia Morison is Paramount's most promising glamor girl—tall, slender, with a dazzling smile.

She's described on official studio lists as a "blonde brunette," since she's a brunette, with a "blonde" voice.

Entirely brunette is Rita Johnson, who came to films by way of stock and radio. A stately, dark-haired damsel, she is rapidly stepping to the top in a series of supporting roles. Her latest was in "Broadway Serenade."

You'll remember sweet-faced Arleen Whelan, who made her sensational screen debut as star in "Kidnapped," her first picture.

Her dark, demure good looks made such an impression on a Fox executive who was having his nails manicured by her in a beauty salon that he gave her a contract on the strength of them.

Now, in a series of leading roles, she's busy proving to Fox that she can act, as well as look beautiful.

"Cute" is the word to describe Marjorie Weaver, brunette, petite, appealing, a college girl from Kentucky.

Another college girl is Jo Ann Sayers. Her home town spotted her beauty first, and made her queen of the winter sports last year at the University of Washington.

A scout saw her in a college production, and, struck both by her beauty and her talent, got her a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Tall, willowy Lucille Ball is an ex-model from New York, and now RKO's No. 1 glamor girl.

The blonde is Virginia Grey, a Hollywood girl, born and raised in the movie atmosphere—last seen vamping Mickey Rooney in "The Hardys Ride High."

That completes the list of the ten most glamorous buds blossoming in Hollywood—just one opinion; but do you agree?

• *"Oomph" girl Ann Sheridan, Warner Brothers' starlet, who is named as one of the ten most glamorous young players in Hollywood. She'll be seen next in "Winter Carnival."*

DIANA WYNYARD returns to the screen

POPULAR ACTRESS BEGINS AN ENGLISH MOVIE AFTER A FIVE-YEAR HOLIDAY FROM FILMS

DIANA WYNYARD, popular English stage actress, who made her Hollywood debut in "Cavalcade," is coming back to the screen after five years.

The film which brings back the lovely star is an English production, "The Night of the Fire," in which she is co-starring with Ralph Richardson.

Production has already begun on this film at Denham Studios.

Diana Wynyard won world fame as a film star in one film, "Cavalcade," stayed in Hollywood for a year, and then ran out of the town.

Literally ran out. She had to run to catch her train the day she finished her seventh and last picture, "Over the River."

That train took her on her way back to England and the theatre, for both of which she was acutely homesick.

Now, five years later, almost to the week, she has started work in a film again. Not once in those five years has she set foot in a studio.

Not only is it remarkable for a star to take five years off, but with her return Miss Wynyard breaks a vow she made most vehemently—never to attempt to make a film and appear in a play at the same time.

For she is still appearing in Noel Coward's "Design for Living," enjoying a long run at a London theatre.

Miss Wynyard did not succumb to the lure of Hollywood and big money-making. She is a stage actress, first and foremost.

"I had no hatred of Hollywood—and certainly none for films," she says.

"But, apart from being homesick, I did find myself getting into rather a harassed state of mind. Metro-Goldwyn couldn't have been nicer to work for, but I found the job getting me down in little ways. Endlessly taking care that not a hair should be out of place or different from what it was the day before . . . little things like that.

"Then I felt I ought to get back to the theatre. I had no fixed plan in my mind when I came back to England. Things just happened. I went into 'Sweet Aloes,' and it had a long run, and I found I just didn't want to go back to Hollywood when that was over."

As for the decision to go back, at last, to the screen, she simply says:

"I think it was just that I liked the script so much. None of the offers I had in those five years interested me half so much. But maybe I was getting broody for it, anyhow.

"I just felt this was the time to go back. It isn't that I have any fixed ideas about what I want to do—I'll do anything so long as it's good."

She is interested in the prospect of partnering Ralph Richardson—one of the few people, she thinks, entitled to be called a great actor.

Lives Her Part

DIANA WYNYARD is taking her first appearance in a British film very seriously.

One morning, after finishing at the theatre in London in "Design for Living," she caught a 5 o'clock plane, reached Newcastle at 8 o'clock, and spent the morning wandering unrecognised about the market, picking up atmosphere for her film part as the wife of a Newcastle barber.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4624407

1 **ABRAHAM LINCOLN** (Henry Fonda), later famed President of the United States, as a 23-year-old storekeeper in a small Illinois town.

2 **HIS** ambition to become a lawyer is first awakened by reading some volumes which he receives from a pioneer family in a deal, and he studies in his spare time.

3 **AT LAST** a lawyer, Lincoln meets his first love (Marjorie Weaver) and his first political rival (Milburn Stone).

4 **A MOB** brawl in the town of Springfield brings Lincoln his first legal clients, in a country family led by Alice Brady and her daughter, Arleen Whelan.

5 **THEIR RELATIVES,** Eddie Quillan and Richard Cromwell, involved in the brawl, are imprisoned on a charge of murder.

6 **LINCOLN** defends the boys, and with his brilliant and relentless cross-examination of witnesses is able to win his first court case.

WHY STARS SHAMPOO THEIR OWN HAIR

BETTE DAVIS
Warner Bros. Star

Prejudice Against *Burning* Effect of "Soap Alkali"

YOU can't imagine how many screen stars, stage beauties and society leaders now wash their own hair! . . . Not an economy fad, but because they wish to be sure to avoid the use of anything *alkaline* on the hair . . . For this chemical part of skin soaps and artificial shampoos can make nice hair dull, brittle, "dandruffy" and hard to manage.

To wash real beauty into your hair . . . and keep it *silky-clean*, soft, lustrous and wavy with extra life . . . try this natural, pure "cocoanut foam" Shampoo that everyone's talking about!

You *feel* the difference instantly the rich double-active Colinated lather starts to foam through your hair . . . And you see how waves and curls come out deep, firm, crisp and sparkling—and so easy to dress!

For magic, quick-rinsing Colinated foam completely dissolves and carries away every trace of dust, oily-film or dandruff scurf . . . and gives any hair that vital, sparkling *healthy-clean* lustre you've always admired.

Make your next Shampoo a real "beauty" wash!

At any Chemist or Leading Store.

BLONDES — Preserve natural light gold glamour—Prevent alkali "streaks."

BRUNETTES — Discover new highlights!

Real Economy! A bottle lasts months.

Colinated Shampoo

Study of Lincoln in Youth

• *THE SCREEN has made many films of great men. But here is a biography of a great man—before he achieved fame. "Young Mr. Lincoln," from 20th Century-Fox, traces only the formative years in Abraham Lincoln's life. It ends with his first step into a public career. Quiet Henry Fonda, who has played so many homespun roles, is the unusual and interesting choice for the character. His make-up is extraordinary. In the supporting cast appear Alice Brady, Marjorie Weaver, and Arleen Whelan.*

NEW romances for the GLAMOR GIRLS

FEW FILM ACTORS FIGURE IN LATEST MOVIE TWOSOMES

MOVIE actors may send the hearts of millions of damsels fluttering, but they don't make much headway with Hollywood's glamor girls.

Judging by the latest Hollywood romances, they don't even interest women stars.

Directors, writers, musicians, business executives have the romantic field practically to themselves as far as film actresses are concerned.

Dorothy Lamour, who recently divorced orchestra-leader Herbie Kaye, has found romance again with another musician.

He's Charlie Barnet, one of Hollywood's most popular exponents of swing.

Glamorous June Lang is giving all her spare time to Joe Pasternak, the man who directs all Deanna Durbin's films.

Has studio worried

DEANNA herself is causing Pasternak and other Universal executives considerable worry by her friendship with a young assistant director.

Deanna is still a child to the fans, and Universal is terrified lest a romance might harm her popularity.

The young man in question is Vaughn Paul, son of the studio's general manager. Despite protests from Deanna's parents and the studio he and Deanna are still one of Hollywood's most determined twosomes.

They are frequently seen together at the quieter Hollywood restaurants or at the beach.

Sigrid Gurie, glamorous "Norwegian from Brooklyn," is making her second venture into matrimony with New York physician Dr. Spangard.

Hollywood's next bride

THEY are to be married early this month.

Binnie Barnes is looking all dewy-eyed—for the sake of Mike Frankovitch, Hollywood director.

The only movie actor to be favored by a fellow film star in recent romance is Brian Aherne. He is the constant escort of Pat Morison, Paramount's No. 1 glamor girl.

Does the movie actor deserted by Hollywood's fair sit at home biting his nails in chagrin?

No, indeed. He retorts in kind.

Richard Carlson chose Mona Mafield, non-professional, for his recent bride.

And Herbert Marshall is wasting no time on the screen's glamor girls. He is concentrating very seriously on Lee Russell, Rosalind's pretty "socialite" sister.

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THE HOMEMAKER

August 5, 1939 | The Australian Women's Weekly | First Page

ABOVE: Living-room in merry French style. Wallpaper is striped, carpet plain, and satin-upholstered chairs are trimmed with deep fringe all round edges. Window treatment is unusually attractive.

RIGHT: A modern version of Regency furnishings. The massive doorway, the crystal chandelier suspended above the mantel are keynotes of the period. The fluted fireplace surround is edged with mirror-glass tiles.

BELOW: Regency living-room—a friendly and attractive decor. Lounge chairs are covered in patterned brocade and small chairs in white leather. Windows are draped with satin, and mirror over mantel is framed with hand-painted design on the wall.

LEFT: Living-room in Georgian-Victorian style. The gaily-patterned window-blinds are a feature. Notice the attractive couch upholstered in heavy striped brocade, and the matching card chairs and table.

Here's the newest in

Living-Room Decor!

THESE rooms in Georgian-Victorian, Regency and French period styles were highlights in a recent New York exhibition and indicate the New World trend in furnishing styles.

Photographs by air mail from our New York Office

LAST week on this page we published photographs of period style bedrooms at a recent New York furnishing exhibition.

To-day we give you some further air-mail pictures of living-rooms, also furnished in the present popular period styles.

The photograph at top left is of a merry French-style living-room. Merry it is, for the designer, by a certain freedom in the use of furniture and materials, seems to have set out to create a light, happy sort of room.

Notice the unusual window drapery—the way the pelmet is festooned lightly over a metal rod and trimmed with a ball fringe, and how the glass curtain is arranged.

Other unusual features are the striped wallpaper, the quaint-shaped chairs upholstered in heavy satin and finished with a deep fringe running round all edges.

At lower left the picture of a Georgian-Victorian living-room offers contrast. The most striking note here is the gaily patterned window-blinds allied with perfectly plain floor-length drapes.

Couch and the matching chairs in the card-table group are attractively styled, and the little coffee table and wall and table lamps are friendly.

The top right photograph offers ideas for a graceful room in modern Regency style. The walls are finished with a wood-grained paper to match the fluted fireplace surround, which in turn is edged with mirror-glass tiles.

Modern chandelier

THE massive doorway is typical of the period and is in keeping with the modern version of a chandelier suspended on the wall over the mantel.

If you wish to keep more to the Regency period itself and eschew the modern touch, then you will like the room at lower right.

The hand-painted wall decoration framing the circular mirror over the mantel, the wall brackets flanking it on either side, and the twin vases on the mantelshelf will all appeal to you.

The window treatment is attractive, and the chairs in white leather with their uneven backs provide novelty.

Out in the bright Sun!

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ORDINARY face powders show up, give you an over-powdered look out in the bright Australian sunshine, or under the glare of electric lights. But Pond's "Glare-Proof" powder shades are blended scientifically to shut out all but the softest rays of light on your face. Never hard or powdery to spoil your appearance. And Pond's has special expensive ingredients to make it cling—for hours. 1/6 or 2/6 a box at all stores and chemists.

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FREE OFFER: *Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder. I enclose two 1d. stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing.*
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Every shop that sells paint sells **SOLPAH**

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Jimmy always got "the best of everything"

—yet he suffered from malnutrition

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

JIMMY seems to have lost his appetite, doctor, and he's always tired and listless.

I'm sorry to hear that, Mrs. Grant.

I've been very worried about him. He's always been somewhat delicate, you know, but now he seems to have scarcely any energy. And this winter he's had just one cold after another. What do you think is the matter with him?

Well, I can't say off hand, Mrs. Grant, but we'll do our best to find out. You say he's lost his appetite. What do you give him to eat as a rule?

Oh, he has the best of everything, doctor. I've been making him jellies and little dainties like that lately to tempt him. He likes ice-cream, too, and sponge cake. But he doesn't like meat or vegetables except potato, so I don't give him those often.

What about fruit?

Well he'll eat stewed fruit with plenty of sugar on it, but he's not keen on it fresh.

And milk? Does he drink much milk?

No, he doesn't like milk, doctor.

I see. So you might say he lives on puddings and cakes, with a bit of potato thrown in, and bread and jam, too, I suppose.

Yes, doctor.

Mrs. Grant, I think we can safely say we've found the cause of Jimmy's trouble. Quite frankly, he is suffering from malnutrition.

Malnutrition! But, doctor, what are you saying? Jimmy has always had the best of everything. He can't possibly be suffering from malnutrition. That is an unfortunate result of poverty. My son has the best of everything. Don't you think the trouble is that he is outgrowing his strength?

Right foods

NO, Mrs. Grant, your son is undernourished, not because he is not getting enough food, or the best of what he gets, but because he is not getting enough of the right kinds of foods.

The right kinds of foods?

A child's diet—in fact, everybody's diet—should be based on the foundation foods—milk, meat, dairy products such as cheese and eggs and butter, fresh fruit and salad vegetables and wholemeal bread and cereals.

Sufficient quantities of these foods every day are absolutely essential for perfect health, and lack of them causes all sorts of mild ill-health—like Jimmy's, for instance—and, in the long run, actual disease.

Well, doctor, I never realised that the kind of food we ate was so important.

In the first place, Jimmy, and all other growing boys and girls like him, should have between a pint and a half and a quart of milk a day.

But how on earth am I going to get Jimmy to have all that?

There are ways and means, Mrs. Grant, especially when your son's health is to be the reward.

Give it to him on his porridge and in soups and milk puddings, as well as the amount he has to drink, and you'll soon find it's easy enough.

It seems a lot though, doctor. Why is it so important?

Milk is the most nearly perfect food we have. It contains almost all the body needs for health and growth.

Above all, it is valuable for the large amounts of lime and phosphates it contains, and lime and phosphates are needed by the body to build strong bones and good teeth.

And what else ought Jimmy to have?

He should have some sort of salad every day—some lettuce and cheese and a tomato for his lunch at school is a good idea—and three or four pieces of fresh fruit.

THIS HEALTHY YOUNGSTER enjoys his milk so much that he helps himself. Every growing child should have between a pint and a half and a quart of milk every day.

What difference do these foods make?

Fruit and vegetables provide mineral salts and vitamins in which the average Australian diet is sadly lacking.

What we ought to do is copy the American idea of fruit for breakfast and salads for lunch.

Another good idea that is rapidly catching on is to serve fresh raw fruit such as pawpaw or pineapple squeezed over with orange juice or passionfruit for dessert instead of such things as boiled puddings.

Children should have some meat, of course, including liver, which is particularly good for them, and about one egg a day.

Fish and cheese also have their value. Eggs and fish give better balance to a diet and form a useful variation from meat.

The value of cheese lies in the fact that it preserves nearly all the virtues of milk in concentrated form.

But, doctor, if Jimmy is to have all these foods, surely he'll have to cut down on some of the things he has been having. He couldn't eat them all.

That's just it, Mrs. Grant. While most children in Australia do not get enough of some kinds of food, they get far too much of others.

And what are they?

Sweet and starchy things, mainly. You should try to cut down things made with white flour like cakes and scones and white bread, and also sweet things like jam and lollies. These foods do not contain the essential materials that are needed for healthy growing bodies.

Incidentally, Mrs. Grant, what bread and flour you do use should always be wholemeal. It is very much better than white.

Well, doctor, I'll try to do as you say, but I'm sure it's going to be difficult at first.

It's worth it, Mrs. Grant. I'm sure you'll notice a difference in Jimmy almost straight away.

Actually, I don't believe that there is such a thing as "outgrowing his strength." He's been tired and listless simply because you have literally not given him the material necessary for growth.

Base his diet on milk, meat, cheese, eggs, butter, fruit, vegetables, wholemeal bread and cereal, and you'll soon find that your son, far from being thin and pale with little or no appetite, will be the happy, healthy youngster it is his birthright to be.

"I would suggest, too, that a little imagination in cooking and preparing meals is always a help. When children have a definite dislike for an article of food which they should have the difficulty can often be overcome by disguising or dishing up the food in another way.

A plain milk blancmange may look uninteresting to a child, but color it pale pink and decorate it with a few nuts and I think you will find that the eye-appeal will make him only too eager to eat the sweet.

Steam vegetables

DON'T cook vegetables by peeling and then boiling in water. By doing so, you are cooking most of the good out of them and pouring it down the sink.

Cook by steaming instead. Wash all vegetables—don't peel, because so much good is in the skins, and put all together in one big saucepan. Put the vegetables on a wire steamer, and have about one inch of water in the bottom of the saucepan. Bring to boil and then steam very slowly for about half an hour.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Treatment of common skin rashes

NO mother likes to see a blemish on the petal-like freshness of her baby's skin, and yet for simple causes which could often have been avoided various types of rashes do often mar the beauty of a baby's skin in the first few months of life.

With all skin rashes, external treatment is not of much use unless the internal cause of the trouble is also recognised and treated.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau has prepared a leaflet on the treatment of common skin rashes. Readers interested may obtain a copy of the leaflet by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope for reply to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

SCORES BIG HIT WITH WOMEN

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THOUSANDS of women have turned to the *extra* beauty care in Pond's two creams . . . every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin," vitamin A, which scientists have found is a direct aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly discovering its increased benefits.

To-day Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

Use Pond's Creams as you have always used them . . . Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleansing . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener. Soon you'll notice how much smoother, clearer, fresher your skin looks. You'll be getting compliments!

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/- jars for your dressing table, 1/- tubes for your handbag, and economical 2/6 jars containing approximately 3½ times as much.

Doctors Found *that a certain vitamin, applied direct to wounds and burns, healed skin quickly. They also knew that without this "skin-vitamin," skin became coarse, rough and dull.*

When Pond's announced *that Pond's Creams now contained this precious vitamin, women tried it, came back enthusiastically for more. Said it made skin clearer, fresher.*

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS

— the active "skin-vitamin"

FREE *Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin." Mail this Coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams with "skin-vitamin"—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.*

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Those We Love. The delightful new radio story presented by Pond's . . . every Thursday at 9 p.m. on 2UW, 2GZ, 2DB - LK, 4BK - AK, 6IX-WB, 7HT; at 7.45 p.m. on 3SR; at 8.30 p.m. on 5AD-MU-PI-SE; every Monday at 7.30 p.m. on 2KO.

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Speed up housework . . . with Little

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES

DON'T make housework a burden so that you grow old before your time. Let little Miss Precious Minutes help you to new, quick ways of doing the work, and so keep your face as unclouded as your spotless home.

LITTLE Miss Precious Minutes says: Sweep BEFORE you dust. If you dust first a new layer simply collects when you stir it with the broom from the floor. That means doing the dusting twice! What a waste of time.

SEE that your polishing mop is always clean if you want the floor to brighten quickly and well. Clean the mop by boiling it in water containing a handful of soda and a tablespoonful of paraffin.

★

BEFORE dusting, wring out the duster very tightly in paraffin. It will absorb the dirt and leave no fluff behind.

★

TO clean a velvet chair cushion wring your chamois leather out in warm water and wipe the cushion over with it. This works wonders in freshening the cushion quickly.

★

STAINS on the linoleum? Mix ashes with paraffin, and rub the stains vigorously with the mixture. Then wash the surface with soapy water.

★

CLEANING the grate can be such an unpleasant task, but it's much easier if you sprinkle the ashes with a handful of wet tea-leaves before removing them.

★ ★ ★

USE a dampened piece of newspaper to clean windows and mirrors. The resultant polish is excellent.

★ ★ ★

GREASE spots can be removed from wallpaper by covering the stain with clean blotting-paper and then pressing it with a hot iron.

★ ★ ★

SO there's a mark from a hot plate on the polished dining-table? Cover the mark with olive oil and then salt. Leave it for some hours. Then polish as usual.

★ ★ ★

PERHAPS the flower vases have become stained inside? Then fill them with cold tea-leaves. Stand them for a few minutes, and rinse with warm water.

PARCHMENT LAMPSHADES are cleaned easily by rubbing fine oatmeal over them with cotton-wool.

★ ★ ★

STAINED floors can be polished in a quick, effective and economical way by filling fly-spray with your favorite brand of mop oil. Spray the floor and rub over with a polishing mop.

★ ★ ★

TAPESTRY furniture can be cleaned with salt. Put it on damp. Leave it for an hour or so, and brush out with a soft brush. This will remove dust and freshen up the colors of the tapestry.

LITTLE MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES does her housework in double quick time. She gives you some hints to help you do the same.

METAL door-handles will keep their polish if rubbed with raw potato after cleaning, and then polished.

★ ★ ★

AFTER clearing the table stand the dirty silver in a jar of cold water. If the egg stains are bad, add salt to the water. When ready to wash up plunge the silver in hot soapy water . . . And, of course, you have filled the saucepans with water to soak as soon as they are used.

★ ★ ★

WHITE wicker work can be cleaned by scrubbing with warm salty water. Be sure not to have water too hot.

★ ★ ★

ADD a few drops of vinegar instead of cold water to the stove polish. It makes the job much easier and the result brighter.

★ ★ ★

TO clean the frying pan with a minimum of trouble, put salt in it and rub over with tissue-paper. Then wash in the ordinary way.

★ ★ ★

IF the aluminium saucepans are badly stained, fill them with water, add a piece of lemon peel and boil. Rubbing the stains with moistened bicarbonate of soda is another notion. Steel wool is excellent for an everyday rub-over.

★ ★ ★

A PLATE-SCRAPER will save you lots of time when stacking up for the washing-up. They're made of rubber and much quicker to use than a knife.

★ ★ ★

HAVE a plate-rack near the sink for your kitchen plates at least. Then they need not be dried after washing.

★ ★ ★

TRY a rubber sponge for quick cleaning of that "high-water" mark on the bath. If you use it as soon as the family have finished with the bathroom in the morning you won't have to clean the bath nearly so often.

★ ★ ★

BEFORE taking off your rubber gloves by pulling them inside out, rub them with a dry cloth, then sprinkle them with a trace of talcum powder. Then they'll slip quickly on the hands next time you use them.

RELAX ACHING MUSCLES

drive pain clean out!

Give your poor, aching back quick, glorious relief! One application of St. Jacob's Oil—and your skin begins to glow. Tired, sore, stiff muscles relax . . . pain goes. You can actually feel this soothing, penetrating oil sinking deep into the aching muscles. You can feel it drawing the pain clean out! St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Always keep a bottle handy. Your chemist sells St. Jacob's Oil.

Instructions for knitting this bolero are available free to readers. See below for details.

Knit yourself this

COSY ANGORA BOLERO

YOU must have one of these angora jackets. They are simply the rage in Paris and New York for wearing over dressy frocks or with an evening gown when the weather is somewhat chill.

This lovely high-shouldered model with its tiny collar on the high-fitting neck is made in orange wool. It is quick to knit because the wool is used double and the pattern is simply stocking-stitch.

Instructions for knitting this bolero can be obtained free by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope for reply to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope "Knitting."

Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note some examples:—

"'Nocturne,' printed by 'Smith's,' recently brought me between £5 and £6."

"My last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' was published by 'Table Talk.' I received £6/19/6 for it."

"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smith's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/15/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory."

"I have had three articles accepted by 3LO and broadcast by the A.B.C."

"'The Bulletin' headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/18/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £6/13/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £6 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships.'"

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Had a Very Pimply Face

SHE WAS RUN-DOWN AND NERVY

"My face was very pimply and blotchy," states Miss A.P.L., of Bendigo, Vic. "I was run-down in health and my nerves were bad. I couldn't stand any noise, and felt miserable and weary.

"A friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking the first bottle, I felt much better. Now after a short course of just four bottles, my skin is quite clear of spots and pimples, my nerves are well, and I am enjoying good health again."

Pimply, weary, unattractive, bloodless girls and women will find Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best of blood and nerve tonics. This famous old preparation always helps to create the rich, red blood of good health. As this good, new blood flows throughout your system, the sallow, muddy, spotted complexion clears, and rosy cheeks and red lips restore your good looks and attraction. The nerves become strong and resourceful, your system gains strength, and life becomes enjoyable and purposeful. Begin Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle. ***

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. . . or is it dull and lifeless?

Californian Poppy

BRILLIANTINE

gives that touch of Perfection

Does your hair shine with a silky gleam? Or is it flat and dull? Is it a shining halo, glossy and lustrous? If not—a touch of Californian Poppy Brilliantine is all it needs . . . to give it a glorious sheen . . . to bring out lovely high-lights of colour. Californian Poppy Brilliantine gives the ultimate touch of perfection to a modern hair-style.

Californian Poppy Brilliantine . . . distinctive . . . exquisite . . . choice of discriminating people.

The light and delicate oil carefully blended into Californian Poppy Brilliantine makes it safest and best for a woman's fine hair and tender scalp. Use it this way:

Rub a little Californian Poppy Brilliantine between the hands and lightly pat it on your hair before combing it through. Your wave stays smoothly set without any frizziness . . . and how gloriously bright, how beautifully groomed it always looks! Glamorous women, elegant women, all choose Californian Poppy.

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The illustration shows how shrinking gums cause a dental plate to become loose by depriving it of the firm, even foundation it needs. Have your dentist re-adapt your plate to changed gums. And until your dentist has made this change you can use and count on FASTEETH to give valuable daily aid in holding a wabbly plate more securely. FASTEETH, sprinkled on your plate, forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gums that helps you eat, talk and laugh with greater confidence. Helps safeguard your public appearances from the annoyance and embarrassment of a loose plate. Being mildly **alkaline** (non-acid) FASTEETH checks gum soreness or burning due to chafing of a loose plate or excessive acid mouth. No oily, pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH to-day from any chemist, and enjoy ease and confidence of a more securely held plate.

FASTEETH

Any dental plate held tighter by FASTEETH leads to better eating enjoyment and social pleasures.

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If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are even just a little hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength) and add to it ½ pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone losing hearing or who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.***

Double Life

Continued from Page 6

"And I," she said, "am dead tired. So, if you don't mind . . ."

"I do mind." But he was laughing and quite unperturbed, strolling to the door, putting on his overcoat. He said, "Some time you may be lonelier . . . and may change your mind. I'm always available for consultation."

Later, when she had gone to bed she found that however tired she was she could not sleep nor could she keep her mind on the book she had brought upstairs with her. She flung it to the floor, opened the windows and went back to the warmth of her covers, lying with her arms behind her head, thinking.

If she hadn't been so blind! But she had thought, of course, that Warren Anderson employed a technique of intimate attention with all women. As perhaps he did.

Rumor had it that Tim would not come home. "Everyone" knew that they were separated.

If Warren were right, if she had been wrong, and had thrown away the most valuable of her possessions?

But she hadn't. Anderson could not understand that, he thought of her only as a woman. She was a woman, there was no escaping it, but she was also a woman dedicated, a woman who believed in her profession as in a religion, whose life was bound up in her practice . . . whose life was also bound in her husband and her children.

We shouldn't marry, she thought dully; it's too hard, we're too torn, all the time.

In the spring she would write Tim, frankly. He would have had time to consider everything. She would ask him: Has this separation come between us to such an extent that you would be happier with your freedom . . .? You've had time to realise now. Tell me honestly, Tim, I can take it. I can't give in. You can't. Is it always to be an impasse? What are we to do with our lives?

In the spring . . .

If January was a frozen nightmare, February was worse. Catharine struggled through storm and slush, wind and rain and snow. She lost two patients, brooded over them, grew thin and haggard. Peg had trouble with her ears; Peter developed a cross-grained streak; Nannie threatened to leave, and then, upon consenting to remain, demanded a rise in wages; she had to help her sister's boy through school, she said. Mary, thank heaven, had worked out. She was loyal and reliable and Catharine grew fond of her.

During the winter she saw less and less of her friends. By night, she was too tired to go out, and so stayed home with the children. The Mallons came over, the Haggertys and sometimes Jim Dart dropped in, and others. And among the others Warren Anderson.

He made no effort to see her alone, by appointment, but he dropped in rather frequently. Had she read this last article in the Medical Journal? Did she read sufficient German to get the gist of this one? Did she like mystery stories? He had brought her a batch of the best, the cream of the who-dunit crop . . .

She did not admire him, she did not especially like him, but he had a vitality which caught at her imagination, and a certain careless arrogance not without charm. And sometimes she found herself thinking: If Tim stays away; if I get too lonely and discouraged . . .? This is how women drift into affairs which they hate, and with men they despise, isn't it, because of lack of emotional outlet, loneliness and the knowledge that they are growing no younger and, perhaps, a kind of vanity . . .

March came, blue and windy, and with prankish flurries of snow; and then it was April.

Tim's letters to her were less frequent of late, and brief. He told her about his work. He said that he was having as good a time as possible. She could draw no real nourishment from the dry bones of his written word. If she could only see him; if she could take a week, two weeks, and go west? Perhaps that would be the solution. The children would be safe, if she left them for a little while, and Winthrop would take her patients.

She sat down to write in her bedroom one silver-starred night. The branches of the apple tree tapped on the pane when the wind blew. She wrote, bent over the desk, her pen racing across the pages.

He must know that she loved him; that she had missed him intolerably these last six months. And he must know further that people, having nothing better to do, were talking. Some of the gossip would eventually reach Peter and hurt him. They couldn't do that to Peter, they mustn't.

Had he, did he feel that they were better apart; did he wish to make a break; or could he assure her that her refusal to go with him had in no way estranged him, that he would return? And if she could leave her practice and manage to come out—would he like that; could they not talk things over . . .?

"Oh, darling," she wrote, "I do miss you so much . . ."

But before the letter was posted Howard Lacey wrote to her. Frankly the Diaz woman was up to no good. She'd never been up to any good. People were talking. Warning Tim was a bad idea. He, Lacey, had tried it. But couldn't Catharine manage to come west, if not for good, then at least for a visit? Tim and Mrs. Diaz were together a great deal. They'd gone off last week-end, for instance. Oh, there had been others with them, a married couple, very gay, very tolerant. But it looked bad. It was bad.

He hated to tell her this, he was sticking out his neck but he felt he had to do it. She was interested in Tim and made no bones about it. And he concluded, "Tim's lonely and gone a little reckless. He's drinking too much, more than I ever saw him drink. And frankly, Cathy, he seems infatuated with the woman."

That was that. She read the letter, a white line around her mouth. She tore it up finally but not until she knew it by heart. Then she went upstairs and destroyed the one she had written. She would not write. In his own time Tim could write and tell her what he wanted to do. She would not go chasing west, the injured wife, to confront him and Harriet—or shouldn't she?

She didn't know what she would do. She had never known jealousy. She had listened to certain patients, who came to her, with tears and complaints, and who said, "You have no idea what it's like." She had given them good sound advice. Well, she couldn't give it to herself or take it. She hadn't known what it was like. Torment, a species of particular hell.

She got through the day somehow. She was leaving a patient's house on foot when Anderson stopped his car beside her.

"Bus laid up?"

"No, but this is just around the corner from me. I have to walk if I can, while the weather's good, otherwise I'll lose the use of my legs," she said, trying to smile.

"You look done up. Get in with me, Cathy and I'll take you for a drive. We can have dinner out at Norman's, on the point. It's just opened. Come on, be a sport."

"All right," she agreed, "take me home first. I'll change and tell Mary and the children."

That was it, get away from the house, away from memories, away from everything. She raced through her dressing, drew a valiant banner of lipstick across her mouth, jammed on a small, becoming hat; too bad her coat was the same old tweed with the rather ratty fur collar.

They drove for quite a while. He asked, gently, "Anything wrong?"

"In a way," she admitted, "but let's not talk. Do you mind?"

If he minded he didn't say so. Presently they drove out to the point where a rambling frame house clung like a barnacle to the rocks. The tide washed up at its very feet, the spray dashed against the windows of the enclosed porch and the gulls screamed past. They had dinner inside, in front of a fire. A good dinner.

He said, "Something's very wrong. I won't ask you, I've promised. But you'll remember that I'm here?"

She looked at him strangely. She said, after a moment, "I hope not."

"Just what do you mean?"

"That I'd rather not remember."

She talked more than he had ever heard her talk, was far gayer. He listened, saying the right thing. When, finally, she said that she must go home—she had not even left a number where she could be reached—he agreed with her. And when they stopped at her door he got out and came up with her on the porch.

"Like the 'ads,' shall she ask him in?" he said, smiling. "But I wouldn't come. You're in a wilful humor to-night. I'm too smart a man to snatch at a straw when I might have a whole haystack tomorrow. Because you'll be grateful to me. Not that I don't want to kiss you, and dare not, here in full sight of Maple Street. Good-night, darling——"

For a long time she walked around her room, smoking. She felt fatigued, she felt let down. She dared not go to bed, to lie down and think and remember.

She thought, I mustn't see Warren Anderson again, not alone. That's madness. It wouldn't just be loneliness now, or that lunatic demand of your senses, that has nothing whatever to do with your heart or brain . . . it would be worse, it would be a—a sort of indecent retaliation, a wanting to get even . . . whether Tim cared or not. But he would care, he'd have to care.

There was no letter from Tim the next day. No word for the past week. She might have said that she was in, the next night that Warren Anderson, passing by, rang her bell, except that in the meantime she had seen Jessie Lord.

The child was shattered, her nerves gone, she had made mistakes, she had been threatened with expulsion. She said, crying, her head in Catharine's lap, "It's no use, Doctor Gregory, I'm so terribly in love with him. I thought that he was in love with me—he said so . . . I thought that after I finished training . . . But I can't go on. It will break Aunt Laura's heart, she's been so kind to me, putting me through, sending me an allowance . . . doing so much for me . . . clothes, books, everything. But I just can't." She added, with the melodrama of simplicity, "My heart is broken."

So is mine, thought Catharine.

Aloud she said, "You'll go on and you'll finish your training. No man's worth this, Jessie. You're young and pretty, all your life's before you. There will be other men."

"Never—!"

"That's what you think now. Don't let this get you, my dear. Don't give him that satisfaction."

That was something Jessie could understand. She had, after all, some pride. She said, humbly, "I'll try."

"Come next week," said Catharine, "we'll have a party. Movies, maybe, if I can keep my people well enough."

She knew a nice boy, the son of old friends in Boston. He was selling cars in Seward. A big youngster, with curly hair and a brilliant smile, and plenty of personality. He had a small private income, a degree from Harvard, and he was so she had heard, one of the best dancers in town. Let them meet. She'd see to it. Perhaps, after that . . . Well, it was one cure for Jessie's case. That and her pride.

Doctor Edwards wrote her at about the time May foamed up in the orchards. He said, "I've been very patient, Catharine, wondering if you and Tim had reached a decision. It means a good deal to me."

Tim had definitely stopped writing. It had been two weeks since she had heard. She sat with Doctor Edwards' letter on her desk before her. This was her way out. She could write Tim and say, "I've come to the conclusion that perhaps it is better if we remain apart. I will give up my work here and go to Boston with the children, as Doctor Edwards has offered me a laboratory position. Perhaps Laura would live with us, if I took a large apartment."

No word of Harriet Diaz. As if she had never known. This way she would save her face; and Tim's.

It wasn't a letter you could write on the spur of the moment. You had to think about it, you had to let the days go by and the weeks and think. Then you had to read the letter that came from Tim. He had been so busy, he wrote, he had neglected writing. But she knew how it was. He was well. Was she? How were the children? He was sending them something they might enjoy, some toys carved by an old German timekeeper on the job. He was hers, with love.

Please turn to Page 6 The Homemaker

RHEUMATISM & BACKACHE

now known to be caused by

BAD KIDNEY ACTION

Few medical discoveries of recent years can have a more far-reaching effect upon the health of the nation than that of an eminent doctor, who found that **Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Pains in Back, Circles under Eyes, Loss of Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles, Burning, Smarting Passages and Getting Up Nights,** etc., were caused by faulty Kidney action, and you'll never be fit and well again until you take the right steps to put your kidneys in order.

Your kidneys have a most important function—they filter and cleanse the blood—working at full pressure day and night—and it is only when the Kidneys get overloaded with poisons, acids and germs which they are unable to eliminate that you suffer as you are today. Take Cystex—the right medicine for your trouble—and you'll soon be as fit and active as before the dread disease fastened itself upon you.

YOU MUST GET WELL IF YOU TAKE CYSTEX

Cystex will make and keep your Kidneys and Blood pure, clean and uncontaminated—free them from all toxic acids (including the crystal forming uric acid) which causes aches and pains in joints and muscles, and from accumulations of poisonous waste matters and germs which make you feel despondent and ill.

BETTER IN 24 HOURS

Cystex is a positive speedy and guaranteed remedy for all ailments having an origin in faulty kidney action which causes poor elimination of toxic acids, poisons and waste matters from the system. Within 24 hours after taking the first Cystex tablet you'll feel decidedly better—pain will have ceased or considerably lessened—while in a few days you will feel fine. All this is guaranteed.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these three ways to end your troubles:

(1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.

(2) Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.

(3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

NOW FEELS A DIFFERENT WOMAN

"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles although I am 63 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it." (Sgd.) M. L. Zessin, Thompson Estate, Brisbane.

RELIEF AFTER FIRST DOSE

"My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak, I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back." (Sgd.) Reg. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland.

NOW ABLE TO WALK WITHOUT STICK

"I had Kidney and Bladder complaint, pains in leg and back; in fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pains anywhere. I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for Kidney complaint." (Sgd.) J. McPherson, Nangeribone Station, N.S.W.

GUARANTEED TO PUT YOU RIGHT OR MONEY BACK

This is the only fair and honest way of selling a medicine. Go to your chemist today for Cystex. If it does not put you right, return the empty package and your money will be refunded in full. Act now! In 24 hours you will feel better and be completely well in 1 week. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes: 1/9, 4/-, 8/-.

Sooner or Later Nearly Everyone Needs

Cystex

This is a GUARANTEED Remedy

For the KIDNEYS, BLADDER AND RHEUMATISM

Dandruff

Ruins a smart 'Hair-Do'

Clean out itchy flakes—now, with *scalp-deep*, dissolving action of CRYSTOLIS Rapid

When scalp itches and is laden with dandruff, when hair comes out in your comb—*your head needs help!*

***Dandruff is not, as many imagine,* merely those white, scaly flakes—** it is an invisible parasitic GERM, **hidden in the hair roots!**

CRYSTOLIS Rapid penetrates deep down into the hair roots—clears away the dandruff germ and stops that alarming falling hair. It stimulates the scalp—makes way for luxurious young hair—as well as giving your present hair vibrant new life and lustre. Don't let people whisper: "Why doesn't she brush herself before she goes out!" . . . End dandruff, now, with this Specialist's treatment.

CRYSTOLIS Rapid—At your chemist, store or hairdresser—to-day!

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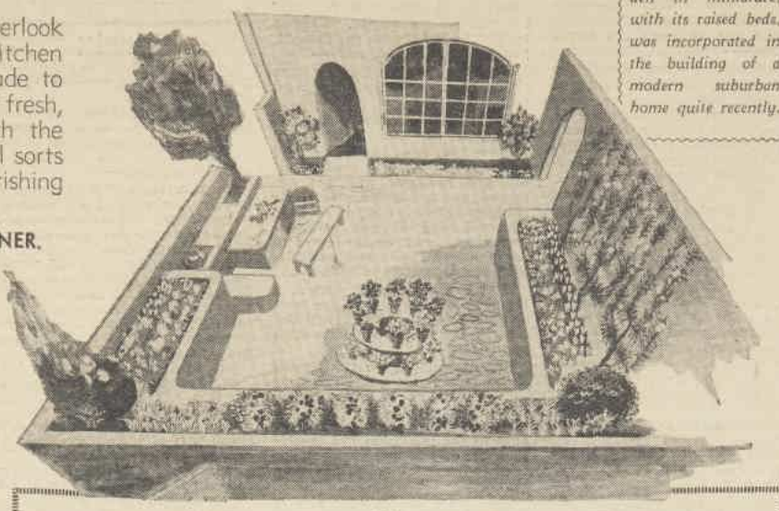
GARDENING *for* HOUSEWIVES . . .

DON'T overlook the importance of the kitchen garden. It should be made to yield a continuous supply of fresh, healthful vegetables which the housewife can turn into all sorts of appetising and nourishing dishes for the family.

—Says **THE OLD GARDENER.**



THIS kitchen garden in miniature, with its raised beds, was incorporated in the building of a modern suburban home quite recently.

VEGETABLES, herbs, rose bushes, vines and flowers are growing in this miniature garden built like a tiny courtyard off the kitchen itself.

Not only does it give a continuous supply of easily-gathered vegetables and flowers, but the raised beds make the work of gardening a pleasurable task.

The garden space is about 20 x 30 feet, and the raised beds are four feet wide. The beds are solid for the purpose of retaining moisture and are set in concrete walls. The central area is paved and has a tiny fish pond set with pot-plants in the middle.

A similar idea could be carried out in rockwork, using stones and cement to build up rustic-looking walls, which could then be filled with good soil.

SKIPPING through memory's lane come visions of well-cooked onions, floating in white sauce, and leeks, similarly clad.

Which reminds me that onion seedlings of most kinds, but particularly odorless, can be set out in the garden now. Leeks have not made much growth this winter, but any spindly seedlings on hand should set out into rich soil.

Garlic sets can be divided now and set out in the garden, and will add much to the herb box next autumn when they ripen.

Cabbage is another plebeian vegetable which should be planted without delay.

Don't forget that well-blanched cabbages, such as drumhead, make very tasty salads.

The cook merely removes the harder, outside green leaves, which are reserved for the pot, and then takes the white hearts, which are sliced up and used instead of lettuce.

The Chinese cabbage, too, is a delicious vegetable, and one that can be either cooked or served green, like lettuce.

Asparagus can be set out in the garden now. The roots resemble tangled masses and must be set at a fair depth to get best results.

Take off the surface soil with a spade, dig the soil to a depth of two feet, fill up with good stable manure, mix well, and then place the roots about six or eight inches below the soil.

Then mix up some bone-dust or fowl manure with the top soil and cover the roots.

Time for chokos, too

CHOKOS are usually grown in Australia for the sake of the fruits which make many delicious dishes. But in America, the roots, which resemble sweet potatoes, are greatly relished as well.

They are known over there as chayoto, and can be baked in the same way as yams or sweet potatoes.

When planting chokos it must be remembered that they will draw heavily on the soil for several years. A couple of wheelbarrow loads of good fresh manure, dug deeply into the soil, will give them just the food they require.

Asparagus shoots should not be cut the first season, but after that they may be cut regularly for six years.

In cool climates borecole or kale can be sown now. This vegetable is little known here, but is an excellent substitute for cabbage and cauliflower, and, being rich in iron, is ideal for growing children.

Italian branching broccoli is another rare vegetable on Australian tables, although it can be easily grown in cool climates.

Like borecole, it is very rich in iron, and is one of the tastiest vegetables grown.

Chives are an Old-World herb that would pass for eschalots in miniature. They are much used for flavoring mince meats, soups and small goods generally, but are also useful for seasoning and salads.

The little bulbs can be planted out now in rich soil, and the leaves can be removed as required. Fresh ones will grow continually and take their place.

When the frosts are over and the warm days arrive, seed of egg plants may be sown. This excellent vegetable has become very popular in Australia in recent years.

All it requires is a rich patch of soil, a sunny position and plenty of water. New York Purple, White Pearl and Black Beauty are three of the best varieties to sow.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

BANISH CONSTIPATION

NYAL FIGSEN ends constipation in a NATURAL way because it is a combination of three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Senna and Cascara. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting tablet. You chew it up. Restore normal bowel action promptly and gently with Figsen—equally good for adults and children. Sold and recommended by chemists everywhere. 1/3 tin. **1/3**

NYAL
FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION

The *PROVED* Family Stand-by for Winter

WOODS' *Great* PEPPERMINT *Cure*

The Simple, Inexpensive Family Remedy

for 'FLU, COUGHS and COLDS

This Winter safeguard your family's health with Woods' Great PEPPERMINT Cure — a PROVEN STAND-BY. This time-tested and "Safe Family Remedy" has been acknowledged by hundreds of thousands for over forty years as the most reliable cough remedy for all members of the family — even the youngest child. Keep out of the "danger zone"— it costs so little with the helpful, protective and preventive action of Woods' Great PEPPERMINT Cure.

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"SO YOU TOO FEEL FIT!"

"Of course . . . and after all those years of suffering and agony it took only three weeks' treatment with Warner's Safe Cure . . ."

Well, that's the kind of result which this remedy has enjoyed for over 60 years. Warner's Safe Cure must be good—it would not otherwise have stood the test of time.

Rheumatism, backache, lumbago and indigestion each can be relieved by Warner's Safe Cure. By stimulating the kidneys and liver to activity, Warner's Safe Cure helps these organs to properly perform their natural functions and free the blood from waste poisons which really cause so many of the regular diseases.

Mr. Kempton, Selby, Vic., writes: *"In 1899 I wrote you that eight years previously I was seriously ill with kidney colic and with the aid of two bottles of Safe Cure and a phial of Safe Pills I was restored to perfect health. I now wish to tell you that I have had no return of that distressing malady since. Very occasionally I use the Safe Cure as a tonic for the liver, which keeps me fit, and I always recommend it to anyone complaining of kidney trouble. My age is 70 years, which speaks volumes."*

This and thousands of other letters from grateful patients prove that this remedy does do a job for humanity; it does make sick people well, and you, too, have this same opportunity of being classed A1 in health.

Warner's Safe Cure is sold by all leading chemists and storekeepers. Large bottles 5/- and 2/9 in Concentrated Form. These small bottles are really economical, the required dose being so much less.

Write for a free booklet to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.

Take Warner's Safe Pills for Constipation—1/- per bottle.***

Beauty for Your Eyes
with **MORRIS'**
IMPERIAL
EYE OINTMENT
OVER 80 YEARS IN USE.
At all Chemists and Stores.
If unprocurable send 2/2 in stamps for 1oz to—MORRIS' EYE OINTMENT CO., 2 RAE STREET, AUBURN E2, VIC.

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vaculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe, and lasting relief to Pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vaculoid with this guarantee.***

Double Life

Continued from Page 4 The Homemaker

OR without love for that matter, unless she chose to free him, she thought.

When she answered she would tell him——

She would not answer it until she could make up her mind to tell him.

She had not made up her mind when Elsie Haggerty was taken ill. Fishing with Sam on Jim Dart's boat, on a warm May day which had turned chill with rain and treacherous, she had taken cold.

A common cold, she said, and went to bed with home remedies. And on the third day Sam called Catharine.

"Why wasn't I called before?" she said, when she stood with him in Elsie's dressing-room.

"She thought it was nothing," said Sam. "Look here, Cathy, it isn't . . . is it?"

"It's pneumonia," she said . . . "the left lobe's consolidated——"

He was deathly white. He stammered, "But, heavens, Cathy . . .!"

She had no time for him. She was calling nurses, calling the drug-store, calling her house. She said, later:

"She's very sick, Sam. If you want another opinion . . .?"

"Yours is good enough for me . . . !"

"There's an excellent chest man in Boston, if you'd feel more comfortable," she told him. "I've called the hospital to send the portable X-ray machine and a technician. We'll be sure. But I am sure, my dear."

X-rays, blood tests, and the type ascertained. Type three. And on the day the crisis could be expected Catharine stayed in the Haggerty house. Sam, watching the oxygen tanks being carried in, was half sick with terror, but she had very little time for him. Once he spoke to her when she left the room for a moment. He said pitifully: "We've been so happy lately, Cathy—if anything happened to her . . ."

She said, "I'm doing all I can, Sam . . ."

Mary brought the wire. She came in a taxi. Very much worried, the yellow slip in her hand. She said, when Catharine came down to meet her. "Don't look like that, Doctor, the children are all right. But the delivery boy said this was important."

She tore it open, standing there, in her white skirt. She said after a while, "All right, Mary, go on home . . ."

She saw, with detachment, how pale the girl grew, backing away from her, murmuring something she could not hear. She felt Sam's hand on her arm shaking her, heard his voice, crying, "What happened, Cathy——?"

She said in a straight, tight voice: "I'm not going to faint. I can't faint." She looked at Sam, her lips moved but no words came. She said, "An accident—to Tim . . ."

He took the telegram from her and read it and his face was sharpened with horror. He cried, torn between his own worry and hers, "What are you going to do, Cathy?"

She had to decide. She said, "Can I use your telephone, Sam?" and did not wait for his answer. Walking toward the instrument, she thought, passionately, "It isn't fair——"

What had she done that she must always make a choice, the hard way?

She must go to Tim. But she could not. She had to stay.

There were other doctors, as good as she, better for that matter. But this was her case, this was her patient, and her friend. Had Elsie not been her friend it would not have mattered. She belonged here, professionally. She was dedicated to her profession. She had told Tim once that it was bigger than she.

If he died and she not there . . .? No, she could not bear it, she must shut her mind to it. If he lived and never understood . . .? But he must understand.

Perhaps this was the one crisis through which they would both come to understanding. He knew that she loved him, he must know that. But she would not go to him because her duty to the profession was greater than her duty to him. But not, she cried in her heart, not greater than her love.

She lifted the telephone with shaking hands and called long distance. But when she heard Howard's voice she spoke steadily:

"How bad is it, Howard?"

"Pretty bad," he said over the singing wires, "they were driving very fast . . . there was a curve and a parked truck."

"They?" she asked.

He did not answer that. He asked, instead, "Are you coming out?"

She pressed him, inexorably.

"Was Mrs. Diaz hurt, Howard?"

"She's dead," he said sombrely . . . "Tim's alive. He's pretty sick . . . They're holding a consultation."

Catharine said, "I can't come at *once*, Howard. I'm on a very sick case. I'll fly out as soon as I'm free." She gave him the Haggerty number. "Will you have Tim's doctor call me here, as soon as possible?" she asked. "And when you see Tim . . . give him," she added, her voice breaking, "all my love."

She hung up and rose. Sam looked at her incredulously. He said:

"You're not going?"

"No," she answered. "Tim will understand, Sam . . . he's got to. If he lives. And he must live."

SHE went back to the telephone and called Gary Edwards in Boston. She explained, chapter and verse, and said finally, "I'm asking a great deal, Doctor Edwards, but I have such implicit faith in you——"

He said: "You can't ask too much, Catharine. I'll get the first plane west . . ."

When she hung up the details had been arranged. She thought, dragging herself up the stairs, "There are good surgeons out there. But he'll tell me the truth . . ."

She opened the door of Elsie's room and went in.

Mary brought a bag around with toilet things and a change of clothes. Throughout the long night working with the nurse Catharine kept her mind away from Tim. She could not think of him and work. Sam came to the door now and then, and she spoke to him briefly. "No, Sam, no, no worse . . . but no better. We can only wait."

On the ninth day the crisis, and on the ninth day the telephone call from Doctor Edwards. She was to be reassured, he said, at once. The word she had had from the doctors on the case, by wire and by telephone, checked perfectly with the facts. A concussion, no fracture. Three broken ribs. A broken wrist, cuts and bruises. No internal injuries. It would be some time before Tim could leave the hospital, but unless complications set in——

She asked, "Could you tell him . . . about me? Does he understand? . . . He must, it's vital to us both."

"He will understand, Catharine. He's not doing much talking or listening as yet. How's your patient?"

"Past the crisis," said Catharine, "with care and nursing, she'll do."

"And you'll come on?"

"I'll get a plane to-morrow."

"You won't need me," he said, "I'm going on to Denver to-morrow—this gives me an excellent excuse to visit my sister."

"I can't thank you," she began brokenly . . . "it was a wild-goose chase, wasn't it? But I kept thinking that if only you were there I could go on here——"

"It is a tribute," said Edwards gravely, "for which I am sincerely grateful. By to-morrow perhaps I can have a little talk with Tim . . . Good luck, my dear."

Sam wished her luck, too, standing at her door, the next morning. He said, holding her hand so tightly that it hurt, "We'll never forget this, Cathy, Elsie and I. Not one person in a million would have done what you did."

She said, "I couldn't leave her, Sam. I'm gambling on Tim's realising that. If he had died—but he didn't die, thank God . . ."

"He couldn't run out on you," said Sam—"and if there's anything we can do—got enough money?"

"Plenty . . . I'll tell Nannie to call you if she gets in one of her emergencies . . . Give Elsie my love, Sam . . ."

"She knows," said Sam, "that she has it."

She had good nurses as well as Winthrop, grumpily taking over the case, regarding Catharine with something very near admiration, saying when she left him in full charge, "Look here, I suppose you think I've been an old fogy about you. Well, forget it . . . we can work together, there's room enough for us all. And we need women like you."

That was a promise. And when Winthrop stood in a draught his colleagues in Seward sneezed. It might mean that things would be easier for her from now on.

She had time to think about that, flying West, flying through the night and over mountains, flying for the first time, utterly unafraid, because she had other things on her mind.

Howard had sent a car to meet her at the nearest airport, but it was a long drive, over four hours before she reached the hospital.

"Well," said Tim weakly from the narrow white bed, "here you are."

The nurse smiled, slipped out, and shut the door.

"Yes, I'm here. Don't try to talk. I came as soon as I could."

"I know. Edwards explained to me . . ." His face clouded. He said, "I suppose they told you——?"

"Let's not talk now," she said. "Let's just—be together."

It would be some time before he could travel and it was he who sent her home, after the first week. "I'll be all right," he said, "and I'll come East as soon as I can. You're needed at home, Cathy . . . the kids need you—and your people."

"You see that?" she asked.

"Edwards made me see it. But perhaps I did, long before. Only I was darned stubborn. Possessive, maybe, jealous of all your profession meant to you."

THEY were alone. They'd wheeled his bed into the sun and clear heady air. He said, "Howard's been good about this. I'm quitting, you know. They can't afford to wait for me to get well, so I'm leaving 'em; they're sending another man out. But there'll be work in Boston, pretty soon . . . Another two months, maybe. If you can put up with me that long——"

"Darling," she said, "as if you didn't know."

After a moment he said, "They've told you about Harriet Diaz?"

"I went to see her mother," said Catharine slowly. "No one blames you, Tim. I didn't know until I reached here that she was driving."

He said, "She had a lot of vitality. I—I do blame myself. Not for the accident. But being lonely and sore wasn't an excuse . . ."

"I'd rather not hear any more. There isn't anything to say. I won't pretend that I took it in my stride."

"Howard told you——?"

"No," she said, and lied to save a friendship, "I guessed. From your letters. Your lack of letters. And her voice, that Christmas night . . ."

"It started, after that," he admitted . . . "Poor kid . . . She was only thirty, Cathy, and full of the devil. One rotten divorce and a jerkwater little town and everyone thinking she wasn't any good. She was fun, Cathy . . . and born, I think, to die violently."

"Don't think of it, don't talk about it!"

"Just this once. I—I have to say this. I didn't love her, Cathy, I would never have loved her."

"Here comes Miss Simons," she said, and rose. She bent and kissed him. "Just concentrate on getting well . . . and coming home . . ."

He would come home, and she would go on with her work. There would be other jobs for him, after a while, nearby, and perhaps far away. There was no solution. But he understood, perhaps, he would always from now on.

She would understand, too, for the first time, her own potential weakness and his, and their mutual danger. She would prepare for it, she would combat it. She must always be a woman divided against herself, trying to lead her several lives . . . All her years it would be a battle, win, lose or draw.

There would be many times, before she died, when she would have to choose, between Tim and her exacting profession, between, even, her children and her profession, which was also her vocation. She might not always choose wisely. But she would do the best she could, and at least she and Tim had reached some sort of an understanding.

Her way was clear enough before her; it might not always be clear. But they loved each other and perhaps there could be compromise. Life at its best was compromise . . .

He said, before Miss Simons reached him:

"Have I ever told you how much I love you—and how proud I am of you, Cathy?"

(Copyright)

Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

If you suffer from choking, wheezing, coughing, Asthma and Bronchitis—if you gasp for breath, can't sleep nights, and feel your heart pounding against your ribs, and suffer from Indigestion, Nervousness, Headaches and Loss of Vitality and Energy, there is new hope, health and happiness for you in the discovery of an American physician.

A specialist with 30 years' experience discovered that the true cause of most Asthma is from Germs and Acids in the blood. By refreshing the blood, killing the Germs and removing the Acids, the cause is removed and thus Asthma can be truly ended. The discovery, which is called Mendaco, is a pure, safe and harmless prescription in pleasant, easy-to-take tablet form. It works so fast, that it starts circulating through the blood in 3 minutes, killing the Germs and removing the Acids which cause those terrible choking, gasping, strangling spells. Within 24 to 48 hours you will notice a vast difference, and at the end of the 8-day treatment you, as thousands of others, will feel completely free from Asthma, because Mendaco represents a discovery that removes the underlying cause of the disease. No matter how long you have suffered or how many things you have tried, you owe it to yourself to try this new discovery.

Ends Asthma After 20 Years

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma, Bronchitis and Hay Fever are daily telling how well they feel since they ended their trouble with Mendaco. For instance, Mr. Charles Fleetwood-Smith, of West Ulverstone, Tasmania, recently wrote: "My doctor said that I was a dying man with Pleurisy and Bronchial Asthma. The agony from choking was awful and I used to cough up over a pint of choking phlegm every night—I could not sleep at all. It cost me £400 for doctors, hospital and medicines. Then I gave Mendaco a trial. The first evening I slept all night without waking or coughing. I do not know how to praise Mendaco enough. It has saved my life. I have waited 4½ months for it to come back, but I am still free, thanks to Mendaco."

Mr. R. Lipman
Palm Beach
N.S.W.

"It only seems fair that I should write and let you know what Mendaco has done for me," Mr. R. Lipman, of Palm Beach, Australia said. "I have been a sufferer from bronchial Asthma for 16 years. Every night at about 2.30 a.m. I would get an attack which lasted two to three hours, and at times I was so bad that even the slightest exertion, such as playing the piano, would bring on an attack, which greatly inconvenienced me. Two months ago I took a small bottle of your Mendaco and since then, I can honestly say, I have never had an attack."

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. In no time at all Mendaco may easily make you feel years younger and stronger. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The **Mendaco** guarantee protects you.

Ends Asthma ◆ Bronchitis ◆ Hay Fever

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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STARRY EYES . . . .

SOFT and velvety in expression, deep with color, alive and glowing with health . . .

Well might such eyes rival the beauty of the stars . . . And it's nothing more than plain mundane care that keeps this youthful loveliness in your eyes.

By JANETTE

IT is your first glance that presents the most striking image of your personality to others.

And it is because your eyes are the first to feel and reveal your state of mind that they are the most sensitive features of your face.

Beautiful eyes are a valued possession, and if you hope to retain an appearance of youth as long as possible and of good looks and charm all through life, then you must take the greatest care of these features.

No matter how lovely eyes may be, they will soon lose their brightness, and their color will fade if you are unable to keep back your tears on the slightest provocation. Red eyelids and pale faded-looking eyes soon reveal the woman who takes regular refuge in weeping.

Sleeplessness or lack of sleep because of too many late nights, as well as physical ill-health, also take great toll of the eyes; and dark rings soon trace a smudgy way beneath the eyes.

From the age of 20, eyes should have plenty of regular care, not only to preserve the sight, but to keep their beauty.

The pictures on this page show some simple exercises which can be carried out every morning on rising and while you are dressing. If you make a habit of doing these exercises regularly, you will find them no trouble at all. Yet they will have the excellent effect of strengthening your eyes.

First look upwards, by moving the eyeballs but not the head. Then look downwards as far as you can as though trying to see your chest without moving your head. Repeat five times, and then close the eyes for five seconds.

Next turn eyes to the right and then to the left. Repeat five times and close the eyes for five seconds.

Now roll the eyes round in a complete circle, first from left to right and then from right to left. Repeat this also five times both ways, and rest.

Look at a distant object, and close the eyelids without moving head or lower eyelids and raise again. Repeat this shutting and opening exercise five times, and rest.

The massage movements shown in the second group of pictures should be done every night before going to bed, in front of a mirror, so that you can carefully watch the position of the orbicular muscles. This massage will help to prevent wrinkles that are far too premature in anybody who is still young.

First place your two forefingers flat on the muscles beneath the eyes and press them gently on your nose. Pass lightly under the eyes, proceeding upwards towards the temples.

Now do the same movements very gently over the eyelids with the fingers.

Next place your fingers over the skin of the muscles called "expression muscles" beneath the eyes, and carefully following the outline of the eyes press lightly in successive movements.

This gentle pressure on the muscles of the eyes serves to stimulate the circulation of the blood which is so essential for the vitality of the eye muscles and to relieve congestion.

Often you can bring back the natural brightness to tired eyes by removing congestion night and morning by means of these movements round the sockets.

Hot compresses of tea or camomile tea also help to remove congestion and diminish that burning sensation that often comes with extreme fatigue of the eyes.

For puffy eyes and pouches, potato compresses are excellent. Make these by grating a potato and placing in pads of gauze. Lie down and allow compresses to remain on the eyes for 10 to 15 minutes.

SOFT, yet lustrous and full of expression, the eyes of Anita Louise, Fox star, reveal her personality and give life to her face.

EXERCISE 1. Look upwards without moving the head. Move eyes only with slow rhythmic movements. Repeat five times.

EXERCISE 2. Look down without moving the head by moving eyes slowly. Repeat five times and then close eyes.

EXERCISE 3. Look to left, then to right, slowly and in rhythm. Repeat five times, and then rest the eyes. Keep the head still.

PLACE forefingers beneath eyes, press gently on the nose, then pass fingers lightly outwards towards temples.

PLACE forefingers against the nose, above the eyes, and then pass lightly over the eyelids to the temples, as shown above.

PLACE fingers on "expression" muscles beneath eyes and with light successive pressing movements proceed outwards.

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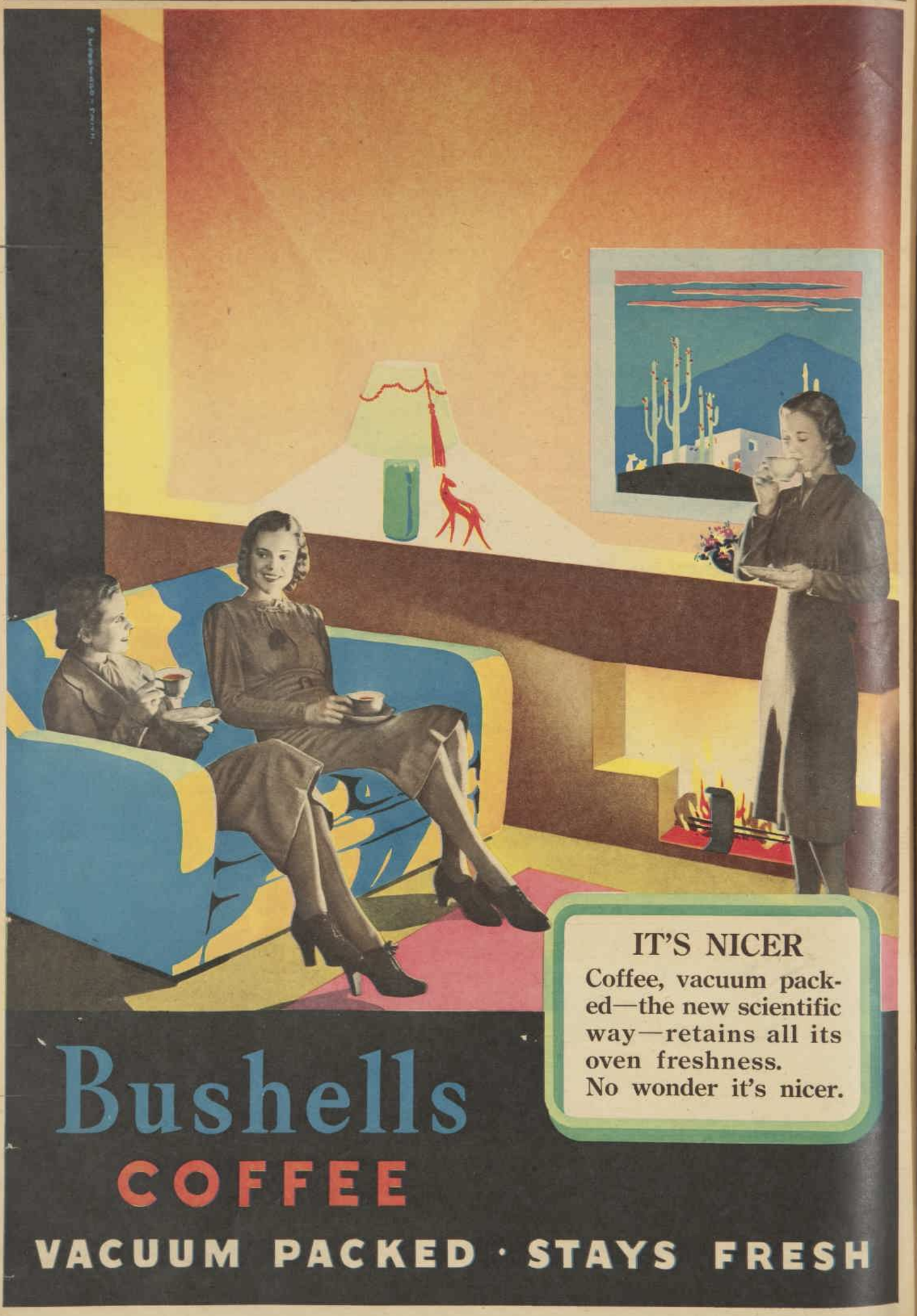

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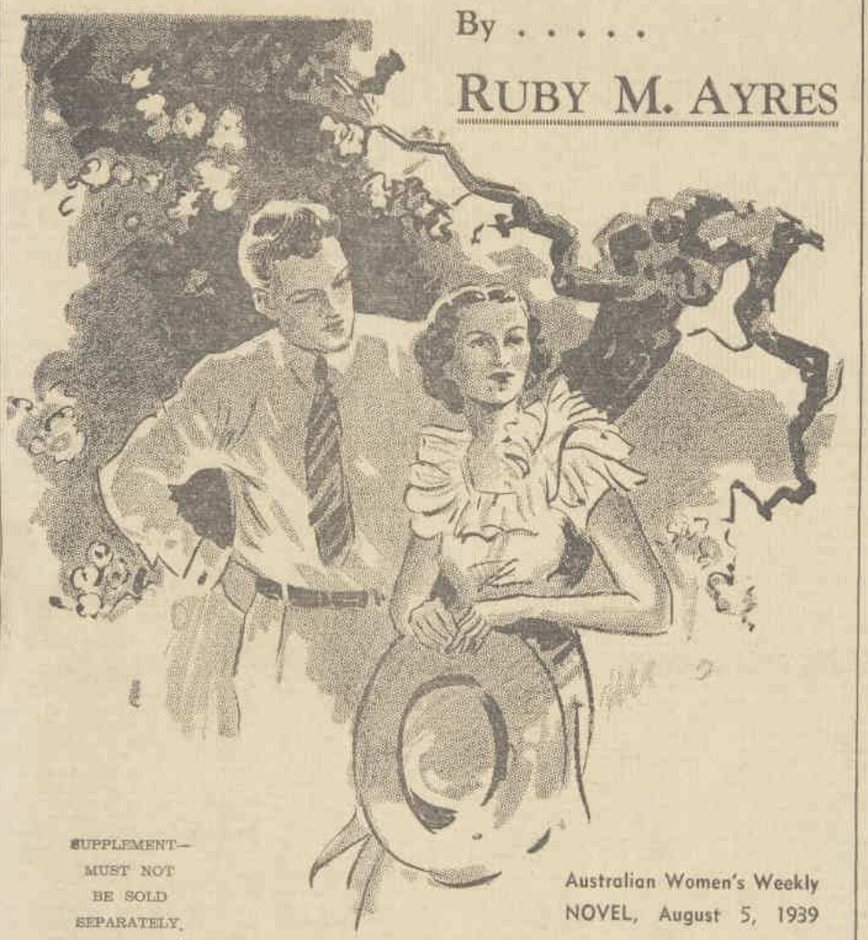
High Noon

By . . . . .

RUBY M. AYRES



SUPPLEMENT—
MUST NOT
BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.

Australian Women's Weekly
NOVEL, August 5, 1939

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HIGH NOON

By Ruby M. Ayres

AS the low-built, long-bodied car, with the absurd slipper dangling helplessly from its back axle, turned slowly out of the confetti-strewn drive, Heather Aston sighed, and stooped to pick up a white flower which had fallen from Betty's bouquet when she came back from church.

It was over, this second family wedding which had required so much planning and contriving and hard work to make it the success it undoubtedly had been.

Heather's eyes followed a little wistfully the car that bore Betty and her husband away. It disappeared at an abrupt turn, leaving only the hard sun-baked road, with its high dusty hedges.

Betty had insisted upon being an orthodox bride in spite of the difficulties of money. She had overruled Heather's objections by saying lightly: "Well, if Caesar won't, I'll get Stephen to pay after we're married."

She quite lost sight of the fact that it was a sheer impossibility for Caesar—as the family disrespectfully called their father—to pay, and she had only laughed when Heather said in dismay: "But it's not right for the bridegroom to bear the expenses of the wedding!"

"Anything's right to-day," she had declared. "Besides, he's got lots of money."

Heather sometimes wondered if that was the reason Betty had married him. She liked him, of course, but then could anyone help liking Stephen? He was so kind and cheery. The quick sigh came again as Heather remembered a little ruefully that it was she who had first made Stephen's acquaintance, and that it had been to see her that he had first come to the house.

She had never wanted to marry him, of course, still it did seem a little hard that Betty, all youth and light-heartedness, should calmly annex him, taking it for granted that Heather, as usual, would retire into the background.

As the children and Caesar never failed to remind her, "You're the eldest, Heather darling." Not that any of them were really "children" any longer, for Bobbie, the youngest, who had cost their mother her life, was nearly seventeen.

Seventeen! It seemed impossible that for as many years she had been mother, housekeeper, and general adviser to her father and brothers and sisters, denying her own youth, and trying not to see that some day life would leave her lonely.

It had seemed only natural that she—the eldest—should try to fill her mother's place, and take control of the disordered, frightened family, and to see that Caesar should miss as few of his comforts as possible.

"Caesar" . . . Heather smiled faintly at the familiar nickname. They could never agree as to who had originated it—she or Paul claimed the honor in turn, but in an odd way it seemed to suit their father, who was a lordly person with a great opinion of his own dignity and integrity.

There were seven of the Astons. To Heather it had at first seemed an enormous family to attempt to control and bring up in the way their mother would have wished them to go, but with the passing of time she had grown used to it, and had even suffered when one by one they had begun to slip away.

Paul had been the first to go; he had married a girl who considered herself superior to his family, and who, after only one year of married life had almost entirely alienated him from them.

He had not even come to Betty's wedding, though he had sent her a handsome cheque (his wife's money, so Betty had ruthlessly declared) and had followed it up with a telegram to wish her luck.

And now Betty had gone, leaving only John, Effie and Bobbie in the ugly shabby old house in which they continued to live because it belonged to them, and because nobody would have given anything like Caesar's valuation of the property.

"We are seven," had been the family watchword, and Heather remembered it sadly as she waited for the crowd of young people to troop back from the road to which they had flocked to give Betty and her husband a proper send-off.

Only four left at home now, for Vilette, the flower of the flock, had long since shaken what she was pleased to call "the family dust" from her feet, and had gone out into the world with the optimistic idea of making a great name for herself on the stage.

She had not been successful in spite of her beauty. At the moment she was travelling with a second-rate company in South Africa, and the last news Heather had received from her was that the tour was nearly over and that she would soon be home. Vilette would marry a rich man, of course; she was pretty enough for any man to fall in love with her. Many had done so already. But Vilette always said she was not in a hurry, and that she meant to have a good look round first. But even she would have approved of Stephen Miller, Heather thought, and she almost wished that Vilette had been present at the wedding. It had been quite a big affair, for the Astons had a large if motley collection of friends, in spite of the fact that they could not afford to entertain.

Betty had always been able to find someone to take her to dances and theatres. Paul had married money, and even Bobbie had a dozen school friends who always seemed to include him in their pleasures.

"We must be rather a charming family really," so Effie once said in her quaint way. "If we weren't, nobody would trouble about us as they do. We're not smart, we haven't a penny, and if people come to the house they have to take pot-luck. It must be our personal charm."

She forgot, just as everyone else forgot, that but for Heather life would have been a sorry affair for them all. They were all so "used to" Heather that they took her as much for granted as any old piece of furniture in the house. In their way they loved her, but it was a selfish love, and none of them ever thought of protesting when Heather said, "I'll stay at home—you others go." Nobody ever objected when Heather made her old clothes "do," so that Betty or Effie could have a new frock.

Heather was thirty-four now. There was a gap of three years between her and John, and then another gap of five years before the others came trooping on one another's heels with hardly breathing space between. It was because they all took Heather so much for granted that none of the family really understood her or knew much about her. They never dreamed, for instance, that she suffered a very real little pang when Stephen so calmly transferred his attentions to Betty—not that she had been in the least in love with him, but he had been her friend in the first place and she had liked him, and had valued his friendship.

Neither would they have believed it had they been told that when their mother died Heather sent away the only real sweetheart she had ever known because she had felt it impossible to desert Caesar and the family.

She might have married him then. He had begged that she would, and when finally he had gone abroad to take up an appointment which would have kept them both in greater comfort than she had ever enjoyed, she had stood on the platform watching the train carry him away, her face all white and bleak, and yet smiling bravely as he leaned out of the carriage window to grasp her hand and say:

"Oh, Heather, won't you?"

Her courage had almost broken down then, but she had thought of Bobbie—not yet a year old—and Caesar, and all the others, and she had remembered her mother, too, and she had whispered back, "I can't, dear—you know I can't."

He had written several times, but she had not answered. What was the use, she asked herself, and so after a few months the letters had stopped. It had hurt at first, terribly, but it was so long ago now that she could think of him without a pang, and hope that he was happy and successful.

Not that she had been unhappy since her life had been too occupied for that. But sometimes—as when Paul went away and shut them all out of his life, and to-day when Betty had gone—she had been conscious of an ever-growing loneliness. The

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HIGH NOON

family seemed to be breaking up so quickly, leaving her behind, and when they had all gone—what then?

She was thirty-four, and sometimes she felt many years older, when she was tired and her head ached, and the housekeeping bills were difficult to meet, and Caesar was more tiresome than usual and Bobbie would be late home from school, and altogether life seemed too much to cope with, so that all she wanted was to lie down and sleep the rest of it away.

Effie was the delicate one of the family, and as they had never dared to send her to school, it had fallen to Heather to "give her lessons"—a difficult job this!

The spoiled one, Betty said Effie was; Betty always called a spade a spade. Heather looked back upon all this as she stood in the sunshine listening to the laughter and voices of the wedding party who were now slowly streaming into the garden again, and she realised how fortunate it was that her life should have been so full, so that she never found time to think of herself.

Bobbie broke away from the crowd and ran towards her. "We're going to London, to a theatre, all of us," he said excitedly. "Dinah says she's got seats—as a surprise—the front row of the dress circle . . ." His eyes were bright with eagerness. "It's a musical comedy, and we're going to have supper somewhere afterwards."

Heather said quickly: "But we can't leave Caesar alone——" and then looking at Dinah, who had been chief bridesmaid because she was Stephen Miller's sister, she realised that they had not included her in this "surprise" and she added hastily, "But there'll be me, of course—so he won't mind. I've got heaps to do—all this muddle to clear up."

Bobbie said hesitatingly, "You ought to come too—" and then as she shook her head, he frowned and slipped a hand through her arm. "You're always the one to stay at home," he protested. Bobbie was the only one whose conscience occasionally pricked him with regard to his eldest sister.

"Nonsense," she said cheerily. "I couldn't go anyway . . . What time are you going—and how?" and immediately she realised that perhaps they would want their railway fares—Bobbie and Effie.

But Dinah answered quickly, "We've got three cars among us, and we can all pack in if nobody minds a squeeze . . ."

And in an hour they had all departed, leaving Heather alone in the big disordered house. Caesar was in his study. It was only on very particular occasions that he condescended to leave his own sanctum and to enter the bosom of his family. Caesar was supposed to be writing a book—Heather could remember that years ago their mother had often said anxiously, "Do be quiet, darlings; you mustn't disturb your father; he's writing."

That "book" had grown to be a sort of legend with the young Astons, but only Betty ever dared to voice the opinion that Caesar was like the two gentlemen in the Golden Butterfly, who shut themselves up for years and years in order to produce a great work which was never produced at all.

Mrs. Priddy, the widow who "did" the work of the house, and two young girls from the village who had been hired for the day, had already cleared up some of the rooms. Heather went up to her own room. She took off her wedding frock and hung it carefully away in the wardrobe. She slipped on a flowered cotton overall, pausing for a moment in front of the mirror.

Betty and her husband were going first to Scotland, and then later on to Italy. "I don't know how long we shall be away," Betty had said. "It depends how soon we get tired of each other's company." Betty always talked like that, perhaps making fun of things which were nearest and dearest to her.

Wonderful to be able to go for an indefinite holiday, with no worries about money, or anxieties as to how the family were getting on at home! Betty was lucky . . . but there was no feeling of envy in Heather's heart.

She looked at her own serious face in the glass. A little tired—well, she felt tired. She had been up very early that morning to make sure that everything would be in order. Her brown hair was ruffled through getting out of her frock, and she ran a comb through it, thinking how fortunate it was that she had a natural wave and hair that seemed to "do" itself, for she could never have afforded constant visits to the hairdressers like Betty and Effie—they were always begging for extra shillings with which to "beautify" themselves. Her eyes looked back at her thoughtfully from the mirror, and incongruously a voice that she had hardly allowed herself to remember for years floated into her mind:

"Funny eyes, Heather . . . sometimes they're blue, sometimes grey—sometimes they're quite green, but they're always the loveliest eyes in the world . . ."

Bruce Logan . . .! Heather's face grew wistful as she thought of Bruce. Nobody had ever been so sweet to her as he had been; she had mattered to him, in a far more beautiful way than she mattered to Caesar and to the family. He must be thirty-seven now, and no doubt he was married and successful. She wondered if they would ever meet again, and if so whether he would remember that last morning when he had leaned from the carriage window to catch her hand.

"Oh, Heather, won't you?"

Heather gave her shoulders a little determined shrug and went downstairs. The house seemed filled with the scent of the lilies from Betty's bouquet, lying discarded now on a chair in the hall. Heather picked it up tenderly, found a large vase and went to the schoolroom. She set the bouquet on a side table against the wall, and looked round the room reminiscently.

All the family had been born in this house which had so rightly been named Tangley. Her mother had come to it as a bride, not because it had been her choice of a home, but because Caesar's father had presented it to them as a wedding present. It had always been too expensive for them to keep up properly. There was a garden of nearly three acres which was so overgrown and neglected that it looked more like a wood. Sometimes at week-ends John would make an effort to reduce it to order by cutting the grass and lopping down dead branches from the old trees, but it was a task which invariably defeated him.

Heather leaned against the edge of the big, wooden table, where, as a rule, they had family meals, and stared out at the rapidly-fading sunset. It had been in this room that Bruce Logan had first told her he loved her; she could visualise his tall figure and the shy intensity of his eyes. It was here that Caesar had come to break the news that their mother was dead—here that she had told Bruce she could never leave the family; here that Vilette had defiantly announced her intention of shaking the "family dust" from her pretty feet; here that a thousand and one little every-day tragedies and joys had been enacted.

It seemed to Heather that the youthful spirits of her brothers and sisters must always be gathered in this room, never to be parted, no matter how far they wandered away. Three of them had gone already, and soon Bobbie would be leaving school and starting out in the world. Until a year or so ago he had wanted to be an automobile race driver. Now his ambition was to be a plane pilot.

Bobbie's great passion was engines of all kinds. There was a flying-ground six miles away, to which he cycled at every opportunity, returning with glowing eyes and thrilling accounts of the machines he had seen, till Heather's heart contracted with apprehension of the future.

Heather woke from her reveries with a little start. She glanced at her wrist-watch—Bruce Logan had given it to her before he sailed, and she had worn it ever since, only renewing its leather strap from time to time. Nearly eight! . . . she turned hurriedly to the door and met Mrs. Priddy, to whom the postman had given two letters. One was for John, but the second—Heather's eyes sparkled as she recognised the South African stamp and Vilette's sprawling handwriting. It began, "My Lamb——," and Heather laughed softly at the quaint words.

"My Lamb,—I am returning to England, home and beauty. By the time you get this communication I shall be on the high seas, and you will have the joy of seeing my fair face a week later.

"I have done with the stage, or the stage has done with me, whichever way you like to put it, and—this is between you and me—I have met THE MAN.

"He is coming to England on the same boat, and although as yet he has not asked for my hand and heart, I feel it is but a matter of time—a few moonlight nights and days of sunshine may do the trick. I will not tell you any more about him, except that he is the most delightful person in the world, but you will see for yourself. Please do not broadcast the glad news to the family—keep it to yourself, but I know you will. He is on 'short leave,' if you know what that means, and if he asks me to come back here with him—well, I shan't say no. I am glad Betty is married, or she might try to snatch him from me—he knows me only by my stage name so far, but I suppose I must break the news to him before the white cliffs of old England come in sight, that I have a horde of brothers and sisters in the background—and Caesar!

"That's all . . . I am bringing you a marvellous ostrich feather fan; if you don't like it I will use it myself.

"Salaams. (I sign myself perhaps for the last time) VILETTE PONSONBY."

Heather sighed and smiled together over this letter, which was so typical of Vilette. It was not the first time she had met The Man. Ever since her schooldays she had been in and out of love, never faithful to a fancy for more than a few months.

Poor Vilette! How teased she had been when at sixteen she suddenly announced that she would no longer answer to her baptismal name of Vera, but that henceforth she would be Vilette. The "Ponsonby" had come later together with her stage aspirations, and now with her usual impulsiveness she had grown tired of the game and was throwing it aside.

Well, one could only hope that this time it was the real thing.

. . . . . .

Glad as Heather was at the thought of seeing her sister again, she rather dreaded Vilette's arrival. Vilette was a disturbing

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element—she was always bad friends with Caesar, and determined to alter the routine of everyone's life. But in spite of her many frivolities and inconstancy, there was something very sweet about Vilette. She was warm-hearted and generous to a fault when she had anything with which to be generous, and if her presence at Tangley upset the household, they definitely missed her when she departed.

Heather did not take this letter too seriously, remembering a previous occasion when similar news had been communicated to her, and when on Vilette's arrival she had asked interestedly, "And what about—him?" Vilette had laughed and dismissed the subject with a careless, "Oh, that was nothing. I've had half a dozen love affairs since then."

On the morning of Vilette's arrival Heather asked at the breakfast table, "Is anyone coming with me to Waterloo?"

There was a little silence, until Bobbie blurted out, "Jepson's promised to take me for a joy-ride." Then, when nobody else volunteered, he added resignedly, "But I'll go if you want me to."

Heather asked hurriedly, "Do you mean a joy-ride in an aeroplane?" And when he nodded she said anxiously, "Oh, Bobbie, I wish you wouldn't—— Father?" she looked at Caesar appealingly.

"The future of England lies in the air," Caesar said grandly, and finishing his coffee he left the table.

There was a little silence when he had gone, till Heather said, "Well, I suppose I must go alone, that's all."

Bobbie scowled. "I said I'd go if you want me to, but I shan't get a chance to go up with Jepson again. He's going to Germany to-morrow."

She looked at him with a smile. "You go with Jepson—only for goodness sake don't fall out of the plane or do anything silly. What's the time? A quarter to ten? . . . I must fly."

At Waterloo Heather stopped at a flower kiosk and bought some roses, which she could not really afford. Flowers were always a lovely welcome! The boat train was not due when she reached the platform, and Heather stood aside, not far from the gates.

A thin little woman in a black coat spoke to her suddenly. "The train is late this morning; it is usually so very punctual."

Heather looked down at her and smiled. She was only a very little woman with intensely blue eyes that seemed startlingly young in her lined face. "Is it late?" she asked.

The little woman brushed a spot of dust from her coat. "I meet all the boat trains from South Africa," she said. "I never stay away for fear I should miss him."

Heather echoed her words uncertainly. "For fear you should miss him?"

The little woman nodded. "Yes—he went away just after the war. I expect that seems a long time ago to you, but to me it's only yesterday. He had to go away—his business was out there—but he's coming back some day to fetch me"—the blue eyes clouded a little. "And I shall be waiting," she said, as if to herself. "I shan't fail him. He knows that. Are you waiting for your sweetheart?"

"No, my sister."

"I'm glad it's not a sweetheart." The blue eyes were smiling again. "They stay away such a long time and yet every day I say to myself, 'That's one day nearer to the time he will come.' It's wonderful how it helps, even though I'm old now, and tired." Her voice sounded a little puzzled.

There was a feeling of tears in Heather's heart. Impulsively she said, "My name is Aston—Heather Aston—what is your name?"

"Molly Kent."

Such a girl's name; but it seemed oddly to suit those blue eyes, even while the worn face pathetically belied it. Suddenly the train was steaming into the station, and Molly Kent was lost in the crowd. Heather looked for Vilette in vain. She waited a long time, until only a few stragglers were left. A girl clinging to a man's arm passed close to her. Heather stepped forward and touched her arm. "Please forgive me," she said shyly. "But—can you tell me if there was a Miss Aston—" she hurriedly corrected herself—"a Miss Ponsonby on board the ship? Vilette Ponsonby?"

The girl smiled. "Oh, yes—we were great friends. Do you know her?"

"I've come to meet her," Heather explained. "But she doesn't seem to be here."

"She went up from Southampton by motor car, with a friend . . . we said goodbye to them."

Heather drew back. "Oh, I see," she said slowly, and then, "Thank you very much. Vilette is my sister," she added simply, as she turned away.

The girl looked after her dubiously. "She's a bit dowdy to be Vilette's sister," she said to a companion. "Perhaps Vilette wasn't very anxious to introduce her . . ."

Heather felt a little dispirited as she retraced her steps. Couldn't Vilette have sent a wire? Or perhaps it had arrived after she left the house? She tried to believe that was what had happened, while all the time she knew Vilette's carelessness and lack of consideration in little matters. After a warm and stuffy train trip home, Heather went in by the garden gate instead of going straight to the house. She loved the garden in spite of its wild, neglected state—she loved the tall, cool trees overhead and the slender bracken which stood like a fairy army amongst all the disorder. It was very silent and restful. The startled chattering of a blackbird soaring up from the undergrowth seemed a tremendous noise, shattering the midday peace.

High noon! . . . The words slipped into Heather's thoughts from some forgotten memory of her childhood. A fairy story, in which she had read that high noon was of much greater importance in fairyland than midnight; that it was at high noon that all the world held its breath because great things happened; when flowers whispered together, and everything reached its zenith; a golden moment which comes only once in every lifetime. And suddenly Heather thought of the little woman with the vivid blue eyes waiting at Waterloo for a man who would surely never come, and in some strange way she felt that they were akin, two women who had both missed the way—two lonely women.

High noon! . . . some hurt corner of Heather's mind whispered to her: "You're thirty-four, and this is your high noon. Make the most of it; it can never come again."

She closed her eyes, feeling a little dazed, and suddenly she found herself weeping. Was it for the past and for her lost love? Or for the present, which was made up of hard work and patience and of self-denial? Or for the future, which stretched before her like an empty road along which one cannot hope to meet a friend? How foolish to cry like this, when for so many years she had denied herself the luxury of tears. To cry just because of an old forgotten fairy story—because of a little old woman with blue eyes waiting patiently year after year for a lover who would never return?

High noon, the moment in one's life which can never come again. Heather leaned against the rough bark of a giant tree and sobbed her heart out.

Other women were given love, and homes of their own, and children, but for her the road had twisted away from all these things and she could only look back on them and weep. It was the chattering blackbird which at last aroused her by swooping down from his bough, indignant that his sanctuary should be invaded. Heather turned to watch him with tear-dimmed eyes. The spell was broken. Caesar, the family, Vilette, Mrs. Priddy, Life! They were all waiting for her to go back to them.

She dried her eyes and anxiously powdered her reddened lids. She would have to slip upstairs and bathe her eyes. Then she saw that the long french windows leading from the seldom-used drawing-room were wide open, and inside she could hear voices and laughter.

Vilette! . . . Oh, surely not so soon? She turned to hurry away, but she was too late. A slim, dazzling figure hurled itself down the steps from the wide open window and flung itself upon her with a scream of joyful recognition.

"My poor lamb! . . . Don't tell me you've been all the way to Waterloo." Two arms seized and hugged her, as the eager voice went on: "I know, I ought to have sent a wire, but of course I didn't. It was such a heaven-sent chance to drive up instead of stewing in a stuffy old train, and it's such a lovely car! . . . Are you glad to see me? I'm dying for you to meet him! . . . It will be such a thrilling surprise for you, Lamb. I couldn't make him believe it for ages! . . . He simply refused to believe it! . . . I suppose it did seem queer——" she broke off, glancing back over her shoulder towards a man who stood at the top of the steps, hesitating to come forward.

Vilette waved a peremptory hand. "Come and be introduced, or isn't it necessary? Sixteen years seems a lifetime to me, but perhaps to you two——"

Heather stiffened in her sister's embrace. "Sixteen years——" she said in a whisper.

She could not move—she felt as if she had been turned to stone; she knew that now the man was coming towards them, she could hear his slow step on the gravel path, and then—stopping. Vilette shook her playfully.

"Look at him, darling! . . . See if you recognise each other! . . . I'm so thrilled to see if you do!"

Heather turned very slowly, her head down-bent, and it was strange that her thoughts were only of the little woman on the platform at Waterloo who had said in her gentle, puzzled voice, "I'm old now, and tired——"

Then with an effort she looked up, her frightened eyes raised to Bruce Logan's face.

Sixteen years! . . .

Vilette, who was still clinging to Heather's arm, was rattling on: "Do you find each other very much altered? You must have been just children when you last met. It's the kind of thing you read about in story books, and never expect to really happen——"

She gave Heather a playful little shake. "Wake up, darling, you look quite dazed."

Heather found her voice with a great effort. "I am dazed——" she said. "It's the last thing I ever expected or—or——"

Bruce Logan held out his hand and she laid hers in it. "I am very glad to see you again, Heather," he said, and at the sound of his voice she almost cried out, but she managed a little laugh.

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HIGH NOON

"Have you had lunch? Yes, I suppose you have—it must be nearly tea time . . . isn't it?" she added vaguely.

It was Vilette who answered: "We lunched at a roadhouse coming up." And then without waiting for anyone to speak she went on: "Which room am I to have? I think I'll go and wash—you two stay and talk."

"I'll go with you," Heather said hurriedly. "I'll show you your room—it's Betty's old room. I thought it was bigger——"

She hurried after her sister without another glance at Logan.

"Of course, Betty's married a millionaire?" Vilette said.

"I think he's quite well off," Heather managed to answer.

"So is Bruce," Vilette said almost shyly, and then: "Fancy you two having known each other! . . . I don't remember him, but I suppose I was only a kid then. He didn't remember me, either—but I've altered so much, haven't I?"

Heather said generously, "You're looking very pretty, dear."

They were at the top of the stairs now, and Heather gently disengaged herself. In Betty's rooms she said, "It's a lovely sunny room, the nicest in the house, I think."

"But it is a bit of a barn, isn't it?" Vilette said, then asked anxiously, "Will there be a decent dinner to-night? I'd like Bruce to stay."

"It's roast chicken," Heather answered.

Vilette made a little grimace. "Oh, well, that's not so bad. I suppose," she added a little impatiently, "you're still a slave to the whole family. I can't think why you don't cut and run."

Heather smiled faintly. "Where should I run to?" she asked.

She went downstairs very slowly, conscious of a numbed feeling in her heart and mind. What a wonderful thing it was to be young and carefree, like Vilette! . . .

Oh . . . she must arrange those roses . . .

She crossed the hall on tiptoe, not wanting either Caesar or Bruce to hear her. The roses were in the drawing-room. Logan, standing at the open window, looking over the ragged garden, turned quickly at the sound of her footstep.

"I expect he hoped it would be Vilette," Heather thought.

Logan came forward a step, and Heather said, "I've come for the roses—oh, there they are."

She picked them up and would have gone, but that he said again, "It is good to see you, Heather."

She raised her eyes. "And to see you, too."

He brushed a hand across the back of his hair with a well-remembered gesture, and she smiled suddenly.

"You haven't altered, Bruce—you're just the same—more grown-up, of course."

"Nothing seems to have altered—it's like—like stepping back sixteen years. The house is just the same—and the garden. I could find my way about it blindfold. Is the may bush still there, where we found the thrush's nest? And the pond I made for John and Paul? Do you remember that we could never make the water stay in?" He laughed on a strangely excited note, and then before she could answer he said, "Do you know that this is the first time I have been home since—since you saw me off that morning?"

"Is it?" she tried hard to steady her voice. "You must find everything very different."

She looked at him calmly enough, and yet her heart ached as it recognised and acknowledged afresh the dearness of him, the well-remembered lines of his face, the funny little upward turn of one eyebrow which she had so often teased him about, the kink in his hair which no amount of oiling and brushing would flatten, the warm look in his brown eyes which seemed as if someone had lit a lamp behind them... foolish to remember and to be hurt by the remembrance.

She said hurriedly, "I'll just put the roses in water——" But he was between her and the door now, and it seemed impossible to pass him. It was he who broke the silence. "You're still looking after the family, Heather?"

"Oh, yes . . . but I've lost two of them. Paul and Betty are both married, and Vilette doesn't seem to belong to us any more——"

He said, "And Bobbie? He was a baby when I went away."

Her quiet face broke into a smile. "Bobbie is going to be the biggest of them all—he's taller than I am, and such a darling." She stopped, to add quickly, "That reminds me—he ought to be back. He was flying this morning and——"

"Not an airman?"

"Oh, no—he just went up with a friend. He's still at school, though I suppose he will leave at the end of the year . . . That's Vilette calling," and she passed him with a little rush, ashamed because she was trembling.

. . . . . .

Heather was very quiet during dinner. It was difficult to listen calmly to reminiscences; each one brought back the past so vividly . . . She remembered well enough that she had been a little upset because they had not gone for a promised picnic . . . the boys had pleaded hard that Bruce stay, and he had said half apologetically, "We can always go another day, Heather," but that other day had never come, for quite soon after, he went to South Africa. How very young she must have been! . . . It would take a great deal more than a picnic to hurt her now . . .

She was worried, too, because Bobbie hadn't returned from the aerodrome, and they were having coffee in the drawing-room before her anxious ear heard his footsteps and she hurried from the room. She returned with Bobbie, and Vilette nodded to her younger brother, who smiled rather self-consciously.

Logan went towards him. "You won't remember me," he said.

"Heather's told me," Bobbie answered.

They shook hands.

"Did you have a good time?" Heather asked.

His young face lit with enthusiasm. "Marvellous—we went to Paris."

"Paris!" Vilette cried. "You lucky creature! Who took you?"

Bobbie shifted from one leg to the other. "Oh, just a chap I know," he said awkwardly. "He's going to Germany to-morrow." Then abruptly he asked, "Is there any grub, Heather?"

Bobbie's interest in motors hurried him through his meal and soon he was out with Bruce, his head under the hood of Bruce's low-slung car. Caesar had retired to his study again, and John had gone up to his room to read. Heather went to the schoolroom for her work-bag. There were always such shoals of stockings and socks to mend. She tried not to think of the day's events but a question crystallised: What did this meeting with Bruce mean to her after so long?

"Nothing," she told herself firmly, and tried to believe it.

Was it likely that Bruce would give her a second glance or thought when Vilette was there? And yet a sad little voice was whispering in her heart, "He belonged to me once."

There was a sound of footsteps. "I've just come to say good-bye," Bruce Logan said.

Heather stood up, one hand still thrust into the foot of Bobbie's sock. "Oh, are you going?" she said helplessly.

"Yes—it looks like a storm, and I want to get to town before it starts."

There was a little silence which both of them were at a loss to fill, till Logan asked, "When may I see you again?"

Her eyes wavered, though she answered with a smile, "Come whenever you like—we shall always be pleased to see you. And thank you for bringing Vilette home. You are staying in London?"

"Yes. I've taken a service flat—perhaps you will come and lunch with me one day?"

"We'll all come," she said quickly. "That's the worst of us—we hunt 'n batches. I expect you'll have far too much of the family before your leave is over."

"Give me a ring in the morning," Vilette commanded, as Bruce took his seat at the wheel of his car and slammed the door.

"I shall probably come down," he answered.

He smiled a last good-bye and Heather wondered if he had quite forgotten that morning at Waterloo, and the way he had leaned down to catch her hand . . .

"Oh, Heather, can't you?"

The memory was so poignant that she turned quickly away, so she did not see that his last glance was for her, and not for Vilette who blew him a dainty kiss from the tips of her fingers.

. . . . . .

Vilette opened sleepy eyes when Heather went to her room with a cup of tea. "Do you mind if I don't get up?" she murmured. "I'm absolutely done."

"Of course I don't mind; stay where you are, and if you feel like anything to eat, just ring the bell."

Heather stooped to pick up her sister's garments which were scattered all over the floor. Vilette was always untidy; she said that life was too short to bother. Heather laid them neatly on a chair.

She had turned to go when Vilette asked from the pillows, "Do you think he likes me, Heather?"

"Likes you?" Heather stood still. "You mean—Bruce? My dear, you should surely be the best judge of that."

Vilette turned over, frowning. "Onlookers generally see most of the game," she answered. "And I thought—as you knew him years ago—you might be able to tell—I mean from his manner to me. I can always tell when anyone is in love with anyone else."

Heather said awkwardly, "I wasn't in the room very much last night, was I?" and then conscious of the eloquent silence, she hastened to add, "He must like you, of course, or he wouldn't have brought you home as he did—you could easily have come by train."

And even as she spoke she was thinking vexedly how stupid she was not to be able to find a better reason.

"Oh—that!" Vilette said contemptuously. "It doesn't seem anything that he drove me up from Southampton—he had to drive up, anyway. I've driven hundreds of miles with men I didn't care two hoots about, and they've just taken it as a matter of course."

"Have you?" Heather asked helplessly,

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"I'm afraid I don't understand how—I mean—the difference in the girls and men of to-day. When I was a girl——"

"You talk as if you're fifty," Vilette broke in impatiently. "It's silly of you, Heather. I thought last evening you looked quite young. If only you were better dressed——" She stopped, and Heather had the strange feeling that Vilette resented the fact that she was thirty-four because she imagined it reflected on her own age.

She shook the thought aside, and moved towards the door. "Drink your tea while it's hot," she said.

Vilette looked after her suspiciously. "That means you don't think he's in love with me," she declared.

Heather came back again to stand beside the bed. "I've never had much experience of people in love," she said, simply. "When Paul was engaged he hardly ever brought Maisie to the house, and though I certainly saw more of Betty and Stephen—yet they were often away—they were always going somewhere. . . ."

Vilette sat up, her golden hair rumpled about her head, white arms and throat showing above her pink nightgown. "Haven't you ever been in love yourself?" she asked.

Heather flushed sensitively. "If I have—it's so long ago—I've forgotten all about it, and anyway, it was just a boy and girl affair . . . and they don't last, do they?" she asked bravely.

Vilette was sipping her tea. Heather felt rather helpless. Suddenly Vilette gave a confident little laugh.

"Well, I shan't be very clever if I can't make him ask me to marry him," she said. "He's never had much to do with women—he told me so—and that sort of man is always easy to manage. Besides—this time I happen to want him."

Heather was looking at Vilette's hands—such slim, white, little hands they were, with delicately-tinted nails—and then almost unconsciously she looked at her own capable hands. She had neither the time nor the money to have them manicured, and housework and cooking were difficult enemies to fight.

She started when Vilette asked abruptly, "Are you shocked?"

"Shocked?"

"Because I said I could make him ask me to marry him?"

Heather shook her head, though she was thinking with a sense of bewilderment that it was a thing she could not understand, even while she recognised that, apart from the difference in their ages, many things separated her from Vilette.

"Heather!" Vilette spoke almost shyly now. "I don't want you to think that I'm—I'm not really in love with him!...I am—most awfully in love with him."

Heather did not look round, though she said gently, "Are you? I hope it will all come right. It will, if you are in earnest, darling!"

Vilette gave a deep sigh. "Have you any cigarettes?" she asked. "I've smoked all mine."

"I haven't—but there may be some in John's room. I'll see." She came back with two and gave them to her sister.

"Don't you ever smoke?" Vilette asked.

"Yes; when I can afford it."

Vilette frowned. "Money is a perfect curse," she declared.

Heather laughed and closed the door behind her, but she sighed as she went downstairs, and there was a little sinking in her heart as she remembered her sister's words:

"I am—most awfully in love with him."

It was unlike Vilette to speak with so much feeling—and for the first time she was conscious of jealousy, as she tried in vain to stifle the voice that whispered again, "He belonged to me once!"

When she reached the hall the telephone bell was ringing. The telephone was the one luxury that Tangley boasted. Every quarter when the bill came in Caesar declared he would not pay it, and threatened to have the instrument removed. "I never use it," he said, not quite truthfully. But the telephone remained.

Heather lifted the receiver a little absently. She so seldom received a personal call that the phone was of small interest to her. She gave a sudden start as she recognised Bruce Logan's voice.

"Is that Tangley? Is Miss Aston at home, please?"

Heather's heart missed a beat and then seemed to stop as she answered a little breathlessly, "Wait, and I will tell her," for, of course, it must be Vilette he wanted, but before she could turn away he said, quickly, "Is that you, Heather? Bruce here—how are you?"

"Very well, thank you. You got to London safely?"

"Yes, and it's quite a decent flat, comfortable and all that. May I come down?"

"Of course; come to lunch," and then without waiting she went on, "I'm afraid Vilette isn't up yet. She seemed so tired that I made her stay in bed."

Bruce said rather shortly, "Vilette is shockingly lazy"—and then, "Shall I see you if I come? I want to talk to you."

"I shall be here, of course."

"And prepared to talk to me?" he insisted.

She caught her breath on a laugh. "Well, of course . . . why not?"

"I'll be down in about an hour."

Heather found it difficult to say naturally, "We have lunch at half-past one."

"Does that mean I am not to come until then?"

"Come whenever you please. I will tell Vilette——"

He said, "You need not—I want to talk to you."

She made no reply, and he said again, "Did you hear me? I want to talk to you."

"I'm not very good at talking——"

She heard him laugh. "Is that meant to be as frigid as it sounds?"

"Does it sound frigid?" she asked helplessly.

"Alarmingly so." There was a moment's pause before he said, "I've been thinking a great deal since last night—about the old days . . . we had some happy times, Heather."

"It's so long ago——"

"Too long ago to be repeated?"

She tried to laugh. "I'm the head of a family now."

He said something inaudible, and then, "Very well. I shall see you presently."

Caesar was coming slowly down the stairs in his dressing gown as she turned away from the telephone, vainly trying to drag herself back to every-day surroundings. What had Bruce meant? Did he think that she still cared for him? And was he sorry for her and imagining that she wished to take up their story where it had been broken off?

She started when Caesar spoke. "Is everybody still in bed?" he asked reproachfully.

"Bobbie and Effie are out—Vilette isn't up yet."

Caesar said disapprovingly, "Vilette seems to have contracted some decidedly unfortunate habits. I noticed last night that she smoked incessantly, and that her lips were rouged."

Heather smiled. "Everyone does it to-day," she said. "Do you want anything? Can I do anything for you?"

"I am driving over to Looseley. Mathews has very kindly offered to lend me his car, so I wondered if one of the children would care to accompany me?" He paused, then added, "But if Vilette is still in bed——"

And Heather realised quickly that it was Vilette he had hoped to take—Vilette, in spite of her cigarettes and reddened lips.

She took a step forward. "Take me," she said. "I'll go."

Caesar looked a little blank. It was so seldom that Heather put herself forward. "My dear, I shall be only too delighted," he said.

"When do we start?"

"The car will be here at ten."

She glanced quickly at the clock—twenty past nine now, so they would be well away before Bruce could possibly arrive.

"I'll be ready," she said, and then, "I suppose—we shan't be back for lunch?"

Caesar looked aggrieved. "Looseley is twenty miles away," he said. "And I have business to see to when I get there! . . . we shall certainly not be back to lunch."

"That will be nice," Heather said. "I'll just tell Priddy."

She had a queer feeling that she was running away from danger, and all the while she was giving orders to Mrs. Priddy she seemed to hear Bruce's rather constrained voice saying, "I want to talk to you—" and then behind it, Vilette's, "I am—most awfully in love with him."

Bruce was sorry for her, that was all . . . and that was unthinkable, more than she could tolerate. Besides, "I don't love him any more," she told herself determinedly, and knew it was a lie.

. . . . . .

It was so long since Heather had been out with her father that, in spite of her disturbed state of mind, she found the experience enjoyable.

Mathews—who had generously lent Caesar the car—was a self-made man with whom Caesar was on queer terms of friendship even though he professed to despise him, and this morning he lorded it over the smart chauffeur, and having made sure that the man could not hear what he said, criticised his driving. Looseley was a small country town with a handful of uninteresting shops and a small church, and Heather wandered about while her father transacted his so-called business. He had arranged to meet her later at the one place where it would be possible to lunch.

It was a very hot morning, and Heather felt unaccountably tired. The meeting with Bruce Logan, although she did not realise it, had been a tremendous strain. He would be at Tangley now with Vilette. Heather had told her that he had rung up and was coming to lunch, and immediately Vilette forgot her exhaustion and leaped out of bed. That was unlike Vilette—as a rule she preferred to keep her admirers waiting.

Perhaps at this very moment they were lunching together.

"I want to talk to you."

Kind of Bruce to have said that, but then he was always kind. He had been wonderful when their mother died—wonderful to her and to the children—children indeed in those days. And she herself! . . . little more than a schoolgirl, whose life had seemed to make a great leap forward from

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seventeen to thirty-four—a difficult jump in the dark—alone.

The church clock chimed the quarter-hour. Heather sighed and turned towards the inn where Caesar was already waiting.

"The lunch, judging from the menu, appears to be of indifferent quality," he said, and Heather answered, "I don't mind. I'm not hungry."

It was a treat to be feeding out for once, and not to be on the qui vive all the time, watching to see that everyone was served, and then helping Priddy to clear the table.

"We must give Johnson a tip," Heather reminded her father as they went out to the waiting car. She had some money with her, knowing that finance was Caesar's weak point. He was funny where money was concerned. Sometimes if he had a pound note, he would change it into half-crowns and deposit them in various pockets, finding infinite fun in discovering one at odd moments, and saying in astonishment, "Why, here's half a crown!"

He was just another of her "children," she thought affectionately as they drove back through the hot afternoon.

"How long does Vilette propose to remain at home?" Caesar asked suddenly.

Heather gave him a quick glance. "I don't know; she hasn't told me."

Caesar drew himself up in his grand manner. "She has not told you!" he repeated. "Is my house an hotel that people arrive and leave when it pleases them?"

There was a short silence which Caesar broke to say with sarcasm, "Is one to understand that Vilette has matrimonial designs on Logan?"

Heather managed a laugh. "Isn't it obvious that they have designs on each other?" she asked lightly. She knew he was looking at her, but she kept her gaze fixed on the winding road ahead.

"If I remember rightly," Caesar said a little diffidently, "there was a time—when your dear mother was with us—when you and Bruce——"

She broke in quickly. "So long ago! . . . we were just children. It's all forgotten. I haven't thought of him for years, and I am quite sure he has not thought of me. Please don't say anything to Vilette."

She was infinitely touched when Caesar said, "You have been a wonderful daughter and sister, my dear. Sometimes I wonder if I have behaved selfishly in allowing you to shoulder the burden; it must have been a heavy load for one so young."

"It's been good fun," Heather assured him, though there was an uncertain note in her voice. "Look what a credit the family is to me! John doing well——"

He interrupted her. "Do you ever think of yourself, Heather?"

She looked at him, then—"Of—myself?"

"Of your future—perhaps how different it might have been if your mother had lived."

She laughed because it hurt her to see Caesar in such a serious mood. "My future will be with you. Perhaps we shall find the house rather big for us when they've all gone, but we might take paying guests or something! . . ." She thought again of Vilette and Bruce. Once, in the long-ago past, she and Bruce had spent a whole summer's day in the woods together. Funny she should suddenly think of it. They had taken lunch with them, and had sat under a great tree with wood pigeons cooing overhead, and had talked about the future, and of the wonderful things they would do. No motor car in those days, but they had trudged the miles home, arm-in-arm, and had been happy.

There was no big car in the drive when they reached Tangley, and Heather was conscious of mixed relief and disappointment. She had not wished to meet Bruce, and yet it hurt to know that he and Vilette were still out together.

The house seemed very quiet. Priddy came from the kitchen.

"Is everyone out?" Heather asked.

"All but Miss Vilette—I think she's up in her room, Miss Heather."

"And—Mr. Logan?"

"He's gone," Priddy said rather grimly. "Went soon after lunch and took Mr. Bobbie with him."

Heather went upstairs. Bobbie would be in disgrace with Vilette—she wished she had warned him to be more tactful. She knocked on her sister's door. "May I come in?"

As there was no answer, she turned the handle and entered, to find Vilette lying on her back on the bed, smoking furiously. "Isn't it hot? I don't wonder you stayed at home," Heather said.

"Stayed at home!" Vilette exploded. "I never had the chance to do anything else. I should like to wring Bobbie's neck," she added viciously.

Heather made no comment, and her sister went on, "All lunch time he pestered Bruce with questions about motors and rubbish of that sort, till at last Bruce simply had to offer to take him for a run in the car, and they just went, that's all." She tried to laugh, but it was not very successful. "Hardly the way for a lovesick swain to behave, is it?" she asked bitterly.

Heather said: "But he's coming back, of course—they'll be in to tea, I expect. Don't be so upset, dear."

"I'm not upset." Vilette jabbed the stub of a cigarette into the ash tray and lit another.

"I'm a fool to mind," she said. "But I do. He isn't a bit the same—not in the least like he was in South Africa or on the boat. He just treats me as if I were you, or someone that didn't count."

Heather winced. Timidly she asked: "Was the lunch all right? I told Priddy to be very careful."

"Oh, yes, it was all right, I suppose—I didn't eat much—I was too fed-up." She stared up at the ceiling, her pretty face set in hard lines. "I suppose I'm getting paid out, that's what it is," she said. "I know I've flirted and—and all that. I was unkind to Bart—horribly unkind—but it wasn't any use pretending when I didn't care tuppence about him, and now—when I do care——" she stopped, and to Heather's distress she flung down the cigarette and turned her face into the pillows. "I wish I were dead," she said in a stifled voice.

Heather sat down beside her, but somehow, although she longed to comfort, she could find no words or caresses, and there was a long silence.

"Don't you think you're making yourself unhappy about nothing?" Heather finally asked gently. "I am sure Bruce would not hurt you for anything in the world."

Vilette raised a flushed face. "He doesn't even consider me," she retorted. "Oh, I know; he just drove off with Bobbie, and left me standing on the steps looking like an idiot."

Heather checked a little smile. "It won't do any good to be so upset," she said sensibly. "They'll be back directly, and if you let them see that you're angry with them—"

"Angry!" Vilette sat up again. "They know that already! I never had a moment alone with Bruce—and the worst of it all was that he seemed upset because you were not here! I suppose he wanted a chaperon so that he wouldn't be compromised," she added bitterly.

"That's foolish, Vilette——" and now Heather took her hand. "Don't be silly, darling. Treat him as you treat all your other admirers. They would do anything in the world for you, and Bruce——"

She raised her head suddenly, listening. "That's the car," she said.

To Heather's utter dismay, Vilette broke into tears. "He doesn't love me," she wept. "Or he wouldn't be so unkind . . . I've never been so miserable in all my life. He wasn't like this at first—I was perfectly happy—and then, after I'd told him that my name wasn't really Ponsonby, but that I was just one of an ordinary family, he began to be different. At first I thought it was just my imagination—" Her voice was broken with sobbing. "But it's not—I know it's not! . . . Something has changed him, and I'm so—so utterly wretched."

Heather was terribly distressed, though she could not quite forget that sometimes Vilette was a better actress in private life than she was on the stage. After a moment she determinedly drew Vilette's hands down from her tear-wet face.

"Are you really, really so much in love with Bruce?" she asked. "It isn't just another—fancy, is it? You've had so many——"

Vilette raised her eyes—like stars they were in their setting of long lashes and tears.

"I love him with all my heart and soul," she whispered half shamefacedly.

Heather shivered, though she smiled as she leaned forward to kiss her sister's wet cheek. "It will all come right," she said confidently. "Get up and bathe your eyes, and come downstairs. I'll see about tea."

. . . . . .

When Heather went downstairs, still thinking of Vilette's emotional outburst, she saw Bruce in the doorway.

"I thought you would be in to lunch," he said. She had begun to move some chairs up to the table where tea was to be served and he went to her assistance.

"I know—Caesar invited me to go with him to Looseley only after you rang up," Heather replied.

"Couldn't one of the others have gone instead?"

"They could—only—well, it's such a treat for me to have a motor drive."

"I will take you any day you like. Don't forget that I have three months' leave."

She smiled and shook her head. "I'm afraid you'd drive too quickly for me—I'm a very nervous creature." It was not true—speed had no terror for her—but it seemed an adequate excuse, and before he could answer she went on, "Vilette has been lying down. She had such a bad headache, poor child."

He said, absently, "It's the heat, I expect, though she should be used to it after South Africa."

Heather began to pour out tea, annoyed because her hands felt unsteady. "It would be kind to take her for a little drive this evening," she said. "I think it would do her good."

"Will you come too?"

She looked up quickly, her lips moved to answer, but were silent. Bruce was standing close to her, his hand on the back of a chair he had drawn up, his eyes steadily regarding her, and as she sought in vain for words he asked quietly, "What have I done, Heather?"

She was spared the agony of reply by the whirlwind entrance of Effie and Bobbie.

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"How do you know Mr. Logan likes three lumps of sugar?" Effie demanded interestedly. "He hasn't had tea here before."

It was Bruce who answered. "I have, many times—when you were an infant in arms! And seeing that I have known you so long, don't you think you might call me Bruce?"

Effie giggled. "I'd love to," she said ingenuously.

They had nearly finished tea before Vilette put in an appearance. She looked very pretty and a shade defiant, but there was no sign of her recent tears.

"I thought you had a headache," Bobbie said unkindly. He had been hoping to monopolise Bruce further. Already the idea of returning with Bruce to South Africa had taken root in Bobbie's adventurous brain.

Vilette ignored him and sat down at the far end of the long table, eyeing her teacup a little disdainfully, for all the Tangley china was the unromantic kind—cheap and serviceable.

"Bruce wondered if you would like to go for a drive this evening," Heather said. "I should, if I were you—it will be cool and the air will do you good."

She was quick to notice the eager way in which her sister's eyes sprang to Logan's face, but he did not return her look as he answered deliberately, "Perhaps we can dine out somewhere."

Heather's arm jerked suddenly, spilling her tea.

"Careless child!" Effie said affectionately, and then to Bruce, saucily, "Isn't there room for us all in the car?"

"Even if there is, you won't go to-night," Heather answered firmly. "You're going to bed early for a change."

"Then don't let Bobbie go, either," Effie urged.

"I don't want to go if any women are going," Bobbie challenged with brotherly candor.

After tea Vilette drew Heather aside. "Did you ask him to take me?" she demanded.

Heather returned her gaze steadily. "Of course I didn't. Oh, Vilette, do be sensible."

Vilette drew a quick breath. "Oh, well, in that case," she said.

Heather went out into the garden, where the few neglected plants were drooping for long want of rain. There, under the trees, was Bruce's attempt at building a goldfish pond, which, as John last evening had informed the company at dinner, Heather had filled with ferns from the hedges, and which was her favorite spot of all the garden.

Heather felt unspeakably glad that Caesar was not on such terms with his family that he would be likely to speak to them of the old days.

Vilette had always been the wayward, "tiresome" one of the family; the one who had provoked quarrels, and instituted reforms even in their nursery days; the one who "did not see why" she could not always have her own way; the one whose persistent cry had always been, "But I want it!" and who in the end generally managed to get it.

She would get it this time, Heather knew—frustration always made Vilette the more determined, but she thought it seemed an unkind twist of Fate that decreed it should be her own sister who would finally rob her of the man she loved.

"I do love him." Heather told herself simply, and there was neither pain nor joy in the thought. It was just something that had happened—had always been there, even though for a little while absence had lulled it to sleep.

"Coo-ee!" Effie's shrill voice broke the silence, and almost immediately she came into sight, hanging affectionately to Logan's arm.

"We're looking for you," she announced. "Vilette's making up her face to go out with Bruce, so we've come to look for you."

"And now I find I've left my cigarettes in the drawing-room," Bruce said in tones of mock tragedy. "You're younger than I am, Effie—will you be so kind as to——"

"What part of the drawing-room?" Effie demanded. She was rapidly becoming this man's devoted slave, and already she was several steps away in her anxiety to oblige him.

"I can't remember. Have a good look around," he answered and then, when she was out of sight, said ruefully: "They're really in my pocket—but I had to find some excuse to send her away."

Heather looked up at him, trying to frown—trying to laugh. "Don't tell me you've grown into a bully?" she said breathlessly. "If there is one thing I thoroughly dislike——"

"Do you dislike me?"

"Of course not! . . . how could I? . . . we've known each other so long; we——"

"Why do you always avoid me?"

"I don't—it's absurd—I——"

"Your father intended to take Vilette this morning."

She stared at him helplessly. "How do you know?"

"He told me—just now."

She rallied with an effort, her eyes turned away from him. "Well—Vilette was in bed—and anyway, I wanted to go. I asked him to take me."

"I know that, too."

She moved her arm restlessly in the grasp of his hand.

"Have you seen the old fishpond? I—" and now she tried to free herself, but he spoke her name suddenly, with deep emotion:

"Heather!"

She stood very still, all her body limp like the body of a runner who acknowledges defeat, and he said, "I wonder if you know how much I have thought of you since that morning we said good-bye?"

For an agonised moment something within her seemed to contract, knotting and tormenting her, then she smiled faintly and looked up at him, her eyes resolute.

"I wonder if you know that Vilette loves you?" she said.

There was a blank amazement in Bruce's eyes as he stared down at Heather before he said abruptly, "Nonsense! . . . My dear child—what in the world? . . . Whoever put such a fantastic idea into your head? In love with me?" and he laughed, though his eyes were still bewildered.

"It's true," Heather said.

"But—we're just ordinary friends," he protested. "Vilette has scores of men friends. The idea is preposterous; besides——"

"It's true," Heather said again very gently. "And I think you must be in love with her, too—just a little. She's so pretty and attractive and young——"

There was an unconscious note of wistful envy in the last word, and Logan caught it up sharply to say, "Young! . . . Of course she's young. I'm ten years her senior. When I left England she was a schoolgirl!" He stopped with a sort of helplessness, only to go on again with renewed vigor. "It's absurd, Heather—out of all reason. Is this why you have taken so much trouble to avoid me? You were always quixotic—Heather. Listen to me—you must know——"

Effie came rushing towards them through the trees. "I can't find them anywhere. I've looked in the car, too. Are you sure you haven't smoked them all? Shall I go down to the shop and get some more?"

It was Heather who answered quickly. "The shop will be shut; it's early closing day. Let's go to see if Vilette is ready."

She held out a hand to Effie, but it was ignored, for Effie was once again clinging to Bruce's arm.

"Let me go!" she pleaded. "I'd love to gor for you. I'll get the old woman up to open the shop—she won't mind——"

Bruce thrust a hand into his jacket pocket. "Why here they are!" he said, trying very unsuccesafully to appear astonished.

Effie giggled. "That's like Caesar," she said. "He's always putting a hand in his pocket and pretending to be surprised when he finds some money. Not that I think you're pretending," she added politely.

Heather had gone on ahead of them towards the house. Her mind was in a turmoil; she felt angry and distressed and ashamed. Ought she to have betrayed Vilette? And yet, had she not done as she did Bruce might have said many things he would have regretted.

. . . . . .

As Heather entered the drawing-room on her return from the garden she cast a quick glance at her reflection in the long old-fashioned pier-glass. Why, she looked quite middle-aged in comparison with Vilette; she was not even well dressed or any of the things that the modern man had a right to expect in the woman he wished to marry.

But of course Bruce had not meant anything—he was mistaking pity for the old affection—"pity!" The word made her cheeks burn as she supposed, trying to see the humorous side of it, that Bruce had been what Betty would have called "trying not to let her down."

Vilette came running down the stairs. "I'm ready," she announced, her eyes searching around quickly for Bruce. "Why—where is he?" she asked.

"He's coming—he's in the garden with Effie."

Heather went back to the house. Perhaps this evening, when Bruce and Vilette came home, Vilette would have got her way once again—would have "made" him propose to her as she had boasted she would do. It all seemed so terribly unromantic and businesslike.

She went up to her room and stood for a long time looking out of the window. Would the day never end? "Nerves won't become your particular style of beauty," she told herself severely. She turned away from the window—she must get something to do—occupation was the best cure for nerves. Halfway across the room she stopped and looked back at the dressing-table. Its top right-hand drawer was the only one in the house she ever locked. Unwise to conjure ghosts from the past, but she found the key and deliberately unlocked the drawer.

A packet of letters, two old-fashioned dance programmes with little pink pencils attached—nobody ever used them now!—a pair of gloves worn out, but she had kept them because Bruce had given them to her—a few faded snapshots in which she herself looked quaint and prim in a long, tight skirt and with her hair in a big "bun," and Bruce—looking very much the same as he did now, only a little younger and slimmer and without the grey tinge in his hair which seemed to make him more attractive.

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HIGH NOON

At the back of the topmost photograph a few words were scrawled in his handwriting:

"Darling,—Here are the snaps—I've cut one to fit into that letter case you gave me. I shall always carry it, in memory of the happiest day in my life. Yours ever, Bruce."

That "happiest day" had been the one in the woods—when they had sat under the big trees with the wood pigeons cooing overhead.

Did Bruce still have his copy of the photograph, she wondered, and almost laughed at the idea. Since then he had travelled so far from her, not only in miles across the world, but from the dreams they had shared.

She laid the photograph down and took up the uppermost letter. It was the last she had ever received from him, written from South Africa. It began abruptly:

"You have not answered any of my letters, so I suppose you meant it when you said good-bye. I can only say that your conception of duty and mine lie miles apart. You are sacrificing our whole lives and happiness Heather—and some day you will realise your mistake. I shall not write again, Bruce."

Some day you will realise your mistake . . !

Heather put the little note away and relocked the drawer. She felt as if she had deliberately put a knife into a wound that had almost healed, and had ripped it open again.

High noon . . . !

How foolish people were to look back into a past which nothing could ever recapture; it was not like her to be so unwise. For years she had been proud of her imperturbability and philosophy but now . . . she was lying on the bed, her face buried in her arms before she was conscious of having moved, while the great waters so long kept at bay broke around her.

She did not hear Effie opening the door, or see Effie's blank look of frightened dismay before on tiptoe she crept away again, and down to the ramshackle toolshed where Bobby was carefully taking his old bicycle to pieces merely for the pleasure of putting it together again.

She watched him in silence for a moment before she said in a stricken whisper, "Heather's lying on her bed—crying."

. . . . . .

It was past midnight when Heather heard Bruce's car stop at the gate. She crept out of bed and drew aside a corner of the curtain. It was a glorious night, with the earth flooded with pale moonlight. The door of the car was open and Vilette was standing bareheaded on the path. Heather could see the red tip of Bruce's cigarette.

"Spying!" she thought, as she dropped the curtain and moved away, sitting down on the side of the bed. She was desperately tired and her head ached, but she had found it impossible to sleep.

She sat in the darkness, staring across at the curtained window. Vilette and Bruce seemed to have a great deal to say to each other. How wonderful it must be to have someone of one's very own to talk to and always be sure of.

"Well—good-night—" That was Bruce's voice at last, sounding quite friendly, even if a little final, as if he were glad the tete-a-tete was at an end. Heather could not catch Vilette's reply; it was drowned by the starting of the engine. She heard the soft closing of the front door, and Vilette's light tread on the landing.

Would she come in for a moment? Presently the house was silent again. So nothing had happened—or she would surely have come to talk about it. Poor Vilette! . . . Heather was conscious that her uneven heart-beats had steadied down again so that she could slip on slippers and a dressing gown, and go across the landing to her sister's room.

She tried the handle gently, but the door was locked, and she spoke her sister's name in a whisper. There was no answer—no answer when she knocked softly.

So nothing had happened. Heather lay down on her bed and closed her eyes, but sleep seemed a thousand miles away. Little pictures out of the past seemed snapping about her in the darkness, like lantern slides, shown for a moment and taken quickly away. She saw herself as a girl, in love, and without a thought of the future—she saw herself returning home after that good-bye at Waterloo station, resolutely trying to be brave and to face the task before her; she saw herself sitting beside Bobbie's little bed—he had been only a baby then—watching him as he slept and trying to believe that doing one's duty was a much finer thing than following one's own passionate desire—she saw herself through the years that had followed—and then she saw herself face to face once again with Bruce Logan—and heard Vilette's gay, unconscious voice:

"Look at him, darling! . . . see if you recognise each other. I'm so thrilled to see if you do."

It was so useless trying to blind herself to the fact that she was suffering—had suffered every moment since that meeting—must perhaps go on suffering to the end of her life. If Bruce married Vilette . . .

It was getting light when at last she dropped off to sleep. She woke to find Priddy standing beside her with anxious eyes, and to hear her saying, "Are you ill, Miss Heather, my dear? I've never known you to sleep so late before."

Downstairs she found an amazed and slightly reproachful family already at the breakfast table. Even Vilette was there, looking very gay and care-free.

"We thought you must be ill," Effie said.

When the others left the table and the two girls were alone, there was a little silence which Vilette broke to remark that it was cooler.

"Is it?" Heather glanced towards the window. "I thought it was very hot last night. I was awake for hours."

Vilette looked at her quickly. "Did you hear me come in?"

"Yes—did you have a good time?"

"We had a good dinner—and champagne. We danced, too." Casually, Vilette lit a cigarette. "What are we going to do today?" she asked.

Heather laughed. Vilette always liked to have an engagement of some sort. "I suppose I shall do very much the same as usual. Isn't Bruce coming down?"

"No."

Heather said hesitatingly, "Would you like a picnic? The woods will be cool."

"A picnic?" Vilette grimaced. "No thanks—I hate eating in discomfort—and besides there'll be flies and wasps."

There was another little silence until she asked, "Who is the man Bobbie was talking about? The one who flew him over to Paris? Is there any chance of meeting him?"

"You mean Paddy Jepson," Heather said, slightly surprised. "I think Bobbie said he had gone to Germany—anyway he very seldom comes here. I don't think you would like him very much."

Vilette laughed, "I should like him to take me to Paris in his plane," she said.

Heather gave a little shiver of distaste. "I hate flying. It's so dangerous," she said.

"According to statistics it's safer than motoring," Vilette said lightly. "Only you're used to motoring, and that makes all the difference. I flew quite a lot in Africa and loved it."

"I suppose I'm old-fashioned," Heather admitted.

Vilette frowned. "Why do you keep on saying that you're old-fashioned?" she asked irritably. "Anyone would think it was something to be proud of. I can't see that there's any need for you to be old-fashioned—I think it's silly. You're too easy going. Sometimes it almost seems as if you like making a martyr of yourself. People will let you, all right, if you want to, but I—" She turned to look at her sister and the words died on her lips.

Heather was staring at her with blank eyes, her face quite colorless, and when she spoke her voice was high-pitched and almost unnatural.

"You think I like making a martyr of myself, as you call it," she said. "Do you think it was ever my choice of a life to stay here and look after all of you? Do you think I've got any happiness out of it—except that I know it was what Mother would have wished me to do? Do you think I haven't wanted to be free and to have a good time? Do you think it's been easy to see all my youth slipping away while I washed dishes and darned socks, and nursed you all through measles and whooping cough? Do you think there haven't been times when I could have run out of the house and banged the door behind me and never come back? I've felt like that dozens, hundreds, of times, and if I am old-fashioned, and I know I am, it's because there hasn't been any money for me to spend on myself. What money there was, you and Betty and Effie have always had—not that I grudged it to you—to any of you—but to talk to me like that——"

She pushed back her chair and ran from the room.

Out in the hall she stood for a moment, her hand pressed to her lips, trying hard to control herself. To break down again was unthinkable; twice during the last few days she had given way so utterly that she had been left ill and shaken.

It was absurd to be so upset just because Vilette chose to say unkind, bitter things—Vilette always talked in the same strain and meant very little. She would put it out of her mind—she would refuse to think about it—what did it matter? And what was the use of being a coward after so many years?

Priddy came from the kitchen. "The butcher, Miss Heather——"

Heather drew a long breath and her tense body relaxed. She arranged about the meals, dusted the drawing-room, put fresh flowers in Caesar's study, and busied herself with a hundred and one jobs until she felt steady and thoroughly composed and could laugh at herself again.

Then she went in search of Vilette, but only to find a disgruntled Effie. "They've gone out," she said sulkily. "Vilette's taken your old bike and has gone to the aerodrome with Bobbie."

Heather looked blank. "Gone with Bobbie?"

"Um," Effie nodded. "I heard her say she'd give him five shillings if he'd take her over and introduce her to Paddy Jepson, and you know what Bobbie is—he'll do anything for money."

"Are they coming back for lunch, do you think?"

"Shouldn't think so," Effie said grumpily. "I wish to goodness Vilette would go back

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to Africa or Timbuctoo or somewhere—she always spoils everything when she's here. She can't even be content with Bruce. Just because he's not coming to-day she's got to hunt up some other man. I hope the old bike breaks down and she has to walk."

"I expect they'll be back to lunch," Heather said, and she was conscious of a little pang. She wished she had not been so slow to tell Vilette she was sorry for what she said.

But neither Bobbie nor Vilette appeared at lunch. Caesar grumbled, but suddenly became almost affable. "In this morning's paper," he told Heather, "there is an advertisement concerning a William Aston who went to Australia twenty-seven years ago, and has now died there. A firm of solicitors is advertising for next of kin. My father had a cousin named William Aston who was a great traveller, and it may be he. At any rate I shall write and give particulars. You never know what such an advertisement may lead to."

Caesar retired to his study and Effie went out with a girl friend. Heather was not sorry to have the afternoon to herself—she would make it a long, restful afternoon. A book in the garden, perhaps. She would change her frock and thoroughly enjoy herself.

She was up in her room dressing when Priddy knocked on the door. "It's Mr. Bruce," she said.

Heather turned quickly. "Did you tell him Miss Vilette was out?"

"He asked for you, Miss Heather."

"Did you say I was in?" and then realising the futility of the question Heather added hurriedly, "I'll come down."

She could hear Bruce's voice as she crossed the hall, a little ironical in tone:

"Don't you think it is possible to carry sacrifice to the point of absurdity? To rather force its acceptance upon others? I have known cases in point when it merely amounts to quixotism. For instance, to keep an old promise——"

Heather put out a hand to steady herself against the wall, and Bruce went on:

"Only the other day I heard of a woman—little more than a girl really—who had promised on her mother's death-bed never to marry, and now, although she has met some decent fellow who wishes to marry her, she considers she is tied to that old promise, given in a moment of emotional distress and which should never have been given at all. Do you mean to say that the girl would not be justified in breaking her word?"

"A promise is a promise," Caesar declared solemnly. "And if one gives one's word, one should abide by it, even at the possible risk of one's own personal happiness. Now with regard to a promise of marriage, I consider such a thing should be sacred and all-binding. It would do away once and for ever with that abomination, breach of promise, and——"

Heather moved abruptly and crossed the hall to the drawing-room. "If you two have settled the affairs of state, wouldn't you like some tea?" she asked. She shook hands with Bruce. "I could hear you in deep conversation, so thought I had better leave you alone. How are you, Bruce? The family are all out. I'll tell Priddy to make tea."

Her father gruffly declined the tea, and went to his study.

Heather was busy at the tea-table when Bruce suddenly crossed to where she stood and took the cup from her hand, setting it down on the table. "Never mind the tea, I want to talk to you."

Old promises! . . . honor! . . . sacrifice! . . . the words were there before her eyes, a warning sign which she could not disregard.

It was generous of Bruce, but if only he wouldn't! . . . They could have gone on so easily, still liking each other and being good friends, without any allusion to the past, if only he would not seek to blow on its dead ashes. Her face was very quiet and almost without expression when she raised her eyes to his face. "Well? What is it?" she said.

He made a half movement with outstretched hand, then let it fall as he turned impatiently from her.

"You make it very difficult for me," he said. "You were not like this years ago, Heather . . . if you no longer care for me—" He stopped and she said evenly, "I do care for you—I always shall—as one of my oldest friends—" and then her voice died away as his had done, and she thought helplessly, "What a trite, commonplace thing to say—as if I'd learned it off in readiness. I wonder if it sounds like that to him? . . . Oh! . . . if only someone would come."

Bruce was looking down at her again now, his face very earnest.

"Don't say that unless it is what you really mean," he said quietly. "We are neither of us children, and we can't afford any misunderstanding. When I knew that I was to see you again—when Vilette told me who she really was—the past came back as vividly as if it had been only yesterday . . . I felt like—like a boy, Heather, only longing for the voyage to end so that we should meet. I—I'm not very good at expressing what I feel, but I beg of you to believe me when I say that I hoped you would be as glad to see me as I knew I should be to see you. That drive up from Southampton seemed interminable—I believe I almost counted the miles, and then—when I saw you——"

On the edge of a nervous laugh, Heather broke in quickly:

"Then you realised that it wasn't yesterday, but sixteen years ago, and that we had both grown so far apart that it would be impossible ever to reach each other again. Oh, I know—perhaps I felt something like that myself—perhaps I felt a little sad, too, to think that it's all gone, and that we've grown out of the things we thought so wonderful then. But that's life, Bruce, and we can't help it.

"I could have gone with you to South Africa when you went away if I had liked, but I chose to stay here, and that shows that it wasn't meant to be. And now all my roots are here—with the children—and I can't leave them now any more than I could then, even if—I wanted to, and I don't. This is my life—here at Tangley—just as yours is out there——" Her voice faltered a little but she controlled it. "Let's be friends, shall we? I am glad to see you again, of course I am, but——"

He said brusquely: "All this is your way of telling me that I've been a fool to—that you don't care for me any more. And then, as she did not speak: "There's never been another woman in my life, Heather. I don't mean that I've constantly thought of you and wanted you—in sixteen years one gets over that, I suppose, but now that we're together again—don't you think—haven't you ever thought, that we should stay together—that it's not too late yet to find happiness, by building it on the old days? I haven't altered, and you—you're just the same to me."

She shook her head. "The children call me an old maid."

He made an impatient gesture. "Why must you always quote 'the children'? They've had enough of your life. They'll leave you some day, and then what will you do? Come with me when I go back—let me make you happy; we're still young, Heather——"

She moved beyond his reach. "I think that is the children," she said. "Will you have some tea?—I'm afraid it's a little cold now——" She broke off as Vilette and Bobbie precipitated themselves into the room.

"Why didn't you tell us you were coming?" Bobbie demanded, and Vilette said, "If only we'd known we'd have rung up for you to drive us home instead of cycling all this way in the boiling sun. Why didn't you let me know, Bruce?"

"I didn't know myself until the last moment," he said unsmilingly, and then with an effort: "Where have you been, anyway?"

"To the aerodrome—but we couldn't go up, because Bobbie's boy friend, Paddy Jepson, was busy. But he's taking us on Saturday. Why didn't you tell me how nice he is, Heather?" she demanded of her sister.

"Heather doesn't like Paddy," Bobbie said, cramming a cake into his mouth. "She hates planes."

Bruce stayed to supper and when eleven o'clock came and he made an attempt to go, it was Bobbie who objected, "Don't go—we've got lots of room."

Bruce glanced at Heather, and she felt forced to add her persuasions.

"Of course he will," Effie decided; she had been allowed to remain up as a special privilege. "I'll help you get the room ready, Heather."

"Is he going to marry Vilette, do you think?" Effie demanded interestedly, as she followed Heather upstairs. "I wish he wouldn't; he's much too nice. Now, if he'd marry you!"

Heather was taking fresh sheets from the linen cupboard. "Now you're being perfectly absurd," she said calmly. "I don't want to get married—I'm quite happy as I am."

When she went downstairs again Vilette and Bruce were alone together. "I think I'll say good-night," Heather said; she knew that Vilette would not want her.

Bruce stood up. "I think I'll follow suit," he said. "I've had a long day——"

Vilette pouted, but Bruce only laughed, and presently they had dispersed to their rooms. It seemed strange, Heather thought, after so many years for her and Bruce to be sleeping under the same roof. In the old days he had so often stayed for week-ends and odd nights that one room had always been kept in readiness for him.

She remembered a night in particular, when she had crept down, long after everyone else was asleep, to see why a pet dog was howling, and Bruce—also going to investigate—had met her on the stairs. It was moonlight—she could still in imagination see the yellow shafts which penetrated the undrawn curtains of the landing window, and hear the creak of the old balusters beneath her hand as he and she stood for a moment talking in whispers.

"Do you love me, Heather?"

"You know I do."

"You look so pretty with your hair over your shoulders."

Her hair had been long in those days—and she remembered that Bruce had bent a little awkwardly to kiss it before, suddenly shy, she turned and fled back to her room.

Glorious days of untroubled youth! And now in the high noon of her life history was trying and failing to repeat itself.

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But then there was Vilette! . . . It seemed at every turn a brother or sister hemmed in her life, barring the way to freedom. Did she want freedom? Heather looked steadily into her heart and saw all it would mean. Life with Bruce—supposing he really loved her—going away with him, never to part again.

There would be the long sea voyage—the arrival in a strange country—the joy of making their home together when she would be able to transfer the love and care she had bestowed for so many years on the family to the man she adored.

Heather sighed and turned back the bed-clothes; no use wearing oneself out with useless conjecture.

In the morning there was a letter from Betty—the first she had written since her marriage.

"We are on our way home," she wrote, "so you may expect to see me quite soon. How are you all? Still jogging along in the old rut, I suppose. We have had a splendid time—and I think a honeymoon should last for ever. I have come to the conclusion that marriage is quite a good institution after all. I wish you would desert the fold and follow my example. When I look back on the past years of my chequered career I sometimes wonder how I ever stood it all. Talk about monotony! . . . well, I'm out of it at last. Stephen sends his love, and says I am to tell you that he likes his choice of a wife. I shall be busy house-hunting when we get back, and then I mean to look round and see if I can't find you a husband. It's time you had someone to look after you for a change. Love from Betty."

Heather did not intend to show the letter to the family, but at breakfast time Effie said, "What did Betty say? I saw there was a letter from her. I'll bet she's making the money fly."

Everyone looked at Heather, and Caesar remarked that, as usual, he supposed he was to be kept entirely in the dark.

"I'll show the letter to you presently," Heather answered. "I left it upstairs—but——"

"You didn't," Effie broke in. "It's in your overall pocket—I can see it sticking out."

Caesar stretched out a hand. "If you please," he said grandiloquently.

For a moment Heather resisted, then, with a half shrug she passed the letter across the table. Bruce deliberately turned the conversation, leading Bobbie on to talk about motors, but almost at once Caesar rapped the table for silence, and, adjusting his glasses, prepared to read his daughter's letter aloud.

There was a dead silence when he had finished. Heather was refilling Vilette's cup, and her hand was not quite steady.

"I like the idea of her finding you a husband," Bobbie growled. "She'd snap up any likely man for herself, or Vilette would," he added with a grin across the table at his sister, but Vilette only laughed. "All's fair in love and war," she said lightly.

When the meal was over she followed Heather from the room.

"Can't you get the children out of the way?" she said. "I know what it will be; they'll both hang round Bruce and make themselves a perfect nuisance——" Her voice was a little sharp and fretful. "And then you always side with them—you never try to help me. Bruce thinks so much of you and what you say. Only last night he said——"

Heather turned. "I don't want to hear what he said—and if you will tell me what I can do I shall be only too pleased to do it."

"Then keep those children out of the way."

"And let Bruce see that I am plotting to leave you alone with him? Don't be unreasonable."

Vilette said sulkily that there was a tactful way of doing things, and then with sudden change of mood she shrugged her shoulders. "All right—I'll manage for myself," but she evidently did not meet with much success, for although later on in the morning Bruce certainly took her out in the car, he took Bobbie and Effie also.

"I've brought them back quite safely," Bruce told Heather when they returned at one o'clock.

For a moment now Bruce and Heather were alone together. "They seem to have enjoyed themselves," she said, and he answered:

"You make it very difficult for me, Heather, but I don't mind—my back is still broad."

"Broader than it used to be?" she asked lightly. "Come along—lunch is ready, and you must be hungry."

It was during the afternoon when the family were gathered in the garden that the low sound of a motor horn broke the silence. It announced the arrival of the Stephen Millers.

Betty came through the drawing-room looking a little self-conscious, and paused for a moment in the open window for full effect. "The return of Spring!" she said gaily. "Complete with husband, luggage, and all accessories——"

She came forward, hugged Heather, and looked at Bruce, who had risen to his feet. "I know who you are!" she said after the slightest hesitation. "You're Bruce Logan. Isn't that clever of me? I remember sitting on your knee when I was a kid—what a memory I've got." She went to him with outstretched hand, and then suddenly changing her mind lifted her face and kissed him.

"I always used to—years ago," she apologised laughingly. "And it's still quite safe, because I'm married. Stephen, come and be introduced."

Everybody shook hands with Stephen, who, laughing and delighted, scarcely took his eyes off his wife.

"Have you come to stay?" Effie inquired with her usual frankness. "Because, if you have, there's only the little room over the kitchen, because Bruce has the other one and——"

"Oh, no, we're not staying," Betty assured her. "Just dropped in to say how d'ye do—we're going on to town presently." She sank down into a chair. "Well, it's nice to see you all. Where's Caesar?"

"Working on the great novel which is to set the Thames on fire in nineteen-hundred-and-nothing, p'raps," Bobbie said disrespectfully.

Betty looked at Vilette. "Come to lunch one day—all of you," she added, but the invitation had been for Vilette.

"Because she's the smartest and prettiest," Heather thought swiftly, and then felt ashamed. What was the matter with her that lately she seemed so readily to see the faults in her beloved family?

Heather went out to the drive, and everyone kissed everyone else again before Stephen's big car moved away. She went back to the house with Vilette and Bruce.

"Well, that's that," Vilette said a little constrainedly. "You'll be clever if you marry us all off so well and comfortably, Heather."

But later on in the evening she went to Heather's room. "I want to speak to you," she said so quietly that Heather looked up in alarm. "Is it true," she continued, "that you and Bruce used to be engaged?"

The hot color flew to Heather's face, but her eyes did not falter. "No, it is not true," she answered.

Vilette made a gesture of impatience. "Well—that you were sweethearts then . . . Betty told me. She said that if mother hadn't died you would have married him and gone with him to South Africa sixteen years ago. Is that true?"

Heather stood up, her eyes still on her sister's face; she saw its deep emotion and jealousy, and that her lips trembled in spite of the effort she made to control them, and she thought in despair, "It's no use lying—whatever I say she won't believe me."

Vilette took a quick step forward, her hands clenched. "Is it true?" she asked again, and Heather answered quietly, "Yes—it is, quite true—I didn't tell you because it's all so long ago—because it's all quite forgotten."

There was a moment's silence, then the younger girl broke out shrilly: "I don't believe you—I don't believe it's forgotten; you're not the sort to forget—I believe you're still in love with him, and that's why . . . that's why you're trying to keep him away from me!"

Vilette's breath came in little gasps. Heather was deathly pale, and her lips were parted helplessly, like a child's, as if in an effort to form words which refused to come.

Then she moved back a step and shut the door which Vilette had left half open, and standing with her back to it she said very quietly: "You'll be sorry if you say things like that—while you're angry. If you'll try to keep calm, Vilette, I will tell you anything you wish to know, but please don't accuse me of—of——"

"Of being a humbug," Vilette broke in violently. "Well, I do accuse you of it. I don't know why I've been such a fool as not to guess what has been going on and why Bruce has changed to me. I can see now that it's your influence. You manage us all in your quiet—humble sort of way . . . Have you told him about Bart? and about—about the other men I've known? Just stupid love affairs, all of them, that meant nothing. Or have you acted the silent suffering martyr—the one who is always making sacrifices for an ungrateful family? I suppose you saw from the moment I brought him home and you knew he liked me, that you'd never be able to get him back by fair means, and so——" She stopped as Heather gave a stifled cry and covered her face with her hands.

The silence fell again until Vilette with a shrug of her shoulders crossed the room and flung the window wide as if she were choking.

"You needn't trouble to act for me," she said savagely. "I don't know if you're crying, but if you are tears won't upset me in the least." She swung around suddenly, her hands clenched into trembling fists. "But I warn you! Leave Bruce alone—and me, too! He belongs to me, and I'll keep him—in spite of the fact that you tell Effie and Bobbie to spy on me, and to see I am not left with him! Do you think I don't know? He knows, too! . . . even though he's so decent and tries to be kind to you—and—and attentive—so that you shan't feel hurt because he doesn't care for you any more——"

Heather's hands fell from her face and she groped behind her for the door handle. "Please go," she said faintly.

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Vilette laughed. "Oh, yes, I'll go now that I've said what I wanted to say." But her voice was a little less confident. "As long as we understand each other everything will be all right. I shall marry Bruce no matter how much you try to separate us, and—and if you interfere any more it will be the worse for you." And with a last defiant toss of her head she had gone.

Heather shut the door again and stood for a moment looking helplessly around her. It was like a bad dream—something which could not really have happened . . . "Or have you just acted the silent, suffering martyr?" . . .

Vilette had said that!—Vilette, the tiresome, headstrong one of them all whom she had cared for, nursed when she was ill, shielded by every means in her power from Caesar's disapproval and from the family's antagonism. She felt as if the girl had struck her across the face; it was more than she could bear.

". . . You manage us all in your quiet, humble sort of way . . ."

The tenderness of her undying love for Bruce had been soiled by Vilette's angry accusations; she had made it appear a thing of which to be ashamed, a thing to hide.

Perhaps it served her right for trying to recapture something of the old glamor, for allowing herself to listen to his halting words of tender remembrance. Vilette understood men well, so no doubt she was right when she declared that Bruce was only "decent enough to be sorry for her, and not to wish to hurt her."

She could see it now, and with sudden abandon of misery Heather wrung her hands as if in mute reproach to Heaven for having allowed her to be so blind. It was over—finished.

. . . . . .

Heather remembered suddenly that it was Priddy's evening out, and that Bruce might be staying to dinner. There were to be only three to supper—that night—Vilette and Bruce and herself. Heather was just turning to put the pie into the oven when Vilette appeared in the doorway. "Bruce and I will be out to dinner," she said. She looked a little shamefaced, and spoke with a note of defiance, but Heather did not look at her as she answered, "Caesar is going out, too."

"Does that mean you are going to be alone?" Bruce inquired, appearing behind Vilette.

Heather's face hardened. "I like being alone," she answered. "In fact, I think I prefer it."

"In that case, we need not apologise," Vilette said lightly, and presently Heather heard Bruce's big car driving away, just before Henry Mathews' car turned in at the gate. Heather liked Henry Mathews even though Betty had always called him "a rough diamond," and Vilette said he was "a bounder." Bobbie liked him, too, and so did John.

Mathews looked at Heather as he came up the steps. "You've lost your color, my dear," he said in his kindly voice. "Hot weather too much for you? Or the family? Which is it?"

Heather's pale cheeks flushed a little. "I think it's the heat," she said quickly, and then again, "It's kind of you to come for Cae—for Father. Thank you very much."

"It's not much to do," Mathews answered bluntly. "What's the use of a car if you can't take your friends about in it?" He looked again at Heather. "You want a breath of the sea air," he said in his downright way.

Caesar answered for her. "We all, unfortunately, want a great many things which it is impossible to attain, but I am hoping for good news——" and he launched out into a long account of the advertisement which he had answered for the relations of one William Aston.

Heather smiled at Mathews and leaned a little wearily against the open door. "I'm afraid it sounds too good to be true," she said when Caesar had finished.

"Too much like a fairy story, eh?" Mathews asked. "Well, shall we be getting along?"

Heather went back to the empty house.

. . . . . .

It was at breakfast time the following morning that Bobbie announced, "Vilette and I are going to a dance."

"Whose dance is it?" Heather asked. "And when did you get the invitation?" She wanted to add, "And why is Vilette going with you? I thought you two didn't get on."

"It wasn't an invitation," Bobbie answered, "not a printed one. It's a dance at the Aero Club—Paddy Jepson asked me yesterday—and he asked me to bring Vilette."

"I suppose she's been making eyes at him," Effie said. "I expect she asked him to ask her——"

"No, she didn't!" Bobbie retorted.

Effie ignored the interruption. "She's always got to have some man hanging round. If Bruce had stayed last night she'd have been satisfied with him, I suppose."

"You haven't got a dress suit, Bobbie," Heather said in a troubled voice.

"I know that," he grumbled. "But it won't matter—it's not a grand affair, but it won't be too bad. And Jepson's coming for us with his car."

Heather made no comment. She did not particularly care for Paddy Jepson, even though she was honest enough to realise that perhaps she was a little jealous of Bobbie's affection and admiration for him. He was the reckless type of man, afraid of nothing, determined to get the best out of life. A very fine pilot, exceedingly popular wherever he went—"The best chap in the world," so Bobbie declared.

"I'll have your blue suit pressed," she said as she rose from the table.

When she had gone, Effie said, "If you ask me, I think Heather looks ill."

Bobbie raised his eyes quickly. "Ill? Rot!" he said, and then a shade uncomfortably, "She's all right."

"She looks ill," Effie insisted. "You're always as blind as a bat, but what would become of us I should like to know, if anything happened to Heather? I was thinking only last night what a rotten life she's had. Never any fun—no one to make a fuss of her—ever! I should go mad if I had to live the life she does."

Effie was a shrewd little person, and sometimes she saw a great deal more than people imagined. She was not particularly fond of Vilette, and she did not consider her nearly good enough for Bruce. Vilette had already had so many love affairs; she calmly annexed all the men who came her way, which Effie considered very unfair, but she realised that Vilette was not finding Bruce too easy a conquest.

Bruce was kind and understanding—you could tell that by the expression of his eyes—by the tone of his voice—by the way he was always ready to do anything to help people. Yes, she felt sure that Bruce would understand if she told him how concerned she was about Heather's future. The only difficulty would be to get him alone! . . . Vilette would never allow it if she were in the house. But to-night Vilette would be out! Effie's eyes brightened; perhaps she could ring him up—perhaps he would agree to come down, or to meet her somewhere? Her heart-beats quickened a little at the thought.

Effie heard someone at the open front door. It was Henry Mathews with a large basket of peaches under his arm. "Is Miss Heather at home?" he asked.

"Yes, she is," Effie said, took him to the drawing-room, and went in search of her sister. "A boy-friend to see you," she announced saucily.

Heather turned quickly from her task of tidying the pantry shelves. "Who is it?" she asked with such sharp anxiety that Effie stared at her for a moment before replying, "It's only Mr. Mathews—he's brought some peaches."

"I hope you don't mind my overall," Heather said as she shook hands with Mathews. "I was busy in the kitchen."

"It seems to me you're always busy," he answered. "You're a wonderful woman, my dear. I've brought the peaches."

"It's so kind of you—and what beauties!"

"Plenty more where they came from," Mathews said cheerily. "Plenty of everything up at my place—too much for an old bachelor like me," he laughed. "What's to become of it beats me, unless you'll take some off my hands."

"Oh, but I couldn't," Heather said. "We should love it, but——"

He broke in. "I'll tell my cook to send some down. Glad to get rid of it, I promise you."

"You're very kind," she said again, helplessly. She wished he would go; she had a busy morning before her, but Mathews said suddenly, "Look here—how would you like a month at the seaside?"

Heather stared at him, too amazed to reply. He was a little red in the face, and his eyes were faintly embarrassed as he went on: "I've got a little place near Weymouth—only a little place. I bought it in the spring—heaven only knows why. I've been there only once myself. But it's a nice little place—facing the sea—easy to run—comfortably furnished. It would be a real kindness if you'd go down for a bit. Place needs airing. I keep a couple there—caretakers, you know—but it's not the same as people living there—anyone like you, I mean. Well, what do you say?"

Tears sprang to Heather's eyes as she stammered out: "It's most terribly kind—I've never heard of anything so kind in all my life, but—but I really couldn't. You see——" She stopped, and Henry Mathews said rather pathetically again: "It would do you all the good in the world. You need a holiday. I'll speak to the guv'nor if you like—and if you think he'll object——"

She shook her head. "Oh, no. It's not that, but you see—there's the family——"

Mathews gave a loud chuckle. "Take them with you!" he said. "Bless my heart, take them with you! The more the merrier. Take the guv'nor, too. Take who you like. There's room for a dozen, and it'll be doing me a real kindness. Did you think I meant you to go alone?"

Heather was very flushed and her eyes shone through their tears as she said tremblingly: "I dont know how to thank you—it seems too wonderful. We haven't had a holiday together for years—I can hardly remember the last time. You can't really mean it—oh, I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't try," Mathews said gruffly. "It's a real pleasure. What's the good of money if you can't share it? That's what I always say. Look here! . . . I'll run you and the guv'nor down in the car when you've decided which day you'll go, and the others can

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go by train. I hope it will be soon, while the fine weather lasts." He slapped his big thigh with a delighted hand. "I'm not sure that I shan't stay a day or two with you if I'm asked!" His eyes twinkled. "All be young together, eh? Bless my soul, why didn't I think of it before?"

When he had gone Heather flew in search of the family. John said sedately that he was glad he had not yet arranged for his holidays but that he would do so at once; Effie hoped there would be a sail boat; Bobbie said he had always told them what a sport old Mathews was; Caesar was inclined to be a little superior and not quite certain whether it would not be lowering his dignity to accept such kindness from a man of Mathews' type, but within an hour Heather found him hunting for his old fishing rod which had not been used for years. There was only Vilette left; she was still in bed.

"I'll tell her," Effie said, and she went up the stairs two at a time and hammered on Vilette's door, bursting in without waiting for permission.

"Such glorious news! . . . wake up, for goodness' sake and listen."

Vilette raised her head from the pillow. Effie poured out her news breathlessly, and then stopped, feeling a little chilled at its cool reception.

"Weymouth isn't much of a place," was all Vilette said.

"It will be heaven," Effie declared. "Of course, if you're so blase, you'd better stay at home by yourself."

She paused with the childish longing for Vilette to share her enthusiasm. "You can ask Bruce if you like," she said after a moment. "Mr. Mathews says we can ask anyone we like."

"Well, I hope he won't want to come," Vilette said sleepily. "I think he's an appalling person."

Effie flushed. "He's a darling," she defended him, and turned on her heel.

It was only eight o'clock when Paddy Jepson came in a racing car to take Vilette and Bobbie to the Aero Club dance. He greeted everyone with his usual confident breezy manner. He was good looking in a slightly ordinary way—wavy hair, very blue eyes, very perfect teeth.

"He looks like a tailor's dummy," Effie thought. "Who'd ever think he can loop the loop, and do stunts like that?"

Vilette, as usual, kept them waiting, but she looked very charming when at last she made an appearance. She wore a white dress which she had coaxed Priddy to press for her, and a narrow silver fillet in her hair.

"Someone ought to play the wedding march," Bobbie grinned, but secretly he felt rather proud of his pretty sister.

Heather spent another lonely evening, for John was working as usual and Effie went to bed early. It was past twelve when at last she put her mending away. She had done much thinking during the long silent hours, blaming herself for not making friends with Vilette again, blaming herself because she felt that perhaps there had been some cause for Vilette's anger. To-morrow, or to-night, if possible, she would go to her sister's room, and say that she was sorry.

She kept her bedroom light burning until half-past two, hoping to hear the car returning, and then she turned it out and lay in the darkness listening and thinking still.

And then presently she slept for a little, waking again with a start, wondering what time it was. She got out of bed and put on the light.

Four o'clock! Surely the children must be home? She crept out onto the landing, but the door of Vilette's room stood wide open. Supposing something had happened to them? She went back to her room and wrapped herself in her dressing-gown. Already it was getting light. She knew that Paddy Jepson was a reckless driver. Another endless hour dragged away. Five o'clock! . . . she was sure now that something had happened. She was on the point of rousing her brother when she heard the sound of a car. She ran to the window and peered out. Yes, there they were, thank heaven! And as the car stopped at the door she could hear Bobbie's voice and Vilette's laughter—shriller, louder laughter than usual, surely!

She stole down the stairs to open the door, although Bobbie had a key. How noisy they were! Or was it only Vilette who was laughing and talking so much? She pulled back the latch and waited. Then she heard Bobbie say almost angrily: "Shut up, can't you? Do you want everyone to hear you? If Heather wakes up there'll be the dickens to pay . . ."

And then she saw that Bobbie had his arm round Vilette—that he seemed to be supporting her, and her first thought was, "She's ill—something has happened after all." But Vilette was still laughing! . . . laughing and talking in a strange voice almost hysterically.

"Do Heather good to be shocked—she wants waking up! . . . I'm sick of her goody-goody ways . . . Why can't she be happy? Happy like I am!" . . . And then suddenly Vilette began to sing a snatch of song, shrilly.

But her voice broke discordantly and ran down as Heather suddenly switched on the light over the front door. They all saw her standing there, Jepson, Bobbie, and Vilette, and for a moment there was a complete silence, until Vilette broke it.

"Spying again!" she said. She laughed hysterically. "Heather's favorite amusement is spying." She flung the words over her shoulder at Paddy Jepson who was standing behind her looking rather sheepish.

They went past Heather and upstairs, Bobbie still supporting his sister. As they reached the landing she heard Vilette begin to sing once more.

A moment later Bobbie came down the stairs. Heather caught her brother's hand, trying to force him to look at her.

"Bobbie . . . she's had too much to drink," she said, almost in a whisper.

Bobbie tried to laugh, not very successfully. "That's nothing—don't take any notice . . . it's not the first time, but I'm sorry you should have seen her . . . It happens at dances sometimes, and you know what Vilette is! It's nothing," he added helplessly, well aware that to Heather it was a tragedy.

After breakfast the following morning Heather went up to Vilette's room. She no longer felt reluctant to make the first overture for peace. All the motherliness of her nature was ready to take her in her arms and be friends.

She was a little taken aback to find Vilette partly dressed and seated at the dressing-table, powdering her face. The eyes of the two girls met through the mirror, and Vilette said casually, "Oh—hullo!"

There was a little silence, then Heather asked diffidently, "Don't you want any breakfast?"

Vilette swung round on her low stool. "You know I never eat any breakfast," she said, and then: "Look here, Heather, are you going to tell Bruce about last night?"

"Tell Bruce?" Heather repeated.

"That's what I said," Vilette said slowly, for example, for emphasis. "I don't want Bruce to know, only because he's like you—he wouldn't understand. After all, it's nothing because you go to a dance and get a bit excited and make a bit of a noise——" She stopped abruptly, as if conscious that her lightly-spoken words did not ring quite true.

Heather took a step forward. "Oh, Vilette, you'll never do it again, will you?"

Vilette bridled. "Do—what?" she asked.

"Take too much to drink. I know it's not really anything serious, but it's bad for you, and . . . and you're much too sweet to—to——" She stopped in deep distress, and Vilette said again, challengingly, "To—what?"

Heather took her courage in both hands. "To let a man like—like Paddy Jepson know that you—you. . . ."

Vilette laughed scornfully. "Do you think I care about him, or what he thinks of me? My dear Heather, why will you make a mountain out of a molehill? When I was on the stage it was quite a usual thing to take half a dozen cocktails, and then wine. We all did; it's the usual thing anywhere, except in benighted holes like this! Why, on the boat coming home——" She broke off with a little laugh. "Don't you worry about me," she said, "I'm quite capable of looking after myself, but——"

"But all the same," Heather said, quietly, "you don't want—Bruce to know?—Doesn't that show that you're just a little ashamed, Vilette?"

Vilette flushed. "Of course I'm not ashamed; don't be such a prig." She swung back again to the mirror and began to redden her lips. "We won't argue about it," she said calmly, "but you might just tell Bobbie to hold his tongue, too, will you? He'll probably listen to you, and, after all, I wasn't so very bad." Her eyes flashed. "It's nothing to what I have been, I assure you."

"But Vilette," Heather began tremulously.

Vilette waved her into silence. "Good heavens, I've had a dull enough time since I came home—it was a welcome change to have a bit of fun last night."

Heather left her without another word; it was useless to talk to Vilette when she was in this mood. She sought Bobbie and timidly broached the subject.

"Bobbie—you won't . . . I mean—you won't tell anyone about last night, will you? Not Effie, I mean, or anyone else?"

"Well, I've never told anyone before," he said offendedly.

"Before? Then—she hasn't—you don't mean that you——"

Bobbie looked a little confused. "Well, it's not the first time," he said awkwardly. "You didn't know, of course, but all the same . . . no, I shan't tell anyone." And then he said, "Look here, don't you worry about Vilette. It only makes her worse when she thinks people all know and disapprove." He laughed uncomfortably. "Oh, it won't hurt her," he said. "People on the stage are different from other people—it's only that you're not used to them."

Heather turned hopelessly away. Perhaps even Bobbie considered she was "old-fashioned."

Vilette appeared at lunch looking very pretty and trim, and although she ate hardly anything, she was in high spirits, and informed the table that on the following day she was flying to Paris and back with Paddy Jepson. Heather said nothing, but she felt as if the reins with which she had

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so carefully guided the family for so many years had suddenly slipped from her hands. Vilette left the house early the following morning, accompanied by Bobbie. It was a Saturday, and Saturday was always the day when Heather went shopping, so Effie found herself alone.

"It's too hot—I'd rather stay in," she said, when Heather suggested that she go with her, but as soon as Heather was out of sight Effie went to the telephone and asked for Bruce Logan's number. When she heard his voice she drew a quick breath.

"Hullo! . . . It's me—Effie!"

"Effie!" she heard him laugh. "Your voice sounded just like Vilette's," he said.

Perhaps he was sorry it was not Vilette, she thought with faint chagrin, but she said, "I hope you won't mind—won't think it awful cheek—but can I see you?"

He laughed again. "Not through the telephone," he told her. "But if this is an invitation — I shall be delighted to come down."

"It seems ages since you were here," Effie said ingenuously.

"Only two days. I've been busy."

"Well, when will you come—at once?" she asked eagerly, and then with sudden honesty said, "Vilette won't be here—she's gone to Paris—flying."

"Lucky Vilette," Bruce said lightly. "Well, I'll come along. Any of the family at home besides you?"

"Yes, Caesar and Heather."

"All right—I'll be down before lunch."

Effie had a sudden qualm. "Bruce!" she pleaded, afraid he would ring off.

"Yes?"

"Don't tell anyone I asked you."

There was a little pause before he said, "Certainly not. I will be as silent as the grave."

Effie hung up the receiver, feeling absurdly guilty. What did she mean to say to him when he came? She was annoyed to find that all her fine resolutions had already oozed away. She wandered out into the garden and managed to find enough flowers to fill two vases. She took a long time to arrange them, and was decidedly pleased with the result, and therefore it was a little damping when an hour or two later Bruce drove up with a large bunch of long-stemmed roses lying beside him.

"I brought them for Heather," he said casually.

"Heather's out," Effie explained. "She's gone shopping."

Bruce stood still on the doorstep, hat in hand. "In all this heat? Shall we go and meet her?"

But Effie would not allow that; this was the opportunity she had wanted, and so she made an eager little grab at his arm to stop him. "No—don't do that. I don't know where she's gone, and besides . . . I want to talk to you—please!"

Bruce looked amused. "You funny kid," he said, but he threw his hat down on a hall chair and followed her into the schoolroom. Effie shut the door and looked at him, red-faced and nervous.

"I don't know how to begin——" she faltered, suddenly feeling very young and rather foolish.

Bruce broke in sharply, "Is anything the matter? Heather——"

Effie shook her head. "There's nothing the matter exactly, but it is about Heather—and I thought . . . there's nobody else! . . . you see, we haven't got any aunts or people like that," she apologised.

Bruce sat down on the edge of the big table and held out his hand. "Don't look so scared," he said. "Come here, and tell me all about it."

Effie went to him and laid her hand in his, and then meeting the kindness of his eyes, she broke out:

"Heather's miserable . . . I don't know why, but I know she is. She looks ill, too, though the others can't see it, and I'm so terrified that something might happen to her. What should we do if something did happen to her? We're all so horribly selfish . . . I'm just as bad as the rest—only I've only just begun to see it. Heather's had a dreadful life. She's never had any fun—she never even gets any new clothes; we get them all! I wanted to tell John what I thought, but he's always reading books, and he wouldn't understand. Vilette's beastly to her—I heard her the other day—saying vile things. I know I ought not to have listened, but I did—I didn't hear it all, but I did hear her say something about someone who used to like her—Heather, I mean—and that he didn't like her now, so it was no use her trying to get him back . . . and she said it so horribly—I should have liked to kill her——"

Effie poured the words out in a torrent; they tumbled over each other, incoherently, apologetically, and yet with a ring of such sincerity and distress in her voice that they sounded infinitely pathetic. She went on breathlessly:

"I wanted to rush in and stop her, but I knew it would only make things worse—Vilette's got such an awful temper, and then . . . then I heard someone coming, so I ran downstairs and didn't hear any more. But afterwards, when I saw Heather—she looked so ill—all white and, . . ." Effie began to cry.

Bruce drew her into the circle of his arm, but did not speak, and presently she went on:

"Perhaps you think I'm just—s-silly. But I think I've begun to grow up—and—and to see things; and I think they're horribly unf-fair, but I don't know how to make it any better . . . I just don't know how!"

He waited until her sobs quieted, then he said gently, "I don't think you've got things quite right, Effie—not quite right in some ways. You must not forget that it has made Heather very happy to look after you all—you see . . . she chose to stay with you and look after you when she might have——" He broke off, and Effie checked her tears for a moment and looked at him pathetically.

"When she might have—what?" she asked in a quivering voice.

Bruce had turned his head away from her and towards the sunlit garden.

"When she might have married someone, and have gone away with him," he said. "But she didn't—she wanted to stay with you all instead, and so you mustn't blame yourself too much, and think that she hasn't been happy because . . . I think she has been happy, very happy, even if only because she knows she has done her duty!"

There was a deep silence, then Effie said bitterly, "He couldn't have loved her very much—that man!—to let her stay here and slave her life away—he couldn't have loved her very much."

"He did."

She started at the sound of Heather's voice in the hall. "That's Heather," she whispered. "I don't want her to see I've been crying. You talk to her. I'll go out through the window."

"And don't come back yet awhile," Bruce said quickly.

He stood very still, listening to Heather's voice. She was telling Priddy that she had forgotten to order the brussels sprouts. "I'll ring up for them," she said.

"We shall want them for lunch, seeing that Mr. Logan's here," Priddy answered.

"Mr. Logan!" Heather said sharply.

"He drove up in his car half an hour ago," Priddy told her.

Heather made no comment, but knowing that she had turned towards the stairs Bruce went out into the hall. She heard his step and stood still, one hand on the stair-rail, not turning till he spoke.

"Here I am," he said.

She looked around then and smiled faintly. "Hullo! I hope Effie has been entertaining you—everyone else is out. Vilette has gone to Paris, and——" She broke off, only conscious that she was gripping the stair-rail so tightly that her fingers were numbed.

"I've brought you some roses," Bruce said.

"For me? . . . How kind of you—I love roses."

She turned to go, but he barred the way. "You used to kiss me in the old days when I brought you flowers, Heather," he said in a shaken voice. Heather stood still. She could feel her trembling body slowly growing stiff and cold, then with a supreme effort she raised her face.

"Why, of course," she said faintly, but Bruce laid his hands on her shoulders, gripping them so that she almost cried out as bending his tall head, he pressed his lips to hers in a long kiss.

For a moment she was conscious of a wild longing to put her arms round him, as once she would have done, to cling to him and to bury her face against his shoulder. She felt just a girl again, still as young as she had been long ago when he first kissed her in this very room, just as passionately in love as she had been then; nothing was changed except that she was thirty-four and that he was no longer hers. No longer hers! She let the roses fall and struggled free of him, and Bruce said hoarsely: "And now will you tell me again that I must marry Vilette?"

Heather covered her face with shaking hands; she was terrified—afraid of herself, of him, of the depths of her own emotion.

And then she felt Bruce's hands on her wrists—heard his voice, shaken and infinitely tender: "Oh, my dear! It isn't too late, Heather." And then he broke off sharply, releasing her as a sudden, frightened scream from the garden broke the silence.

"Heather! . . . Heather! Come quick! . . . Come quick!"

It was Effie's voice, and before they could move she came rushing into the room, her face quite colorless, her eyes dark with fear. "It's Caesar! Oh, come quickly! He's down there—by the big tree, and he doesn't speak—he doesn't seem to see me! Oh, please come quickly!"

Bruce ran across the garden and was gently chafing Caesar's hand before Heather and Effie joined him. "We must get him into the house," he said. "I don't know—" He looked round helplessly, and then rose to his feet. "Stay with him while I fetch someone."

Heather sent Effie for Dr. Willis and sat down in the grass beside her father. Gently she lifted his head into her lap. When she slipped a hand under his coat she could feel the slow, faint beating of his heart. It seemed an eternity before Bruce returned, followed by two men. The three carried Caesar into the house and laid him on the couch in his study just as the doc-

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tor's car turned in at the drive with Effie in the front seat beside him. He hurried into the study. Effie sat waiting, a little huddled heap on the stairway.

Somebody, Effie didn't even notice who, telephoned, an ambulance drove up, and Caesar was taken away. Effie stole up to Bruce, who was standing at the open front door. "Is he dead?" she asked.

He turned, taking her hand. "Of course not—they've just taken him to a nursing home, where he will be properly looked after. Don't cry, Effie," he added, with the first note of impatience she had ever heard in his voice. "Cheer up, and do all you can to help Heather."

And then Bobbie arrived. Effie caught the words, "stroke" and "perfect quiet," and she felt shocked because the thought rose at once to her mind, "We shan't be able to go to Weymouth after all."

. . . . . .

Heather had gone to the nursing home with Caesar. When Dr. Willis brought her back in his car, she tried to eat something—but after one attempt gave it up and leaned back in her chair, saying, "Is he going to die, Bruce? Did Dr. Willis say he would die?"

"No, my dear, no."

It seemed as if the ties that had bound her to the family for so long grew strong again—fetters, which could never really be broken, although this morning, for one mad moment, she had thought—wondered . . . dreamed . . .

She gave a little sob, and Bruce moved his hand, covering hers in a strong clasp.

"I'm here, Heather," he said.

. . . . . .

Caesar did not die. The specialist who was called to the nursing home pronounced him out of danger for the time being, and said that with care he might live for many years. And so at the end of a fortnight Caesar was brought back home in Henry Mathews' big car, looking surprisingly handsome and like himself, although it was obvious from the first moment that he meant to make the most of his illness. He must not be worried, he declared, when Heather was forced to ask him about money matters. "Surely these unimportant details can wait until I am well again!" he would say reproachfully. "Really, Heather, I expected more consideration from you, at all events."

He did not choose to see how worried she was, and she did not like to tell him that she was at her wits' end to know how to find the money with which to pay all the expenses of the past fortnight—the nursing home, the doctor, the expensive specialist. John had no solution to offer; he said frankly that he could not find such a sum. "Why not write to Paul and Betty?" he said. "They ought to help—they've both married money."

And so, after a great struggle with herself, Heather wrote. Betty replied at once. She was terribly sorry to hear that Caesar had been ill, of course, but Heather would understand that she could hardly expect her husband to foot the bills. "I've been married such a short time," was how she put it. "And although Stephen is a perfect darling. I can't very well ask him to hand out such a sum, can I? He didn't marry the family, did he?"

Paul was no more encouraging. He said he could manage "a tenner," but no more, and that he was certainly not going to ask his wife for money.

Heather put both letters in the fire and tried to forget them. And only two of her friends and acquaintances seemed to offer the slightest hope of assistance—Henry Mathews and Bruce. That either or both of them would help her she knew well enough—but something in her soul shrank from approaching Bruce, or of letting him share her distress.

She was not so afraid of Mathews, and more than once when he called at the house—which he often did—she tried to find the courage to ask him for help. She even rehearsed what she would say, but each time the little speech seemed to ring less true.

Night after night she lay awake racking her brains for ways and means. In the end, when the nursing home had rendered its account for the third time, with an added footnote, "Kindly settle," she made up her mind to speak to Henry Mathews.

She thought afterwards that he must have guessed her predicament for, with the first stumbling words, he broke in cheerily: "Don't say a word more . . . there's no need! . . . It's been on my mind a dozen times to ask you myself." He drew a cheque book from his pocket, and when she would have spoken he waved her into silence.

"Not a word. I'm only too pleased and proud. It's just a loan, of course, till your father's himself again. Look here—I'll sign them and leave them for you to fill in."

He tore out four blank cheques, signed them in an awkward, sprawling hand, and laid them on the table.

Heather looked at him, her cheeks crimson. "I'm so ashamed," she faltered. "But . . . I simply don't know where to find the money. You do believe that I'll pay you back, don't you? I've never borrowed money from anyone in all my life, and I'm so ashamed, but you see——"

Mathews' honest face took color from hers. "It would be a poor world," he said, "if we couldn't help each other now and again, wouldn't it?"

She said with deep emotion, "If there was only something I could do for you—in return for all your kindness." And it was then that the amazing thing happened, for he answered bluntly:

"Well, there is—" and then, as she waited, he leaned his hands on the table, and looked at her steadily. "Marry me," he said. "If you'll make me a good wife, I can promise that I will make you a good husband."

Just like that! Without any preamble. And without giving her a chance to speak, he went on, "I know what you're going to say—that you can't leave your father and the family, but I'm not asking you to. Marry me, and we'll all live together up at my place. It's big enough for a dozen young people—our place it will be, if you'll say yes. I like young people, and they like me. We shall be just a jolly family party as you are now, with the only difference that you'll be my wife." He paused, but still she could find no words, and he continued, "I've wanted to ask you for some time. I admire you more than anyone I know. You're a good girl, Heather—and I'd like to make you happy." His voice was a little unsteady.

She said shakenly, "I can't say anything—I'm so amazed—I can't believe . . . You've always been so kind to me, so generous—but . . . but I don't love you . . ."

He answered humbly, "I'm not the sort of man a girl would fall in love with, I know, but . . . well, perhaps in time you'd get fond of me——"

She said breathlessly, "I am fond of you—you've been such a wonderful friend. I can never thank you for all you've done for me—for Caesar—for all of us, but——"

He interrupted her. "Don't answer now, anyway. I always like to think things well over myself, and I'd like you to do the same. We won't mention it again until you want to, and we won't let it make any difference except that you'll know if ever you feel you can say 'yes'——"

And there he left it, shaking hands with her before he departed as if nothing unusual had been said, and leaving the signed cheques on the table. Heather stood staring at them and feeling as if she were in a dream.

"If you'll make me a good wife, I can promise that I will make you a good husband!" She remembered the words with a feeling of tears and laughter.

Not a very romantic way of proposing, and yet Heather had heard the deep sincerity underlying the blunt words.

In a pathetic way it deepened her self-respect and pride to know that this man, whom surely many women would gladly accept, wished to make her his wife.

She wondered what the family would say if they knew! The family who were so comfortably sure that she would die unmarried.

Effie came into the room with rather slow steps. She looked a little pale and peaky, for she had never been strong, and the unusually hot summer had tried her severely.

Her sharp eyes fell on the cheques which were still on the table. "Money," she said. "Has Caesar paid up at last?"

Heather gathered them up hurriedly. "You've got eyes like needles," she said, and then, "Aren't you well? You look so pale."

"I've got a headache," Effie said with a sigh. "I've always got a headache now." And then, with sudden passion. "Oh, Heather, why can't we go to the seaside? It couldn't hurt Caesar if he goes by car. I think it ought to do him good, and it seems such a shame—that lovely house standing empty when we might be there. Why can't we go?"

Heather's fingers closed mechanically on the cheques, which she had thrust into the pocket of her overall, and she seemed to see once more the deep earnestness and sincerity in Henry Mathews' eyes.

"I think—perhaps—I think we might go—now," she said.

. . . . . .

There was a family consultation that evening which even Caesar found the energy to attend, and it was he who gave the deciding vote on going to Weymouth, declaring that sea air was all he required to complete the cure. Effie flung a cushion into the air with joy. "When can we go? To-morrow?" she demanded excitedly.

Heather laughed. "I'm afraid I can't manage it before Friday," she said. "There'll be so much to do."

"We can all do our own packing," Effie retorted.

Vilette, who was lying on the couch smoking cigarette after cigarette, said in a bored voice: "I shouldn't think anyone's packing would take very long. I can sling all my rags into a case in five minutes."

"Rags!" Effie retorted. "When you've got tons of clothes, and those new ones from Paris which . . ." She stopped as Vilette suddenly raised herself, her face flushed. "Will you kindly mind your own business," she said sharply.

Effie shrugged her shoulders. There was a short silence which Caesar broke to say in his dignified way: "I shall arrange to travel down by easy stages. I have no doubt that Mathews will lend me his car and chauffeur." He spoke rather as if he would be conferring an honor—upon Mathews—by deigning to accept his generosity, and Bruce, who had been smoking silently at the open window, said: "I can take three or four in my bus if the luggage is sent on."

"Oh, are you coming too?" Effie cried joyously.

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"I can run you down, anyway," he answered.

"I sincerely trust that you will stay, my dear fellow," Caesar said with the air of one who confers a knighthood. "Stay as long as you please. It is the very least I can do to offer you hospitality in return for your great kindness to my family during my illness."

"Mr. Mathews is coming too—for part of the time," Bobbie put in. Heather unconsciously raised her eyes to Bruce, and her color deepened as she met his steady regard, and for a breathless moment she wondered whether by some strange insight he guessed what had happened that morning, but he only said quietly, "He's a decent chap. I like Mathews."

"He's got pots of money," Bobbie said with a sort of pride in the man he had always applauded.

Caesar rose from his armchair. "Then one may take it that we shall leave on Friday," he pronounced.

When he had gone Vilette flung away a half-smoked cigarette and stood up. "I'm going out in the garden," she said. "This room is stifling."

Nobody moved for a moment, until Bruce quietly rose and followed her. There was a little silence before Effie said in an aggrieved tone: "It's such rubbish, Vilette talking about her 'rags.' Only yesterday she showed me two lovely frocks which Paddy Jepson bought her when they went to Paris."

Heather looked up quickly. "Which Paddy bought her? Oh, Effie, are you sure?"

Effie nodded. "She said so." And then: "Is it right for men to buy frocks for girls they aren't engaged to? I read in a book somewhere that it was wrong to accept clothes."

Heather made no reply, and when Effie had gone she put down her needlework and covered her face with her hands.

It had been difficult to sit there in front of the family listening to their light-hearted chatter when only an hour before Caesar had called her into his study and had shut the door in his best theatrical manner, telling her to prepare herself for bad news. She had at once imagined that he was worse, but he quickly set her fears at rest.

"My health, thank heaven, is as good as I can expect," he said fervently. "It is merely my financial position which is worrying me and preventing my complete recovery."

And then he had told her, blaming Fate and everyone but himself, that he was at the end of his resources. As far as she could gather from the mass of words with which he tried to cloak the truth, for years they had been dependent upon his very slender capital which had now entirely disappeared.

"I dare not write a cheque," Caesar declared dramatically, "lest it should be dishonored, and what we are to do is beyond my powers to predict. We shall have to leave this house, although I cannot bear the thought of parting from the home to which I brought your dear mother as a bride. I am confiding in you, Heather, because you are the eldest, and because I feel that you alone can sustain me in this, the most severe trial I have ever been called upon to bear."

When, in a moment of weakness, she had said despairingly, "But what are we to do?" he had answered that all his life he had thought for others, and that now others must think for him.

And that was all, and Heather had gone from the room knowing that there was only one way open to her—and that was marriage with Henry Mathews, the man who until three weeks ago had been no more than an unimportant acquaintance of Caesar's.

This morning when Henry Mathews made his amazing proposal she had felt her heart warm towards him, but now it was like stone; this morning she had had a choice, and now she had none. She wondered whether Mathews knew the position; if perhaps Caesar had confided in him. Every nerve in her body shrank from the thought of marriage with a man she did not love, even while she was just enough to realise that if she had not loved someone else it might have been comparatively easy.

She went to the window and looked out over the garden. It would seem very strange to waken and find herself in another house, she thought, and remembered that for years she had not passed a single night away from Tangley.

She was turning away when Bruce's tall figure appeared in the light which fell through the open window. Heather's first impulse was to fly, but no doubt Vilette was with him.

She said: "I believe it's cooler, isn't it? I wonder if we shall have some rain at last," and then, as he did not answer, she asked with a sharper note: "Where is Vilette?"

"She went in some time ago—I'm afraid she is angry with me."

He was in the room now, and Heather moved away from him as she said nervously: "Angry? . . . I'm sorry. What have you done to make her angry?"

He ignored the question, but as she moved towards the door he said: "I want to ask you something, Heather."

She stood still, looking back at him. "To ask me—something?"

"Yes . . ." He was beside her then, looking down at her very earnestly. "Is it true that you have accepted help from Mathews? I mean—money?"

She felt her color rising, but she answered steadily: "Yes, quite true. Who told you?"

"You wouldn't grant me even that privilege?"

Her eyes fell, and her hands gripped each other nervously. "I had to have money," she said at last. "And he is a rich man—and—somehow it was—easier to ask him." With an effort she looked up at him. "I will pay him back, of course—some day. He knows I will."

"How will you pay him back?"

The question was abrupt, almost brutal, and now he moved so that he was between her and the door, making escape impossible, and when she did not speak he repeated his question: "How will you pay him back?"

She tried to answer, but she felt as if she had lost her voice, and there was a silence which seemed an eternity before Bruce said roughly: "By marrying him? Is that how you propose to repay him?"

Heather stood very still, no longer trembling, hardly conscious of his nearness. Two words were beating to and fro in her brain, their insistence shutting out all others:

"High noon! . . . High noon!"

"Heather!" . . . She gave a little start. Bruce's hand was on her arm, hurting her.

"Are you going to marry him?"

She looked up at him then, her lips forming just one word.

"Yes."

She freed her arm quite gently from his touch, her eyes still on his face. "Let me go now," she said. "It's time Caesar was in bed and——"

She stopped, conscious that he was not listening, and presently he said, "So you've given up making the family your excuse, have you? You don't need to hide behind them any longer, or is it a question that can be easily solved by a man with Mathews' money? Perhaps he has promised to adopt them all, is that it? Or are the inducements he offers too great for you to put obstacles in the way——"

Heather dared not look at Bruce, but, after the slightest pause, she went on.

"It seems the best way out—for all of us . . . the best thing I can do—for everyone. I hadn't seen it like that until—until this evening, but . . . We haven't any money, and during the past few years things have got hopelessly worse."

"I have to think of Bobbie's future—and of Effie's, and now there's Caesar. He will want many things I—we can't afford if he is to keep even fairly well and strong. It isn't as if I were still very young—and there's so little I can do to help, and . . . I'm very tired, Bruce——"

She had not meant to appeal to his tenderness, but the words came against her will. "Sometimes I feel that I can't go on much longer; and—you see . . . he's kind—Mr. Mathews, I mean, and it will be like . . . handing over a burden to someone else if—if I——"

She closed her eyes to keep back the tears, and Bruce said harshly, "You don't include Vilette among your responsibilities, or is she one you are willing to hand over to me?" And then, as she was silent, he said with unwilling softening:

"You know I love you, Heather, you must know it. I have tried to tell you a dozen times since I first came here, and you have always made it impossible. Whatever you think or believe, I have never ceased to love you, and when we met again everything was just as it used to be. But you put me off, first with one excuse and then another.

"You talk nonsense about Vilette—you try to pretend that everything is finished between you and me, and you know as well as I do that it's a lie.

"I understand you so well that I can read your thoughts; it's not the last seventeen years that you are holdin' between us, but it's your accursed family. You consider them all before me and even before yourself—you've made an absurd idol of them which you refuse to see does not really exist except in your imagination."

He broke off, breathing heavily, only to go on again ruthlessly. "If you were dead, they would manage without you; none of us are so indispensable that the world would stand still without us. You refused to marry me seventeen years ago for the same reason—I could forgive that, but now, when I beg and implore you, you are willing to sacrifice us both again. You'll marry another man because he can give the family what you think they ought to have, but you'll send me back to the other side of the world as you did before, and convince yourself as you did then, that you're doing the right thing."

He passed a shaking hand across his hair in the old gesture she knew so well. "I hope you'll find happiness in this—this absurd passion for self-sacrifice," he went on hoarsely. "In this—this delight in—in ordering the lives of other people—you can't do it—you must leave it to them. If you—if you think you'll ever get any gratitude for—for what you've done, you're mistaken . . . I've seen enough of it during the last month, Heaven knows; they—they only make use of you and then defy you. Is—is there one of them who ever considers your wishes, or who—who ever lifts a hand to do anything for you in return? You—you throw me over and—and treat me as if I were beneath your consideration because Vilette——"

"She loves you."

"Love!" He laughed contemptuously. "She doesn't know what it means. I know

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as well as you do that she always wants the thing that seems beyond her reach. If I were at her feet she'd laugh at me and turn elsewhere. You won't face the truth, Heather—you won't see that—that the ideal you've made of her—of them all—doesn't exist and never did. You'll go on—go on to the end living in a fool's paradise. You'll marry this man, who is nothing in the world to you, for the sake of what he can do for Bobbie and Effie—and for all of them, and when the inclination moves them, they'll walk out and leave you without a thought or a word of thanks."

He tried to touch her, but she shrank away as he went on passionately, "Marry me, and let me take you away. I'm not a rich man like Mathews, but I've got enough to make it possible. It's time that they were made to feel their responsibilities—Heather! . . ."

There was a long pause. "Well," he said defiantly, "I am waiting for my marching orders."

She met his eyes steadily. "If you are asking me to give up the things that have been my whole life, I can't, Bruce. It would be like running away—deserting."

They looked at each other silently, then Bruce said, "Come here, Heather."

She shook her head and he said again, more urgently, "Come here." She obeyed then, standing before him with downbent head, as if she were a child.

"If I throw up my job in Africa, will you marry me? I shan't have any money—only the little I've saved, but we can manage, somehow. I've never been afraid of work."

With an effort she controlled herself. "I didn't mean to tell you—I feel so ashamed and—and humiliated—even though it's not my fault, but—this morning Caesar said—told me that we're at the end of everything. He hasn't a shilling. I didn't know before—but it seems that for years we've been living on what capital he had, and now—it's all gone. There isn't a shilling . . . he says we can't even pay Bobbie's school bills any more . . . he says we can't pay anyone—so you see . . . I've got to help." She looked up at him and quickly away again. "I didn't mean to tell you—but you're so hard on me . . ." Her voice died away in a whisper.

"And Caesar is willing that you should 'help' him by marrying this man—is that it?"

"He doesn't know . . . I didn't tell him . . . I haven't told anyone, and that's why I can't understand how you . . ."

"Vilette told me."

"Vilette!"

"She knows—I don't know how—but it was she who told me."

"I see."

They looked at each other silently. They were but a step apart, but to both of them it seemed as if the width of the world divided them, even when he put a gentle hand beneath her chin, raising her face.

"You're the only woman I shall ever love, Heather," he said. His voice broke, and he turned sharply away. "But I don't flatter myself that I mean as much to you."

She moved a hand towards him, then let it fall helplessly. "You couldn't keep the whole family, dear," she said tremulously. "Even if . . . if you were the only man I could ever love."

That night, as she lay in bed staring out into the darkness, Vilette came to her . . . to tell her that she and Bruce were engaged.

. . . . . .

Everybody reached Weymouth safely, though Bruce's "van load," as Bobbie called it, arrived an hour before the others. At The Haven Effie rushed from the car, and introduced herself to Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, the caretakers. They were a cheery, middle-aged couple who seemed delighted at the idea of a house party. Then there was a friendly squabble with Vilette as to who should have which room, until Vilette, suddenly making good resolutions, said resignedly that she did not care which she had.

Heather had kept away from the scene of rejoicing, but just before the first "van load" left, she came face to face with Bruce on the stairs. She looked up at him and said a little tremulously: "I want to congratulate you."

"I shouldn't," he answered very quietly, and went on without another word.

The house was only a hundred yards from the shore, which was reached across a rough piece of ground which Mathews informed them he had purchased in order to prevent the erection of bungalows, which would spoil the view.

Heather had gone into the house and was already unpacking and putting things straight. She would have taken one of the smaller rooms for her own, but Mathews told her that she was to be sure to choose a sea view. "This is your holiday first and foremost," he said firmly.

Heather flushed and looked anxiously around, but nobody was listening. As she looked out at the sea a little later from her window she saw Vilette and Bruce crossing the piece of rough ground to the shore. Vilette's arm was through his and she was talking animatedly, her face turned upwards. Heather's first impulse was to draw back, but she did not, for she knew that this was only the beginning of all she would be called upon to bear.

Henry Mathews appeared beneath the window and called to her, "Come down!" and to her over-sensitiveness there already seemed to be a note of proprietorship in his kindly voice; and she thought that perhaps he believed this new proof of his generosity would inevitably break down her resistance.

"In a minute!" she called back gaily, and turned away as Effie burst into the room enthusiastically.

"There are two bathrooms," she said in an awestruck voice. "And there's an enormous garage with room for four cars."

At supper time everyone was infectiously happy and cheerful. John had arrived by train, looking rather out of the seaside picture in his neat blue serge suit, but he woke up sufficiently to make a formal little speech to Henry Mathews, thanking him "on behalf of us all" for his great kindness in making this holiday possible.

And then Bobbie, carried away by his own exuberance, rapped the table and called for a reply, and Henry rose, laughing and self-conscious, and said that if they were all half as pleased as he was, he was completely satisfied.

Perhaps unconsciously he looked at Heather as he spoke, and she smiled and assured him that they were all wonderfully happy. She could feel that from the other end of the long table Bruce was watching her, but she carefully avoided his eyes, though once, when she saw Vilette slip her hand into his, she lost her color and forgot to answer when Bobbie spoke to her.

. . . . . .

For a week there were long, glorious days and heavenly nights, and Heather was feeling wonderfully well. She spent as much time as possible out of doors. She had given up wearing a hat and, following her sister's example, went bare-footed. On the whole she was happy, though sometimes as she watched Vilette she would suffer a moment of unbearable pain which needed hard fighting.

She could see, although she tried to blind herself to it, that Vilette generally took the initiative instead of Bruce; he was attentive and affectionate, but, as Effie shrewdly remarked one day, "I thought the men always did the love-making."

Heather did not ask what she meant, but Effie explained gratuitously: "Bruce doesn't. It's all Vilette! . . . She takes his arm, he doesn't take hers; she calls him darling, and he never calls her anything. It's not my idea of being engaged at all." She looked at her sister consideringly. "Yesterday," she said, "I heard Mr. Mathews call you 'Heather'."

"Did he? That's nothing very dreadful."

Effie wriggled her bare toes into the warm sand. "It sounded all wrong," she pronounced after a moment.

She was silent for a moment, then she said: "And yesterday Vilette had a telegram from Paddy Jepson, and I don't call that right, when she's engaged to Bruce. And she writes to Paddy—and he writes to her. I suppose the next thing will be that he'll come down here and spoil everything."

Effie left her, and Heather leaned back against a huge sandbank which Bobbie had built for her, and closed her eyes. The sun was warm on her face and bare arms, and the soft voice of the sea was a lullaby, but she did not sleep—her mind was too active.

Wasn't Vilette happy?

"Do I intrude?" a voice asked behind her, and she opened her eyes with a start to Henry Mathews' sunburned face.

Heather sat up hurriedly. "No, of course not—I wasn't asleep—I was just divinely comfortable."

He lowered his big body awkwardly to the sand beside her. "Happy?" he asked.

"Very—we all are."

There was a pause, then he said, "I suppose it's time I went home—I meant to stay only a week-end."

"Oh, but why? Don't you like being here? After all, it's your house."

He laughed a little awkwardly. "I've never been so happy in my life," he said simply; then abruptly he asked: "Why can't it go on—for the rest of our lives?"

Heather looked steadily out to sea. "You mean—?" she said slowly.

"You know what I mean."

Funny how her heart was racing and yet she had never felt calmer. It was as if someone had taken her to the edge of a high precipice, someone whom she trusted, and was saying, "Jump!—it's all right—you'll be quite safe," and as if she confidently believed it. Yes, she would be quite safe, she knew that—and she was not afraid, but for a long moment she kept perfectly still before, very gently she moved a hand, laying it on his—on the big broad hand with its many freckles.

"Very well," she said.

. . . . . .

The family said a great deal about the new engagement in very different ways. Vilette was obviously gratified, John bewildered, and Bobbie delighted and not quite sure whether he ought to be. Effie burst into tears and ran away. Bruce, in the midst of the clamor, standing with his back turned looking out over the sea, turned suddenly to Henry with outstretched hand.

"I congratulate you, sir," he said.

Effie crept up to Heather's room later and sat down in her lap as if she had been a

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child again, burying her face in Heather's neck. For a long time neither of them spoke, till Effie said in a whisper: "Nothing will ever be the same any more." And then, with a spark of her old pert interest: "And shall you call him Henry?"

"Darling," Heather said very tenderly, "he's so kind—and he loves us all. Think what it means for anyone to be willing to take us all to live in his home—not only me."

She might truthfully have said, "To live in his heart," for she knew it to be the truth and that in Henry Mathews' generosity he had found room for them all and would give them a great welcome.

Effie's face went down to its hiding place again, and she said: "I wish it had been Bruce—that's all. I should love to have lived with him."

Heather kissed her hair, then suddenly Effie asked brightly: "Can I be bridesmaid?"

Heather laughed at that. "You funny mite! . . . Come along—we mustn't spend such a lovely afternoon indoors."

She thought thankfully that the worst was over, but later in the evening when the men had gone into the town—ostensibly to buy tobacco, for The Haven was four miles outside Weymouth—Vilette suddenly linked her arm in Heather's. "Let's go out," she said, restlessly.

They went down to the sea and walked along the sands. Neither spoke for some time, till Vilette asked abruptly:

"Heather—do you hate it very much?" And then, as her sister did not answer, she said: "Of course I know why you're doing it."

And the silence fell again until she went on: "What a curse money is. If you've got it you're not happy, and if you haven't you're miserable. I think you're miserable, anyway—at least most people are."

"But you're happy?"

Vilette shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, I suppose so—I've got what I wanted—anyway—at least——"

She stopped, and Heather said, "At least—what?"

"Only that nothing ever seems as wonderful as you think it's going to be. Oh, I know I talked a lot of sentimental rubbish that night—before we left Tangley. I believed in it then, I really believed in it, but now . . ." She stopped abruptly.

Heather did not dare to ask what she meant, though presently she said half apologetically, "Perhaps we all expect too much—for ourselves I mean. I know I do."

"You!" Vilette said impatiently, "You're an angel of unselfishness. I just don't understand you . . ." She broke off, to say after a moment, "It's not expecting much to want to be loved, is it?" And then there was another jagged break before she said sullenly, as if the words were forced from her, "And Bruce doesn't love me."

"Oh, Vilette!"

"He doesn't," the younger girl insisted doggedly. "Do you think I dont know? He never kisses me unless I let him see that I expect him to—he's never once called me 'darling' or—or anything like that I—I long to hear." She laughed angrily. "That's an admission, isn't it? And it's true . . . I often think how I told you that I would make him love me—and that I knew I could . . . well, I haven't, and that's all about it."

Heather did not answer, and Vilette laughed and walked on again. "You see! . . . and you know him better than I do, at least I suppose you do . . . What was he like seventeen years ago, when you and he were sweethearts?" she asked suddenly. "Oh, you needn't mind telling me—I can't be hurt any more than I am now, and I want to know. I want to know if you were ever able to—to rouse more feeling—more emotion in him than I can! . . . Other men have been easy enough—but Bruce—She made a despairing gesture. "He isn't a sweetheart at all—he behaves just like an ordinary friend." She laughed rather pitifully. "You see what a pass I've come to, to be able to tell you all this—I'm not really very good at turning myself inside out—but sometimes I feel as if I shall go mad when he—when he . . . Well! you don't answer," she said suspiciously. "You don't even try to make me believe that it's just my imagination when I think he's cold and—and quite indifferent. It's not as if I were plain—or stupid . . ." Her voice trembled.

Heather's heart ached for her. "He was so much younger—when I knew him," she said. "And when people are young it's easier—isn't it—to be . . . romantic. You see—I wasn't quite twenty then—and I was much younger than girls of twenty are today."

Vilette broke in impatiently: "But Bruce was twenty-four, and that isn't a boy."

Then her mood changed suddenly and she laughed.

"Oh, well, it's no use arguing. I shall marry him, even if I regret it ever after. Never mind me! . . . I always talk through my hat, and after all I've done it myself . . . Not that I'm sorry—I wanted him and I still want him. And I mean to keep him," she added slowly. "But all the same, I expect you stand a far better chance of happiness with Henry than I do with Bruce. You'll be an old man's darling, but the trouble is that I shall never be a young man's slave, or anyone's slave." She slipped her arm through Heather's once more. "Let's go back."

They retraced their steps in silence till Vilette said, "If I could only make him jealous! . . . but he doesn't seem to care. I thought—that day I went to Paris with Paddy, he might at least be angry—or . . . but he wasn't. He just said that if it pleased me to go risking my life with a stranger it was my affair . . . Even when I told him that Paddy was in love with me it didn't seem to move him, and yet when he asked me to marry him . . . it seemed real enough then. He held me in his arms and kissed me, and I was happy, though all the time—I expect you'll laugh at this—I remember feeling as if it wasn't me he was kissing—that it wasn't me he wanted to kiss, but someone else who wasn't there, but I was, and so . . . I can't explain."

"You've got too much imagination, Vilette," Heather said brokenly.

"Or not enough," Vilette answered. "Anyway, I'm not going to break my heart for him. If he doesn't kiss me, other people do," she added defiantly.

She said no more until they were in sight of the house and then she remarked airily, "By the way, Paddy Jepson's coming down for the week-end. I asked him." And then, after a moment, "Heather, just tell me this once, and I'll never ask you again as long as I live—on your solemn word of honor, is Bruce still in love with you? And is that why——"

Heather looked at Vilette and was so shocked by the tragic intensity of her eyes that almost unconsciously her lips formed a reply:

"No—he is not in love with me. Oh, Vilette, why will you torture yourself?"

Vilette drew a deep breath. "Well, if you say so," she said slowly. "I always believe what you say, even if I pretend not to."

Heather's heart felt like a stone in her breast. She had told the first deliberate lie of her life, and the shame of it almost overwhelmed her.

. . . . . .

To everyone's amazement, the following morning Henry Mathews announced that he was immediately returning to London.

"Take care of yourself, my dear," he said as he bade Heather good-bye (the family for once all having tactfully disappeared), but he only took her hand without any show of demonstration, though as he turned away Heather caught his arm and shyly raised her face to kiss him.

He got very red as her soft lips touched his cheek.

"And thank you a thousand times for everything," she said.

"And you a million times," he answered.

Heather was conscious of a sense of loss as she watched his big car drive away. She and the family were going to miss Henry, she knew. He was always so kind and cheery—so ready to enter into everything, so happy in giving happiness to others.

Later in the day a wire arrived from Paddy, saying that he was flying down and would land at Plymouth aerodrome the following afternoon.

"We must go and meet him," Bruce said at once.

Vilette frowned. If she had hoped Bruce would be annoyed by Paddy's arrival, she could see that she was to be disappointed. Bruce's car arrived at the aerodrome before Paddy could possibly be there. When Paddy's machine did appear, Vilette, Bobbie, and Effie hurried towards it. Bruce glanced over his shoulder as he sat at the driving wheel.

"Won't you go, too?" he said to Heather.

She hesitated. "I don't know . . . I—do you think I ought to go?"

"I only thought you would prefer not to stay with me," he answered.

She flushed and bit her lip. "That's not very kind, Bruce," she said.

"Kind!" he said with a shrug, and then suddenly he flung open the door without another word, and followed the two girls and Bobbie across the wide landing ground.

Heather was thrilled in spite of herself. Now that it was on the ground, the machine seemed so small and inadequate, although Bobbie explained volubly that it was a four-seater—a new type of machine which Paddy was "trying out."

In spite of Henry's absence supper was a joyous, noisy meal. It had been a happy evening, Heather thought, when she went to bed, and yet later on, looking back, it seemed as if from the moment that little aeroplane dived out of the sky everything began to go wrong.

In the first place Vilette flirted shamefully with Paddy—even slightly embarrassing him; she gave him first place in her attention, driven by the insane idea that if only she could rouse Bruce to jealousy all would be well.

But Bruce seemed imperturbable. He was very friendly with Paddy, even going to the length of allowing him to drive his car. Saying he wanted a long walk, Bruce went off soon after breakfast. Vilette waved him good-bye quite gaily, and in less than ten minutes she had gone down with Paddy to bathe.

Heather longed to tell her that she was behaving foolishly, but she felt that it would do no good.

In the afternoon Heather went down to the sands, slipped off her shoes and waded in the tiny rippling waves. She thought of

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Bruce—of Mathews. She did not love Henry, but he would be good to her. Surely there was not another man in the world who would so gladly have tucked the whole family under his wing, and in so doing found happiness.

With Bruce out of England it would be easier—with Bruce . . . she turned to retrace her steps, and found herself face to face with him. Bruce was barefooted as she was. He had tied his shoes together by the laces, and slung them round his shoulders, and his flannel shirt was open at his sunburned throat.

"I had no idea you were here!" Heather said breathlessly. "How long have you been following me?"

"For some time—I saw you leave the house," Bruce replied.

"It must be nearly five o'clock—but it was such a lovely afternoon I felt I must stay out. Shall we go back? And where is everyone?"

"They are not hiding in my coat pockets," Bruce said with faint sarcasm. "Although from your point of view, I suppose they should be."

She tried to laugh. "What nonsense! . . . I only thought—meant——"

"Meant that you hoped you were not to be forced into a tete-a-tete with me, of course. Well, I am afraid that this time there is no escape."

She had nothing to say, and he asked, after a moment, "Well, are you satisfied now you have got your own way, and have successfully ruined my life and your own? Not to mention Vilette and that poor devil Mathews. He laughed. "It should be interesting to see what happens in the future."

They walked some way in silence, and Heather noticed that already the sunshine had clouded over and that the sea looked grey.

Then Bruce said bluntly, "And do you expect to love Mathews—in time?" His voice was bitterly ironical, his moody eyes rested on her face. "Perhaps you will," he answered his own question. "I know you will if it's humanly possible and if you believe it to be your duty. Duty! . . . How I loathe that word." And then the silence fell again.

It was Heather who spoke next, with infinite difficulty. "If you think Vilette will not be happy Bruce . . . and yet, I know she loves you—I know she does, and if only you'd be kinder—more understanding . . ."

"Would you find it easy—to force yourself to show affection to a man who was nothing to you? Could you go up to Jepson, for instance, and put your arms round his neck . . . as you used to with me, Heather . . . and . . . and . . ."

She said voicelessly, "You are very cruel."

He caught her up quickly. "When you are so kind!—Is that what you would like to say?" And then: "If I had Mathews' money I suppose it would all be easy—straightforward. You would marry me in order to put the family in comfort for the rest of their lives; you would——"

She looked up at him, her eyes dark with pain. "That is the cruellest thing you have ever said to me," she whispered.

Bruce did not speak till they were at the house, then he said, "I'm sorry . . . forgive me."

She just touched his hand. "There's nothing to forgive."

On Monday there was a violent thunderstorm. Vilette said that of course it would be wet on Paddy's last day.

"My last day, too," Bruce said.

She raised startled eyes, her color fading. "But you're not going," she said blankly.

He smiled at her. "I'm afraid so. I shall leave the car for you, as Jepson has very kindly offered to fly me back to London. My leave isn't intended to be all holiday, you know."

Vilette made no reply, but presently she left the room, shutting the door behind her with a little slam. Jepson fidgeted. He had not had too happy a time at The Haven. He was very sincerely in love with Vilette, and he had hated the three-cornered position. He had no thought of criticising Vilette, and yet her manner towards Bruce made him feel awkward and ashamed. On the whole he was glad to be going back, even though Vilette had extracted a promise from him to come again as soon as possible.

Vilette went up to her room and banged that door, too, turning the key behind her.

What a muddle she had made of everything! . . . She had flirted with Paddy Jepson very much as a gambler who has lost will fly to drink, and she realised, even as a gambler realises afterwards, that it had done no good.

Heather! . . . Vilette moistened her dry lips, and asked herself for the hnudredth time if Heather had found him such a half-hearted lover seventeen years ago.

After a while there came a step on the stairs which she knew; it paused in the doorway, but she did not look round.

"Come out, Vilette," Bruce said very gently.

She stood up, still not turning. "You don't want me," she said.

He came into the room, standing beside her. She bit her lip to control a sob that rose in her throat.

"Come out," he said again, "I want to talk to you."

She shook her head. "I don't want to come if you're asking me only because you think you ought to——" and then impulsively, "don't go—I'm sorry, too. I don't know what's the matter with me. I try so hard to keep my temper, and it's no good. I'm all on edge, Bruce." Her voice was shaking. "I don't want you to go away—I shall be miserable without you. I suppose you're tired of me, that's what it is——" and now she turned, catching at his arm with a theatrical gesture.

"Oh, please don't be tired of me," she whispered.

He drew her hand down, but kept it in his. "Come out," he said again. "I want to talk to you."

They went out into the darkness and down to the sea, walking a little distance in silence before Bruce spoke.

"Vilette—if you'd like our engagement to end——" The words were kind, even gentle, but she immediately read into them the interpretation she dreaded.

"You are tired of me. I knew you were! I'm never wrong about people I—like. What have I done? . . . tell what have I done!"

"You haven't done anything," Bruce answered rather wearily. "But we're always quarrelling—we're never friends for more than an hour or two."

"I don't want to be friends with you," she said stormily. And longed to hear him say the word "Sweetheart," but that was beyond him, and she went on hopelessly, "I think it's much more a question as to whether you would like our engagement to end—perhaps the wish is father to the thought—perhaps . . ." She bit her lip hard.

Bruce stood still, his hands on her shoulders. "Vilette, will you listen to me, and try to believe that I want to do only what is best for you and for your happiness? There can never be any lasting peace for us if you cannot——" he faltered, "if you cannot make up your mind to be happy and content. If you worry yourself so... needlessly now, when we have only been—engaged such a short time—can't you see that it will be infinitely more difficult later on? If we marry, and you go back to Africa with me, we shall be away from all your people and then——"

She broke in feverishly. "I wish we were there now—I want to get away from them all—it's they who make me restless and miserable—oh, I want to get away."

But once again she was meaning Heather. Her mind was always groping hungrily around her sister—for something definite on which it could fasten—for some absolute proof that would once and for all put an end to her doubt one way or the other.

There was a little silence, then Bruce said, "I have to go back at the beginning of October—I had hoped to be able to stay longer, but I can't. Will you come with me when I go?"

In a flash she was asking herself, "Hadn't he all along meant to take me—is this the first time he has thought of it?" and then came the quick revulsion, and she was clinging to him with a torrent of broken words:

"I wish we could go now—I shall never be happy till I know you belong to me . . . Oh, Bruce, I will try—but you don't understand—I know you don't understand, and I can't explain, and if I could, it would just seem silly to you—all about nothing, though it's so real to me. She moved her hands helplessly. "It's like something always dodging me—something that walks beside me all the time and won't go away—like a shadow."

She turned her face against his arm. "Say you love me, Bruce," she whispered, and he answered steadily, "I do love you."

It was no more and no less than the truth. He did love her—and if the avowal made her happy, of what use was it to remember that it was only the same as his love for Effie—for them all!

She stood on tiptoe to kiss him. "Will you put the banns up when you get to London?" she asked tremulously.

"Yes—if I may."

. . . . . .

Everyone except Heather went to the aerodrome on Tuesday morning to see Bruce and Jepson fly away. Bobbie drove them back in Bruce's car. From the window Heather saw them drive up, but she did not go out to meet them. She had had her bad moment when Bruce came to say good-bye to her, but he had only shaken hands with her and said carelessly, "I'll tell you about the wedding arrangements when I come down again."

Something had caught her by the throat, but she had said quietly: "Yes—I shall want to hear all about it."

His handsome face twisted into a smile. "You look very sweet this morning, Heather," he said, and then left her.

. . . . . .

With Bruce in London, the following week at The Haven passed rather quietly for everyone except Bobbie, who, having Bruce's car with which to amuse himself, found his time fully occupied.

Caesar had not seemed very well just lately, but one morning he looked up cheerfully as Heather entered the smaller of the three sitting-rooms, which had been given up to him. "I have received a letter which may interest you," he said. "You may remember that some weeks ago I answered an

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advertisement which enquired for the relatives of one William Aston. I am well aware that at the time I was held up to ridicule. This," he held the letter aloft with an air of triumph, "is in reply to the information I forwarded. It is merely a formal acknowledgment of my letter," Caesar was forced to admit, "but it requests me to forward further particulars, various dates, etc. So you see that your father is not always wrong in his intuition."

Heather left him to his day-dreams, ashamed because the thought had flashed so quickly into her mind that if there should prove to be anything in this letter, it would no longer be necessary for her to marry Henry Mathews.

How ungrateful of her! . . . And it was so unlikely that Caesar's hopes would ever be realised.

Henry, who had written that he was coming, arrived punctually at five. "Why, where's the family?" he asked.

Effie explained. "John's gone for a ten-mile walk, Caesar's asleep, and Bobbie's over at Plymouth at the aerodrome."

"And Logan?" Henry enquired.

"He may come down for the week-end," Effie answered, "but we're not sure; he had to go to London on business."

"And Vilette?"

"She went out, sailing with a new boy-friend," Effie said flippantly. "He's not anything exciting, but I suppose she thinks he's better than nobody."

At supper time Vilette put in an appearance, looking very well and pretty. Bobbie turned up half an hour later, and Vilette said at once, "'You can't have the car tomorrow, I'm going to learn to drive it myself."

Bobbie flushed. "You couldn't," he said sharply. "You'd only muck it up, and Bruce would hate that."

She answered calmly that she was the best judge of what Bruce would like, and that she had arranged to have her first lesson at half-past nine the following morning.

Henry threw oil on the troubled waters by reminding them that his car was now at everyone's disposal, and the argument ceased, although almost immediately everyone looked glum when he announced that the following day he was taking Heather for a long drive around the country.

"What—all day?" Effie demanded.

Heather tried to speak, but Henry silenced her. "All day," he said firmly.

"What's going to become of us?" Effie demanded.

Heather looked at Henry. "'Couldn't we take Effie and Bobbie?"

"We could not," he answered. "I've promised myself this drive all the week, and I'm not going to be disappointed. We shall start at 10.30."

But Heather still felt reluctant when the morning came. She had given Priddy strict orders to look after Caesar and to watch that Effie did not get into mischief. Vilette had already departed in Bruce's car with her new friend, whom she called Dick, a shy-looking youth, who seemed almost overwhelmed by his responsibility. The telephone was ringing as Heather went to put on her hat.

In response to her "Hullo!" she heard, "Bruce here—is that you, Heather?"

"Yes—Vilette has just gone out—can I give her a message?"

"Only that I shall be down to-night."

"Oh, will you?" She was suddenly conscious of the eagerness in her voice, and she added more quietly, "Vilette will be glad. I think she has missed you." And that was not the truth, she realised with a pang, because since the first Vilette had seemed perfectly happy and occupied.

There was a little silence, then Bruce said stiltedly, "I'm afraid she's not very pleased with me, Heather," and then, as she did not speak, he added with forced cheerfulness, "Well, I shall see you later."

When she and Henry turned onto the main road they saw Vilette ahead of them, having her first driving lesson. Vilette saw them and brought Bruce's big car to a difficult standstill with much grinding of brakes.

"How are you getting on?" Henry asked cheerily.

"She's a fine pupil," Dick answered a little shyly.

"Bruce rang up just now," Heather said. "He will be down this evening."

She was quick to notice Vilette's frown and the way her lips tightened. "Well, we may not be back, she said carelessly.

"But he won't be here till the evening," Heather said again.

Vilette shrugged her shoulders. "Well, he won't find an empty house," she said casually.

"Or a smashed-up car, I hope," Henry added with a smile, and drove on again. "A difficult young lady," he said to Heather, "I'm not sure than I envy Logan."

"She's very fond of him," Heather said defensively.

Henry raised his brows. "It's not my business," he said, after a moment, "but more than once it has occurred to me that nothing will come of that engagement."

She said quickly, "Bruce went to London partly to make arrangements for the wedding. She will go back to South Africa with him when his leave is up."

Henry said, "Hmph," and stared ahead of him down the road.

"What are you thinking about?" Heather asked presently.

He glanced down at her. "About us," he said frankly. "Are we going to make a success of it, Heather?"

She flushed a little, but she met his eyes frankly. "If we don't it won't be my fault," she answered.

"I know that," he said quickly, "but sometimes—this last week, I've wondered if I'm doing the right thing. I'm old enough to be your father."

Heather swallowed a little lump that would rise in her throat. "Well?" she said gently.

"And you're still a young woman."

She smiled now. "Well?" she said again.

He laughed. "If you don't see any difficulty, I'm not going to make any," he told her, and he was silent for a moment before he said, "You asked me the other day why I had never married. Will it be in order if I ask you the same question?"

She looked away from him towards the sea. "Nobody has asked me—since I was quite young," she said at last. "I had a—sweetheart—but it's years ago, and then—when my mother died, I stayed to look after the children."

"You would," Mathews said bluntly, and then presently, "What became of him?"

"He went away." With a great effort she rallied to say, "But it's so long ago—I was only eighteen."

"I should like to have known you when you were eighteen."

Heather laughed. "You wouldn't. I was very—young, even for eighteen. I believed in fairies and that the moon was made of gold and that . . . that . . . everything always came right in the end."

"You don't believe it now."

"Not in the same way. I don't think anyone can, when they grow older."

"That doesn't sound as if you've been too happy."

"Oh, but I have," she protested. "I've always been busy, and I think that makes you happy. You wouldn't believe what a handful the children have been. Effie was always so delicate, and Vilette was always doing dangerous and unexpected things—she's the most like Caesar of us all."

"She doesn't seem to have altered."

Heather said quickly, "But she always comes through safely. She has a lot of common sense, and she's very warm-hearted. If she's happy she'll make a fine woman."

"It won't be too easy to make her happy," he said rather abruptly. "She expects too much."

Mathews talked on ordinary subjects after that, drawing her attention to the countryside, telling her that his grandmother was born in a village close by and what a fine woman she was.

He drove up with a flourish to the old Royal Lion Hotel in the steep High Street of Lime Regis, and turned to give Heather his hand. His eyes said proudly, "My wife," as he followed her through the low doorway, and it would almost have broken his heart could he have known the coldness of hers, and the effort it was to face him across the table and to smile.

She thought passionately, "If only I could love him." It would be such a happy solution, but one which she knew would never be realised.

Afterwards they drove for miles through the country, where already the trees were showing the first touch of autumn. They did not talk very much, and Heather was glad.

They were still some miles from Tide Haven when heavy drops of rain began to fall. Heather started when Henry said, "Enjoyed it?"

"It's been lovely—so peaceful."

"The best day I've ever had," he said simply, and then as the rain increased he suggested stopping at a small wayside cottage where they could get tea. There was a fire in the small sitting-room, and they had tea in its warmth and watched the pelting rain on the windows. It seemed to get dark very quickly, and Heather said restlessly, "I think we ought to start back, don't you?"

Mathews stood up. He looked very big and clumsy in the tiny room. "Before we go," he said huskily, and stopped.

Heather looked up at him; she knew what was coming, and she tried to smile as she met the intensity of his eyes.

"They used to call it 'naming the day' when I was a youngster," he said.

For an instant she felt her whole body shrink from him, then with an effort she held out her hand. "When you like," she said.

Mathews' kindly face grew very red. "October the eighteenth is my birthday," he said. "If you feel you could marry me—for a birthday present."

She wondered if he saw the trembling of her lips. "October the eighteenth, then," she said gently, even while her heart cried out, "Not quite two months in which to believe to myself."

They drove back through the falling rain almost silently. Effie saw them from the window and ran to the front door. "I'm glad someone's come," she said. "Bruce and I have had tea all by ourselves, and the others are all out. Bruce got here by an earlier train, and drove from Weymouth in a taxi.

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He's brought me a huge box of chocolates."

She hung on Heather's arm as they went to the drawing-room, where Bruce stood with his back to the fire. He came forward and shook hands with Heather and then with Henry, who had followed.

She went upstairs to take off her hat, followed by Effie. "Where is Vilette?" Heather said.

"She came in to lunch and brought Dick with her, and he's not half bad," Effie said ingenuously. "But he wouldn't stay after lunch, and when he'd gone Vilette went out with Bobbie. Did you have a nice day?"

"Very nice. We went to Lyme Regis." Then abruptly, "Why did Vilette go out when she knew Bruce was coming?"

Effie shook her head. "I think she didn't expect him so early. She went out with Bobbie."

Heather went to the window. "They'll be wet through," she said.

"Oh, no, they won't. They took the car."

"It's nice to see a fire, anyhow," Heather said, and then, "I think I'll just go and see if Caesar is awake."

Caesar woke when she entered his little sanctum. "It's chilly in here, and we've got a fire in the drawing-room, so won't you come in?" she said.

Caesar followed her, and she left him to talk to Henry, while she went to see about supper. It was the Jennings' night out, and so Priddy was in supreme command of the kitchen.

"The apple pudding smells good," Heather said kindly. "Shall I lay the cloth for you, Priddy?"

"It's all laid," Priddy answered, complacently. "I believe in getting things done."

Heather went back to the fire and listened while Caesar told Henry Mathews the story of the letter relating to the estate of a William Aston, which had arrived that day, and Heather felt touched and amused when she saw that Henry looked quite resentful, as if he objected to anything that might rob him of his privileges.

"Of course," Caesar said grandly, "it may lead to a dead end, but there is nothing so strange in fiction as there sometimes is in real life, and I must admit that I am filled with optimism."

Bruce and Effie came back from a walk, flushed with the wind and the spray. "It's glorious," Effie said with enthusiasm. "The spray broke right over us, didn't it, Bruce? Oh, I wish the sea could always be rough."

"I wish Vilette and Bobbie would come in," Heather said.

"I expect the car's broken down," Effie announced, with a look at Bruce. "I'll bet it has if Vilette's been trying to drive."

"She can't do it much harm," Bruce answered. "I'm not worrying." Just then the telephone bell rang. "I'll go," he said, and went out into the hall, closing the door behind him.

When he reopened the door he spoke without entering. "It's for Mr. Mathews," he said, and the door closed again behind both men.

Bruce came back. He stood in the doorway, and in the darkness of the room it was impossible to see his face. "They've rung up from the aerodrome," he said. "Effie was right—the car has broken down. Mathews and I are going over to fetch them."

Heather turned quickly, but he had already gone.

"The aerodrome!" she said, looking at Effie.

Effie shrugged her shoulders. "I knew it! I heard them talking," she said in triumph. "They didn't want me to hear, but I did hear something about going to Plymouth. They are a couple of mean cats! They might have taken me with them."

"But surely they can't have been flying on such an afternoon?" Heather said, blankly, and she went quickly to the window. Henry's car was already almost out of sight.

It was a quiet supper table. When supper was over, Heather could not settle to anything, and presently when she felt she would not be missed she put on a thick coat and slipped out.

It was quite dark now. The wind took her breath away, but she fought her way down to the main road, the rain beating down on her uncovered head, her hands icy cold.

Why were they so long returning? At last in the distance there was a faint glow of light which grew bigger. She moved out into the middle of the road, groped in the pocket of her mackintosh for a handkerchief, and waved it.

The car stopped, and Bruce got out, groped through the darkness and found her, holding her fast.

"Heather—why have you come?" and at once she realised that his voice had changed, was unlike his voice, and she said shrilly, "Where are they? . . . Why don't they speak? Aren't they with you? Aren't they with you?" Her voice rose to a cry.

She craned forward towards the car, and although it was too dark to see clearly, instinctively she knew there was nobody with him. She could feel the grip of his arms, and that seemed the only real thing in the world, the one thing that kept her from falling, or from going mad.

"Heather! . . . listen to me . . . you must be brave, Heather. Their plane's missing . . . they think it came down on the sea. . . ."

. . . . . .

Looking back upon that tragic night, Heather could never understand how she lived through it. They were forced to lie to Effie—to Caesar—even to poor old Priddy, whose self-control was never her strong point. The hours were an unending nightmare, only made supportable by Bruce, whose courage and confidence never wavered.

When Effie and Caesar were safely in bed, Heather crept downstairs to the drawing-room, where Bruce and John were waiting with strained attention for the telephone to ring. They felt that it would even be a relief to be told the worst—it was the suspense that could not be borne.

At midnight the wind seemed to have dropped a little, though the thunder of the waves boomed like guns.

Heather went to the window and drew aside the curtain, but it was too dark to distinguish anything, though she stood there with her face pressed to the cold pane until Bruce gently drew her away.

"Try to be patient, just for a little longer," he said. Heather shrank away from him and went back to the fire, holding her hands to its warmth. She started violently when a clock somewhere struck the half-hour.

The hours dragged by; two! . . . three! . . . four! . . . five! . . . till the first streak of daylight showed faintly against the darkness, and at last they heard the sound of a car through the silence.

Heather was at the door before they could stop her, running wildly down the road, but it was only Henry, haggard and weary.

He half carried her back to the house, but he shook his head sorrowfully as he met Bruce's eyes.

"Why have you come back without them?" Heather reproached him over and over again. "Why have you come back without them?"

John followed Henry into the hall. "Do you think—is there?" He could not finish the question that trembled on his lips.

And Henry's voice broke as he answered: "Heaven only knows—it's impossible to do anything more till daylight. They've sent wireless messages all round the coast—and to any ships that might have been in the vicinity . . . near enough to help . . . The machine was a hydroplane—that gives one a faint hope."

He stopped with a gesture of utter helplessness. He looked dazed and ill, and his cheery face had lost its color.

They went back to Heather, she was at the window again, staring towards the sea with strained eyes. Suddenly she turned, catching her breath as a little voice broke the silence of the house.

"Hea-ther?" and a moment later Effie appeared in the doorway. She was in her nightgown, and barefooted. Her hair was rough, and her eyes still heavy with sleep.

Bruce went towards her. "It's all right, dear—there's been a slight accident to the car, as we told you." His voice was quite steady. "They haven't got home yet—we're just waiting to see—we're just waiting till they come. There's no need to worry; let me take you back to bed. You'll catch cold—you shall hear all about it in the morning."

Her waking eyes wandered round the room—to John—to Henry—to Heather, and then suddenly she evaded Bruce's outstretched arm and rushed to her sister, clasping her round the waist, and crying out, "What's happened to them? What's happened?"

Heather's lips moved, but she could not speak. The tragic silence was broken at last by the sharp ringing of the telephone bell.

For an instant nobody moved—they just looked at one another with ashen faces. Then Bruce strode to the door, followed by Henry Mathews. Bruce's hand shook as he lifted the receiver.

"What is it?" Mathews asked urgently. "Have they . . . is there?" His voice died away as Bruce reeled back against the wall.

"They've had news . . . one of the fishing boats—late last night . . . they found wreckage . . . that's . . . all."

Mathews tightened his grip. "Pull yourself together, man. . . ." He spoke in a hoarse undertone. "Think of the others . . . Here—stay where you are—I'll tell them something . . . anything . . ."

He went back to the drawing-room, closing the door behind him. "No news yet," he said, with forced calmness. "They'll ring us again as soon as there's anything to tell. It's light enough now for a proper organised search."

He almost broke down as he looked at Heather. She was holding Effie in her arms, and the tragic faces of both girls were turned to him in terror. He went on with a valiant effort:

"It'll soon be broad daylight, and then there'll be news—you'll see—we shall have

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news soon . . . Logan and I are going to help—you shall know as soon as we know anything ourselves." His strained face twisted into the semblance of a smile. "You get dressed, Miss Effie," he said, encouragingly. "Not that that nightgown isn't vastly becoming——"

He stopped speaking, and there was a profound silence before Mathews turned to John. "Stay with them," he said abruptly, and was gone.

Five minutes later, he and Bruce had left the house, two white-faced men driving through the pearly dawn on a mission which both of them knew to be hopeless.

It was Mathews who spoke first. "Is that—all they told you?"

Bruce nodded. "They said . . . floating wreckage . . . and a coat—a boy's . . . striped blazer . . . Bobbie's, I suppose——" His voice broke.

The big car swerved for an instant beneath Mathews' hand. He had always known, as they all knew, that Bobbie was Heather's best beloved.

. . . . . .

Heather stood waiting as Bruce shut the door. Then suddenly he moved across the little space that divided them and took her in his arms, pressing her head against him so that she could not see his face.

"They've . . . found them . . . Bobbie . . ."

She heard her own voice speaking, lifelessly echoing that beloved name—"Bobbie?"

"Safe, thank heaven—but . . . Vilette——" and then suddenly his head came down to her shoulder and she heard him sob as he said, "She's dead . . . she . . she's dead."

There was a long silence during which her arms closed around him mechanically while they clung together like two children who find themselves alone in the darkness.

It was Heather who spoke first—and her voice was so quiet that it seemed to come from a great distance:

"Tell me——"

"They were picked up by a sailing vessel—fifteen miles out. It was a hydroplane or—or—it would have been all over. They were forced down by the storm—Heaven knows how they kept afloat at all in that sea . . . It was nearly the end . . . when they were seen; the machine was breaking up fast, and they only—got them—after—after—you see . . . it was almost dark and the waves . . . Vilette . . . she died almost as soon as they—got her on board . . . she was so brave . . . Bobbie says."

But he could not go on and the silence fell again, till Bruce gently disengaged himself from her arms, though he kept her hands in his.

"They've taken the pilot to hospital . . . he was badly injured—but Bobbie will be here directly. I came on—first—to tell you."

"The pilot," Heather said vaguely; she had forgotten that there had been a third life.

"What do you think Bobbie said this morning?" Effie demanded.

Heather momentarily discarded the task of checking her account books. "What did he say?" she asked.

"That when he leaves school he means to join the air service," and then receiving no reply she went on, "I should have thought he'd had enough of flying—wouldn't you?"

. . . . . .

They had been back at Tangley a week, but as yet nobody seemed to be able to settle down. Everything seemed different—changed—as if they all realised that they would be at Tangley only for a short while—as if it were just somebody else's furnished house which had been lent to them.

Heather smiled as Effie left the room, but then the worried lines deepened in her tired face as, for the hundredth time, she tried to look ahead and to pierce the clouds that seemed to obscure the future.

Caesar, Bruce, Henry Bobbie—they all seemed to be quietly waiting for her to say what was to be done, and the knowledge overwhelmed her.

Bruce was living in London, though he often came down to see them, and Heather knew that he was quieter, older perhaps, and unhappy, but she had never spoken to him alone since that morning at Weymouth when he took her in his arms after telling her of Bobbie's rescue and Vilette's death.

Even Bobbie seemed different; more grown-up and responsible, and Heather always shrank from the memory of how he had come back to her and had tried in his stumbling, boyish way to tell her something of the tragedy through which he had lived.

"No, I wasn't frightened—nor was Vilette—she was wonderful. And the pilot—he saved our lives really—I hope I shall be half as good a pilot as he is . . . No—I don't think we thought we were going to die . . . Vilette laughed and said it was a real adventure at last—something she'd always wanted . . . But when it got dark . . . she hung on to me and I tried to hold her so that the waves wouldn't break in her face . . . It wasn't much good, though . . . she began to get very quiet . . . that's all I noticed, and then . . . the ship came along—and picked us up. She was unconscious then . . . I think."

That was all he would tell her, and he had never spoken of it since. His one admitted regret was that he had lost his blazer, an old one for which he had a great affection.

"I gave it to Vilette—she was cold . . . but it got washed away."

And then there was Henry Mathews—Henry, whose stolid, square-shouldered figure stood to Heather for safety, now that Bruce was no longer in the house. Whenever she thought of Henry it was with tears in her heart, knowing that nothing she could do in all her life could repay his great-heartedness and goodness to them all.

Once, in an effort to awaken interest, Heather had asked her father about the fantastic legacy, but he had only said: "Oh, that! . . . I'm afraid it's gone into the rag-bag with all my dreams, my dear."

Then one morning she had a letter from Bruce:

"My dear Heather: Will you come to town and lunch with me, on Monday? If you do not mind, I should like to lunch in my rooms—we can talk more easily there. I will meet you at Waterloo if you can come, and if you will let me know what time you arrive.—Yours, Bruce."

. . . . . .

Bruce took Heather up to his rooms, and left her to put the car away. There was a litter of pipes, cigarettes and papers on the mantelpiece in the sitting-room, and on a side table, a newspaper flung down on a chair, and (she was quick to notice this) a bowl of her favorite flowers, violets on the lunch table.

She bent down to inhale their fragrance, and it was like a breath from the past, from the old days when Bruce had complained, "Violets . . . but they don't cost anything," when she had protested that she would rather have them than more expensive flowers.

She turned away from the memory and stood at the open door that led to his bedroom. The room was very neat, almost bare. She did not go in. She took off her hat and laid it down on the couch in the sitting-room.

She was standing by the fire when Bruce came back and she turned with a smile. "It's nice here," she said. "It's so quiet—you wouldn't think it was right in the heart of London," and then as he did not answer, "Did Vilette ever come here, Bruce?"

"No."

There was a little silence before he asked, "Shall we have lunch now or——"

"Have it now, I think."

He rang the bell and then went to the sideboard and mixed something for her to drink. "It's very mild," he said as she hesitated, "I haven't forgotten." He raised his glass with a little smile.

"All my love, Heather," he said very quietly.

Her eyes wavered, but somehow subterfuge seemed to be dead between them and she answered, "All mine."

Lunch was a poor pretence, although she could see that he had chosen it with infinite pains, and when the man had brought coffee Bruce said, "That will do; you need not come again till I ring."

He drew a big chair up to the fire for Heather, but he remained standing, his shoulders against the mantelpiece.

"It was kind of you to come, Heather," he said, and then, as she did not speak, "I wanted to tell you that I shall be going away—back to South Africa—in a fortnight's time." He had been staring past her towards the window, but now his eyes came back to her face. "What are we going to do, my darling?" he asked.

She shook her head. "We're still where we always were," she said faintly. "I've still got Caesar and the family, and we still haven't any money."

"Is that all that keeps us apart, Heather?"

"You know it is."

He said very quietly, "We'll take them with us, Caesar, and then Effie and Bobbie. I'll manage somehow—with you."

She turned her cheek to caress the hand that rested on her shoulder, and suddenly she thought of another hand, a square hand brown-freckled, that had been so willing to hold them all in its clasp, and she gently released herself and went back to the big chair. And presently she said:

"There's still Henry—I'd forgotten Henry . . . No, let me speak," as he made an involuntary gesture. "We owe him money—he has helped Caesar over and over again, and he paid all the bills when Caesar was ill. He's been the most wonderful friend we could ever have—but you know that. How can I just walk away and leave him after all he has done? Oh, you know what I feel—you know that the only happiness I can see anywhere for myself lies with you, but——"

"Does Henry know about us—that I love you—that you love me?" She shook her head and Bruce asked: "Do you think if he knew, he would still wish you to marry him? He is too fine a man for that, Heather."

He bent over her, imprisoning her with a hand on either arm of the big chair, and she looked up at him silently. "Which of us comes first?" he asked. "It's for you to say."

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HIGH NOON

"You know," she answered, and then with a sob, "I'll tell him the truth. I'll tell him."

"What will you tell him?"

She answered simply: "That I love you with all my heart and soul—that I have always loved you."

He took her hand, raising it to his lips in the old remembered way, holding it there for a moment before he let it go again and moved away from her.

She wanted to say, "Won't you kiss me? Won't you take me in your arms?" But she was so utterly weary that though her lips moved she could not find the words.

He seemed to understand, for he said almost roughly, "I must be sure, Heather—I must be quite sure of you. You've put so much between us all these years that I couldn't bear it if even now your love for them proved stronger than your love for us."

She said simply: "It's never been stronger, but you know——"

He smiled a little sadly. "I know that when I'm not with you, you're like the princess in Effie's story-book who heard the horns calling, and who went in search of them, forgetting about the very ordinary man on earth who loved her."

"I've never forgotten," she said again.

. . . . . .

It was late when Heather got home and almost dark. Bruce had insisted upon telephoning to Bobble to tell him to meet her at the station. They were some way up the road before Bobble said, as if it were entirely a secondary consideration, "Something's happened, Heather—you'll never guess."

She turned to him in quick alarm. "Oh, Bobble——"

"Nothing bad," he hastened to say. "It's only that old legacy of Caesar's . . . I believe he's going to get it after all."

"Going to get it," Heather said in bewilderment.

"Um. He's had a letter from the lawyer. Of course there are still some 'formalities,' I think he called them, to go through, and to make sure about, but Caesar seems to think it's a dead cert. It's a lot of money, too—about sixty thousand pounds."

"Oh, Bobble!"

Heather felt utterly dazed and bewildered. "Are you sure? I simply can't believe it!" she said. "It's too wonderful. Oh, supposing after all it's a mistake?"

"Well, Caesar'll tell you all about it," Bobble said in a rather bored tone. "He told me, but that was only because I was the only one handy, and he had to tell someone." He shrugged his shoulders good-naturedly as Heather ran past him into the house; women always got excited about things.

Heather went quietly enough to Caesar's room, although she was trembling with excitement. The room was in darkness, except for the firelight, but she could see Caesar in his armchair, his head resting against its padded back, his beautiful hands, which he so proudly boasted had never done a day's work, folded on his knees.

She went forward timidly. "Father!" And as he did not speak she laid a hand on his.

But Caesar did not move or answer; fear had gone far away with his dreams, where nothing could ever again disturb his serenity.

. . . . . .

Bobble dragged the last strap of the big bag into its place, and stood up, wiping his forehead with his sleeve.

"That's that," he said with satisfaction. He looked across the room to where Effie sat by the window, her chin propped in her hands, looking with gloomy eyes at the strapped trunk with its black-and-white label, which read, "Capetown." With a quiver in her voice she said, "Won't it be simply awful without her."

"Of course it won't be awful," Bobble retorted firmly. "We're lucky. You're so mighty fond of fairy stories that I wonder you can't see this is better than any of that rubbish. Look at the home we've got!—look at old Henry—look at that legacy which nobody ever thought for a minute would have anything in it! If you don't call that a happy ending you're balmy."

Events seemed to have tumbled over one another in such quick succession that Effie had hardly been able to realise them, but now with that "Capetown" label on the big trunk staring at her from the other side of the room, she felt the necessity for "sorting herself out," as she would have expressed it.

Vilette's tragic death—Caesar's death—the strange story of a legacy which nobody had ever dreamed would come their way—the sale at Tangley of their household effects, and their own removal to Henry Mathews' big house; she found it all very difficult to understand. One moment Heather had been engaged to Henry and Bruce to Vilette, and the next moment Vilette was no more, and Bruce was to marry Heather.

She realised that in a way it was a wonderful thing and something which she had always subconsciously longed for—that these two whom she loved best of all should marry and live happily ever after, but her happiness was blunted a little by the vague knowledge that the "others" seemed to be cruelly left out of things.

She had hated it when the furniture was sold and taken away from Tangley, even though Henry had tried to comfort her by saying that he had bought the old house, and was going to do it up with a new coat of paint and all sorts of improvements, and let it to some friends of his who would love it just as much as they had loved it; she had sobbed herself to sleep the first night she had slept under his hospitable roof, realising that nothing would ever be quite the same again, and longing in her childish heart for things to go on in the same old rut, forgetting that it had hitherto been her one desire to escape from it.

She felt as if someone had smashed up her life with an enormous hammer. John had gone to London to a flat of which she had entirely approved when this quiet brother had invited her there to supper, but that did not help very much. Bobble was to go to a new public school after Christmas, and she and Priddy were to stay with Henry until the spring, when they were both to join Heather and Bruce in a place called South Africa of which Effie already hated the name. Bruce had been sweet about it; he had found her one day weeping, and had taken her on his knee and tried to explain everything.

She had listened with tear-drowned eyes while he told her that he had always loved Heather, and had wanted to marry her many years ago, "When you were just a tiny mite," but that Heather had refused to leave them all, even for him!

"Don't you think it's time she had a little happiness?" he had asked, and Effie had nodded, even while the name of another sister trembled on her lips—"Vilette!"

He had turned his head away then and answered. "That is something I can never talk about, Effie," but when after a moment she remarked, "And then there's Henry," he said with deep emotion, "Henry is the finest man I know, and you're going to be very good to him, aren't you, Effie?"

"I'd rather live with you," she whispered, but he had only laughed and had reminded her that quite soon her wish would be granted; he and Heather would be there waiting for her—and Priddy, who would again have her kitchen kingdom to reign over.

That had cheered her a little, though her troubled mind was not yet satisfied. "Then there's Bobble," she had faltered.

"Bobble will come out to us, too, when he gets his long summer holiday," he told her, "and the others he will spend with Henry."

"He'll like that," Effie had been forced to admit. "Bobble likes Henry."

But it still seemed a violent uprooting, and her heart shrank from the thought of to-morrow.

Heather and Bruce were to be married very early at a registrar's and they would go straight down to Southampton and away to the other side of the world.

The sight of the landing with its beautiful carpets and wide staircase comforted her a little; it was so much more luxurious than Tangley—dear Tangley . . . . She winked a tear determinedly away before she slowly descended the stairs.

Henry Mathews met her in the hall. "Hullo, youngster," he said cheerily, and put a hand on her shoulder. "All ready for to-morrow's excitement?" And then, as he saw her lip quiver he said, "I've got a surprise for you—come and I'll show you."

"What is it?" she asked miserably, and he answered, "What do you want most in the world?"

"For Heather to stay with us," she said quickly.

His smile faded, and for a moment he looked as if something were hurting him badly, though he answered almost at once, "Well—I mean after that, of course! What would be the next best thing?"

"To have a pony of my own," Effie said dolefully, and then, "But . . .

"It's waiting in the stables," he declared. "It's a dapple—come along."

She was all smiles as she went with him hanging on to his arm and babbling away in her excitement. "Oh, you are a darling. What shall we call it? Oh, Henry, there can't be anyone so wonderful as you in all the world!"

From one of the sitting-rooms, which had been given over entirely to her use for packing and sorting out her things, Heather heard the little conversation, and paused for a moment to listen.

How wonderful Henry was, she thought—always cheery and ready to shoulder other people's troubles and to devise ways and means of dispelling them. There were tears in her eyes as through the window she saw his broad figure, with Effie clinging to his arm, disappear towards the stables.

It was Henry who had solved all her own problems, taking her in hand as if she were his daughter instead of the woman she knew he loved. She thought of the night, a week after Caesar had died, when driven by her own unhappiness she had come here to see him and had told him the whole story of her love for Bruce, and of all the mistakes she felt she had made in spite of her anxiety to do what was best for everyone.

He had listened in absolute silence, with no sign of emotion, until she had finished, and then he had said, very simply:

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"This isn't news to me, my dear. I'm a short-sighted man in many ways, but when I'm . . . fond of anyone, I can see all there is to see. I always felt that Logan—cared more for you than he did for that poor child Vilette, but I wasn't so sure about you, perhaps because I didn't want to be." He cleared his throat loudly. "Well, now we must just sort ourselves out, that's all, and see what's the best thing to do," he said in a business-like way.

She had looked at him unhappily.

"You must think I've behaved very badly—stupidly." But he had silenced her quickly.

"Whatever you do is right for me," he said. "I admire you more than any other woman—or man either—I've ever met." And then for an instant his voice had faltered as he added: "If you're going to be happy, that's all that matters. You've had more than your share of trouble, Heaven knows."

But he had not allowed much sentiment to creep into their conversation; he had talked about the future, about the family, and had made the generous suggestion that they should all come to stay with him, as Tangley was to be sold.

"If . . . things had gone as I . . . thought they would," he said, "I should have had you all, for the rest of my life, so don't you think I might be allowed to have some of you just for a few weeks?" He had put his foot firmly down on Heather's suggestion that she and Bruce should take Effie to South Africa with them.

"And spoil your honeymoon?" he demanded. "Nonsense—let her stay with me and Old Priddy, and they can go out to you in the spring. I may even bring them myself; it's years since I had a real holiday."

He hadn't spoken of his own bitter disappointment, and when she tried to say something to express her deep affection for him and her gratitude, he said:

"I once thought you might have been my wife, my dear, but I can see now it is better as it is, and . . . I shall think of you as a daughter—a loved daughter—if I may."

. . . . . .

When Heather awoke the following morning, the sun shone with such dazzling glory that it seemed impossible to believe it could be November.

Effie came dancing into the room waving a piece of white heather. "To bring you luck!" she cried, as she hugged her sister, "and because it's your name, and I'm not going to cry, not once," she said firmly, though her lip quivered.

"Nobody is going to cry," Heather answered, smiling. "We're all going to be perfectly happy, aren't we? You must think only of the day—it's not very far away, my pet—when I shall see you waving to me from the deck of a big ship."

And after that there was so much to do and to see and to arrange that it was all like a dream until the moment when Heather found herself alone with Henry Mathews.

He had insisted upon giving her away, and so all the others had gone, leaving them to follow.

Henry was wearing a brand-new suit and a highly-starched collar, which was a little tight, and a sprig of white heather in his buttonhole, but although he smiled his face was rather strained as he said, looking down at her just before Fisher brought to the door the car that was to take them to London, "Is it—quite all right, my dear?"

She could not answer for a moment; then suddenly she put both arms around his neck and kissed his lips.

"If only I knew you were as happy," she said.

"Me?" Henry laughed, not very successfully. "I'm as happy as a king. Why, I've got Effie and young Bobbie to look after, and they won't give me time to think about anything else. I've got a great deal to be thankful for, and I don't forget it." But there was a little moisture in his eyes as he held her from him at arm's length and looked at her as if she were something very precious from which he knew he was parting for ever.

"There!" he said at last. "I shall always see you as you look at this moment . . . the best, sweetest . . . and heaven bless you," and then, as if afraid to trust himself, he took her hand and drew her from the room. "Happy is the bride the sun shines on, Fisher!" he said cheerily. "And mind you drive carefully—no risks this morning. Has all the luggage gone? Nothing left behind?"

Fisher answered that he had taken it to the liner Southampton himself and had seen it safely on board.

Heather held Henry's hand all the way to London and they were very silent. Although Effie had been disappointed because it was to be such a quiet wedding, she had told everyone that Heather looked like a princess in her simple dark brown frock and the soft sable coat that had been Henry's wedding present.

When Heather had protested that it was much too grand and expensive for her to wear, he had answered that nothing was good enough, and that it would make him very happy to know that something he had given her would keep her warm.

"Everything you have given me will always keep me warm," she had answered, and she thought of her words now as they sped on through the sunshine.

There was no one in the world like Henry—there never would be! And yet only a few short months ago she had thought of him as just an ordinary, rather tiresome sort of person . . . funny how mistaken one could be.

The family were all at the ceremony, and everyone wore white heather, including the registrar himself with whom Bobbie had generously divided his own buttonhole.

And Bruce . . . Heather flushed adorably as she met his eyes, and her lips trembled. John had been forced to content himself with the office of best man, as nothing he could say would override Henry's determination to give the bride away.

"With this ring . . ."

Effie dropped a silent tear.

"Till death us do part——"

"The pretty dear!" Priddy whispered as Bruce, disregarding all ceremony, put his arms round his wife and kissed her, and then, still with her hand in his, Heather turned to Henry.

"The next kiss for you," she said.

And then they all packed into the four big cars that were drawn up in the narrow street outside and sped away to Waterloo.

There was very little time for good-byes, for which everyone was thankful. They gathered round the carriage door clamoring for a last word, but Heather could hardly see the faces of her family for tears, although she was so happy.

And then just before the train was due to start, Heather disengaged herself from Effie's clinging arms and pushed her way through the crowd to a little woman in black, with very blue eager eyes, who was standing alone watching the bustle around her.

Heather touched her hand.

"Do you remember me?" she asked gently. The blue eyes were raised to her face but without any recognition until Heather said: "Don't you remember me? We met here one day last summer—when we were both waiting—for someone—my 'some one' came back—I thought you'd like to know."

The little old face wrinkled into a faint smile.

"Did he? I'm glad. You're more fortunate than I am," Molly Kent said with quiet dignity, and then, as the guard's whistle blew she shivered and turned away—Molly Kent, the tragic little figure who had aroused Heather's sympathy the day she came to Waterloo to meet Vilette and the man on Vilette's return from South Africa.

"Good-bye, darling . . . good-bye . . . Write from Madeira, Heather—and send a cable when you get to Cape Town."

"Don't let Bruce bully you!" This from Bobbie.

"Take care of her, Mr. Bruce." From old Priddy.

"Good-bye, my dear—God bless you." Henry Mathews wrung Heather's hand as he put an arm around Effie and drew her back from the train, which had already begun to move. "Good-bye, Logan—take care of her. God bless you both."

John so far forgot his dignity as to call excitedly for three cheers, and it was the last sound Heather heard before Bruce drew her away from the window.

There was a blank silence on the platform when the train had steamed out of sight. They all felt as if the only person that mattered had suddenly been taken from them, and Effie, still trying hard not to cry, looked up at Henry Mathews and saw that the tears were running down his cheeks.

She slipped a comforting hand into his.

"Never mind, I'll stay with you—always," she promised rashly, and at last began to cry.

. . . . . .

About four o'clock that afternoon as the big liner was slowly making its way down Channel, Bruce took Heather on deck.

"Come and see the sunset," he said.

They stood hand in hand by the rail looking out over the sea and the sky, which were painted with a thousand glories.

They were silent for some time till Bruce said, "I had a long talk with Henry last night, Heather."

"Did you?"

He looked down at her.

"I'm not sure that you have chosen the better man, my darling."

She smiled, meeting his eyes.

"I am—quite sure."

The radiant colors of sea and sky had faded now, and only a pearly opalescence was left on the fringe of the coming night.

Heather shivered a little, but as they turned away she said softly, "It's wonderful, isn't it?"

"The sunset?" he asked.

"No—us! . . . everything."

They went below to their cabin, which seemed to be filled with flowers, and Bruce shut the door behind him.

Heather had taken off her hat, and she looked very young and happy as she turned to smile at him.

"I can't believe it," she said tremulously. "I can't believe that after all these years I am really your wife."

He came towards her.

"This is my Heaven," he said.

"And mine," she whispered as he took her in his arms.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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